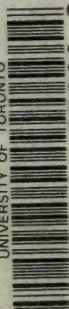


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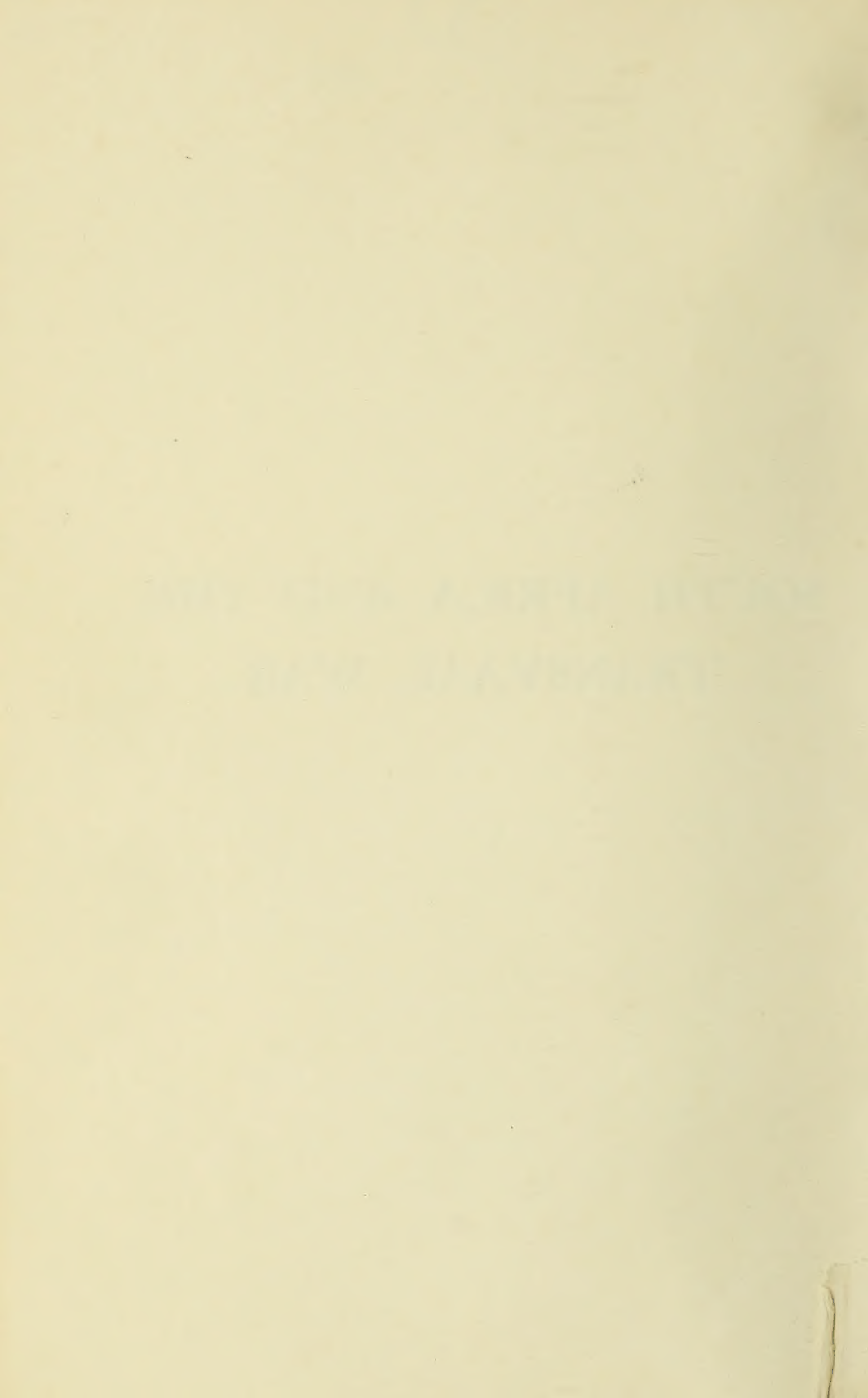
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SOUTH AFRICA AND THE
TRANSVAAL WAR



SOUTH AFRICA AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR

BY

LOUIS CRESWICKE

AUTHOR OF "ROXANE," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

IN SIX VOLUMES

¹²
VOL. I.—FROM THE FOUNDATION OF CAPE COLONY TO
THE BOER ULTIMATUM OF 9TH OCT. 1899

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PREFATORY NOTE

IN writing this volume my aim has been to present an unvarnished tale of the circumstances—extending over nearly half a century—which have brought about the present crisis in South Africa. Consequently, it has been necessary to collate the opinions of the best authorities on the subject. My acknowledgments are due to the distinguished authors herein quoted for much valuable information, throwing light on the complications that have been accumulating so long, and that owe their origin to political blundering and cosmopolitan scheming rather than to the racial antagonism between Briton and Boer.

L. C.

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- 1871.—Annexation of Griqualand West (Diamond Fields).
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- 1877.—Annexation of Transvaal by Sir T. Shepstone, after the country had been reduced to a state of anarchy by misgovernment.
- 1877-78.—Gaika and Gealika rebellion.
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- Potchefstroom, but Boers retire when shelled. December 29.
—Captain Elliot treacherously murdered while fording the Vaal.
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- 1881.**—Transvaal rebellion. Pretoria Convention, creating "Transvaal State" under British suzerainty.
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- 1886.**—Opening of principal gold-fields in Transvaal.
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- 1895.**—Crown Colony of Bechuanaland annexed to Cape Colony.
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- 1897.**—Judicial Crisis in South African Republic.
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MAP OF THE BOER REPUBLICS.

Illustrating "South Africa and the Transvaal War." by Louis Creswicke



SOUTH AFRICA AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR

INTRODUCTION

THE Transvaal War—like a gigantic picture—cannot be considered at close quarters. To fully appreciate the situation, and all that it embraces, the critic must stand at a suitable distance. He must gaze not merely with the eye of to-day, or even of the whole nineteenth century, but with his mind educated to the strange conditions of earlier civilisation. For in these conditions will be found the root of the widespread mischief—the answer to many a riddle which superficial observers have been unable to comprehend. The racial hatred between Boer and Briton is not a thing of new growth; it has expanded with the expansion of the Boer settlers themselves. In fact, on the Boer side, it is the only thing independent of British enterprise which has grown and expanded since the Dutch first set foot in the Cape. This took place in 1652. Then, Jan Van Riebeck, of the Dutch East India Company, first established an European settlement, and a few years later the burghers began life as cattle-breeders, agriculturists, and itinerant traders. These original Cape Colonists were descendants of Dutchmen of the lower classes, men of peasant stamp, who were joined in 1689 by a contingent of Huguenot refugees. The Boers, or peasants, of that day were men of fine type, a blend between the gipsy and the evangelist. They were nomadic in their taste, lawless, and impatient of restrictions, bigoted though devout, and inspired in all and through all by an unconquerable love of independence. With manners they had nothing to do, with progress still less. Isolation from the civilised world, and contact with Bushmen, Hottentots, and Kaffirs, kept them from advancing with the times. Their slaves outnumbered themselves, and their treatment of these makes anything but enlivening

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reading. From all accounts the Boer went about with the Bible in one hand and the *sjambok* in the other, instructing himself assiduously with the Word, while asserting himself liberally with the deed. Yet he was a first-rate sporting man, a shrewd trafficker, and at times an energetic tiller of the soil. The early settlements were Rondebosch, Stellenbosch, and Drakenstein, in the valley of the Berg River. Here the Dutch community laboured, and smoked, and married, multiplying itself with amazing rapidity, and expanding well beyond the original limits.

Dutch domination at the Cape lasted for 143 years after the landing of Van Riebeck, but gradually internal dissensions among the settlers resulted in absolute revolt. Meanwhile the Dutch in Europe had lost their political prestige, and the country was overrun by a Prussian army commissioned to support the House of Orange. In 1793, in a war against allied England and Holland, France gained the day, and a Republic was set up under French protection, thereby rendering Holland and her colonies of necessity antagonistic to Great Britain. After this the fortunes of the Cape were fluctuating. In 1795 Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig brought about the surrender of the colony to Great Britain. Later on it was returned to the Batavian Republic at the Peace of Amiens, only to be afterwards recaptured by Sir David Baird in 1806. Finally, in 1814, our claim to the Cape and other Dutch colonies was recognised on payment of the sum of £6,000,000 sterling.

Now for the first time began the real emigration of the British. They settled at Bathurst, near Algoa Bay, but though their numbers gradually swelled, they never equalled the number of the inhabitants of Dutch origin.

At this time South Africa was an ideal place for the pioneer. The scenery was magnificent. There were mountain gorges or kloofs, roaring cataracts, vast plains, and verdant tracts of succulent grasses. There was big game enough to delight the heart of a race of Nimrods. Lions, elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, antelopes, and birds of all kinds, offered horns, hides, tusks, and feathers to the adventurous sportsman. All these things the nomadic Boer had hitherto freely enjoyed, plying now his rifle, now his plough, and taking little thought for the morrow or for the moving world outside the narrow circle of his family experiences. With the appearance of British paramountcy at the Cape came a hint of law and order, of progress and its accompaniment—taxation. The bare whisper of discipline of any kind was sufficient to send the truculent Boer trekking away to the far freedom of the veldt. Quantities of them took to their lumbering tented waggons, drawn by long teams of oxen, and put a safe distance between themselves and the new-

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comers. All they wanted was a free home, conducted in their own gipsy fashion—their kraals by the river, their camp fires, their flocks and herds, and immunity from the vexation of monopolies and taxes. And here at once will be seen how the seeds sprang up of a rooted antagonism between Boer and Briton that nothing can ever remove, and no diplomacy can smooth away. The Boer nature naturally inclines to a sluggish content, while the British one invariably pants for advance. The temperamental tug of war, therefore, has been one that has grown stronger and stronger with the progress of years. The principles of give and take have been tried, but they have failed. Reciprocity is not in the nature of the Boer, and without reciprocity society and States are at a standstill. The Boer is accredited with the primitive virtues, innocence, sturdiness, contentment. If he has these, he has also the defects of his qualities. He is crafty, stubborn, and narrow, and intolerant of everything beyond the limits of his native comprehension. Innovations of any kind are sufficient to fill him with suspicion, and those started by the British in their first efforts at Cape government were as gall and wormwood to his untrammelled taste. These efforts, it must be owned, were not altogether happy. There was first a rearrangement of local governments and of the Law Courts; then, in 1827, followed a decree that English should be the official language. As at that time not more than one colonist in seven was British, the new arrangement was calculated to make confusion worse confounded! The disgust of the Cape Dutch may be imagined! The finishing touch came in 1834. By the abolition of slavery—humane though its object was—the Cape colonists were exceedingly hard hit; and though the owners of slaves were compensated to the tune of a million and a quarter (the slaves were valued at three millions sterling), they continued to maintain a simmering resentment. Added to this came the intervention of the missionaries, who attempted to instil into the Boer mind a sense of the equality, in the sight of Heaven, of the black and the white races.

At this time 12,000 Kaffirs had crossed over the border and invaded the settlements, dealing death and destruction wherever they went. They were finally repulsed by the British, and Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor at the Cape, proclaimed the annexation of the country beyond the Keiskamma, on the eastern boundary of the Colony, as far as the Kei. But no sooner had he accomplished this diplomatic move in his wise discretion, than orders came from the British Government to the effect that the land was to be restored to the Kaffirs and the frontier boundary moved back to its original place—Keiskamma. Sir Benjamin D'Urban carried out these orders much to his disgust, for he deemed the

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annexation of the province to be necessary to the peace of all the surrounding districts. But this was neither the first nor the last occasion in the history of Cape government on which men of practical experience have had to give way before wise heads in Downing Street arm-chairs.

This action on the part of the Government was as the last straw to the overladen camel. The patience of the Dutch Boers broke down. The introduction of a foreign and incomprehensible tongue, the abolition of slavery, and finally the restoration to the despised Kaffirs of a conquered province, were indignities past bearing. There was a general exodus. Off to the neighbourhood of the Orange and the Vaal Rivers lumbered the long waggon trains drawn by innumerable oxen, bearing, to pastures new and undefiled by the British, the irate Boers and their household gods. It was a pathetic departure, this voluntary exile into strange and unknown regions. The first pioneers, after a long and wearisome journey to Delagoa Bay, fell sick and retraced their steps to Natal only to die. The next great company started forth in the winter of 1836. Some went to the districts between the Orange and the Vaal Rivers—the district now known as the Orange Free State; others went into the country north of the Vaal River—the district now called the Transvaal; while others again went beyond the mountains to the district now named Natal. Here the Boer hoped to lead a new and a peaceful life, to encamp himself by some river course with his kraal for his sheep and his goats, the wide veldt for his carpet, and the blue dome of heaven or the canvas of his waggon for his untaxed roof. But his hopes were of short duration. The poor trekker—to use the vulgar phrase—had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. He had fled from the “British tyrant” only to encounter the Matabele Zulu savage. A terrible feud between the Bantu tribes was then causing much violence and blood-spilling, and the Zulu chief Moselekalse, having driven the Bechuanas beyond the Limpopo, had established the kingdom of the Matabele. With this chief, the Boer Potgieter and a party of burghers, on exploration intent, came suddenly into collision. Some of the Boers fled, the rest were promptly massacred. Those who remained alive made plans for self-defence. They lashed their waggons together to form a laager, and within it placed their women and children in partial safety. They then gave the warriors of Moselekalse a warm reception. The fight was maintained with great energy, the Zulus raining assegais over the waggons, while the Boers returned the compliment with their firearms. For these they had plenty of ammunition, and relays of guns were loaded and handed out gallantly by their women from within the laager.

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The Boers were victorious. Their aim was true, their pluck enormous, and after a sharp engagement the enemy were forced to retire. The savages were not vanquished, however, till terrible damage had been inflicted on the laager. Not content with the loss of many of their number, their sheep and their cattle, the plucky Boers started forth to punish the Matabele. Though few in number the burghers had the advantage of rifles, and succeeded in triumphing over the enemy and establishing themselves at Winburg, on the Vet River, to west of Harrismith. Later on the Boer farmers prepared to trek into Natal. They had prospected the place and found it entirely suited to their agricultural needs. Water and game were plentiful, and the whole country was fertile as a garden. Here they proposed to settle down. At Port Natal—now known by the name of Durban—was a party of Englishmen with whom the Boer explorers got on friendly terms. Both Englishmen and Boers were aware that the district was under Zulu sway, and it was decided that the chief, Dingaan, should be interviewed as to the approaching settlement of the Boers. The wily Zulu received his late enemies with every show of amity. He offered them refreshments, he made entertainments for their amusement. He finally agreed to cede such territory as was demanded by the Boers, provided they would secure to him certain cattle that had been stolen from him by a chief named Sikonyela. This the Boers agreed to do. They promptly travelled to see Sikonyela, and by threats, persuasions, or other mysterious means, extracted from him his ill-gotten gains. With the restored cattle the whole party of Boers then passed on their way from Drakensberg to Natal, full of the hope of finally making a settlement in a region so well suited to their pastoral instincts.

On again visiting the chief Dingaan, they were again received with honour. More festivities were arranged, and the date of the signing of the treaty was fixed for the 4th of February 1838.

The day came. The burghers arrived in the customary picturesque of woollen shirts, round hats, rough coats, and leathern veldt-broeks. Dingaan, amiable to excess, insisted that they should accompany him to his kraal, and there make a formal leave-taking. They were requested to leave their arms outside as an earnest of good faith, and, with some suspicion, they acceded. Their reception was splendid. Their health was drunk, the calabash passed round, and then—then, at a given signal from the chief, the Zulu hordes rushed in, fully armed and raging. In less time than it takes to describe the deed, the defenceless company of Boer farmers were slaughtered in cold blood—slaughtered before they could lift even a fist in self-defence! This horrible act of treachery served to do away

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at one fell swoop with the whole Boer party. Their bones, piled in a heap without the kraal, alone remained to tell to their kindred the tale of their undoing. The Zulus then proceeded in their tens of thousands to attack the nearest encampment, and cut down all who came in their way. Men—women—children—they spared none. The tidings being carried to the outer encampments of the Boers, they prepared themselves for the worst. They and their gallant *wroes*, who fought with as cool and obstinate a courage as their husbands, resisted the onslaught staunchly and successfully; but they paid dearly for their boldness. Their cattle were demolished, and their numbers were miserably thinned. Some thought of retiring from Natal; some contemplated revenge.

The pathetic state of the Boers attracted the sympathy of the Englishmen then in Natal, and they joined hands. Potgieter and Uys then commanded a force, and marched out on the enemy, but unfortunately fell into an ambush and were slain. Among the dead were the commandant Uys and his son.

Then the Englishmen, not to be behindhand in the fray, came to the rescue. Though there were but seventeen of them, they went out accompanied by 1500 Hottentots to meet the enemy. They followed the retreating savages beyond the Tugela, when suddenly they found themselves face to face with a fierce multitude of 70,000 Zulus. A conflict of the most terrible kind ensued: a conflict the more terrible because at the same time so heroic and so hopeless. From this appalling fight only four Englishmen escaped. These had succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy; the rest had been surrounded, and died fighting valiantly, and were almost buried among the dead bodies of their antagonists.

But this was not to be the finale of the Boer resistance to the wild Zulu. The above tragic engagement between the Englishmen and Zulus took place in April 1838. By December of the same year they had gathered themselves under the banner of their fine leader Andries Pretorius, a farmer from the district of Graff Reinet, and started forth again to meet the treacherous Dingaan, and pay him the debt they owed him.

A word or two of this Pretorius, after whom the now notable town of Pretoria was named. He was a born leader of men: he was a Cromwell in his way. At that date he was forty years of age, in the prime of strength and manhood. He was tall, and vigorous in mind as well as in body, calm and deliberating in counsel, but prompt and fiery in action. His descent is traced from one Johannes Pretorius, son of a clergyman at Goeree in South Holland, one of the very early settlers—a pious and worthy man, whose piety and worth had been inherited by several generations.

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Like the rest of his countrymen, Pretorius would brook no control. Though he was indubitably brave and immensely capable, he had the conservative instincts of his race. He shrunk from all innovations, he disliked everything connected with civilisation that might in the smallest degree interfere with the personal liberty of the individual. Freedom was as the very breath of his nostrils, and here was the great link between this really exceptional man and the body of his pastoral followers.

Pretorius, bent on the punishment of the treachery of Dingaan, set out, as has been said, with his expedition in the winter of 1838. This expedition has been named by the Boers the Win Commando. He had but three small pieces of cannon and a force composed of about four hundred white men and some native auxiliaries, yet the admirable tactics of Pretorius, the stout hearts and fine shooting of his followers, combined to bring about a victory over the Zulus. These were totally routed, and lost one third of their number.

The bravery and splendid persistence of the Boers filled all hearts with admiration, particularly when, after several well-directed attacks, they eventually succeeded in utterly breaking the Zulu power. Dingaan was dethroned and driven into exile, and his kraal and property burnt. A Christian burial service was read over the place where lay the bones of the assassinated Retief and his companions. The date, the 16th December 1838, on which the Zulu power met its first check from white men, is one ever remembered in Boer history. It goes by the name of Dingaan's Day, and is annually celebrated with great rejoicings throughout the Transvaal.

The Boers had now succeeded in inspiring wholesome awe in the heart of Panda, the new chieftain who occupied the place once held by his brother, the exiled Dingaan. He was not a person of bellicose disposition, and thinking discretion the better part of valour, was ready enough to swear to keep peace with his late enemies. In these circumstances the Boers with prayer and thanksgiving were able to pursue the promptings of their long-checked ambition. Soon several hundreds of waggons drawn by long teams of oxen came lumbering into Natal, for the purpose of establishing there the Republic, which had so often been planned out in imagination and never yet found any but an abortive existence. This ideal State was eventually formed and called the Republic of Natalia, and it enjoyed for several years an independent existence.

As Natal became the first cause of armed conflict between the British and the Boers, its then position in regard to the authorities at the Cape may as well be reviewed. Though the new Republic maintained its perfectly independent existence, its inhabitants were still mentioned by the Governor of Cape Colony as British subjects.

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It must be remembered that prior to the occupation of Natal by the Boers, and the formation of their cherished Republic, the Governor of Cape Colony had issued a proclamation announcing his intention of occupying Natal later on, and stating that the emigrants—who were then making active preparations for the attack of Dingaan—were British subjects. In Great Britain, however, the authorities had not yet decided to follow the advice so often given by their representatives at the Cape. They were still declaring it inexpedient to extend their territory, and likewise their responsibilities, in South Africa. But the incursion of the Boers in the neighbourhood of Port Natal put a new complexion on affairs. The British Government began to open its eyes to the value of a seaport, with two good harbours on the South African coast, as a colonial possession. It could not fail to recognise also that the members of the new State were already bitter foes to the British and their ways; and that it would be dangerous to allow them to establish themselves as an independent power on the coast, and entirely throw off their duty of allegiance. Accordingly Sir George Napier, the then Governor of the Cape, sent troops to occupy Natal. He remained undecided as to the mode of dealing with the emigrant Boers, however, for, while declaring them British subjects, he yet was not prepared to afford them protection from attacks of the natives. It is scarcely surprising that this half-and-half paternity of the Government failed to satisfy the men whose kith and kin had fallen in their numbers at Weenen and the Hill of Blood, and the consequent disaffection of the Boers grew deeper as signs of British authority increased.

But at first, in the rest of their territory outside Natal the Boer Government remained unmolested. Their district was bounded by the sea and the Drakenberg mountains, the Tugela and Umzimubu Rivers, and there for a time things went well. Pretorius was Commandant General in Natal, Potgieter Chief Commandant in the allied Western Districts. The legislative power was in the hands of a Volksraad of twenty-four members, whose ways were more vacillating and erratic than advantageous. “Every man for himself and God for all” seemed to be the convenient motto of this assembly, except perhaps on urgent occasions, when Pretorius and Potgieter were called upon as joint dictators to settle some knotty problem relating to external affairs.

At the close of 1840 this Volksraad commenced negotiations with the Cape Government with a view to getting their independence formally recognised. The Governor at the Cape was again in the old quandary. While he personally desired to put an end to troubles from within and without by establishing a strong government

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over the whole country, he was crippled by the Ministry at home, which was consistent in maintaining its policy of inconsistency, and tried to maintain its hold on the Cape, while steadily refusing to increase Great Britain's responsibility in South Africa.

The demands of the Volksraad (presented in January 1841) were scarcely acceptable at headquarters. The nature of them is interesting, and shows the then attitude of people who described themselves as "willing and desirous to enter into a perpetual alliance with the Government of Her Majesty."

They bargained that the Republic of Natalia was to be acknowledged as a free and independent State, in close alliance with the British Government. If attacked by sea by any other power, Great Britain might interpose either by negotiation or arms. If Great Britain were at war, however, the Republic was to remain neutral. Wine, strong liquors, and articles "prejudicial to this Republic," were to be taxed more highly than other things, which would be taxed as for a British Colony. British subjects residing in the Republic would have equal protection, and the same taxes as burghers, while in case of war every assistance would be given to a British or Colonial force marching through the territory. The slave trade would not be permitted, and every facility for the propagation of the Gospel among the neighbouring tribes would be afforded. The Republic guaranteed to make no hostile movements against natives in the direction of the Colony without permission of the Governor, unless circumstances of violence, or the inroad of tribes, rendered immediate action obligatory.

There were other clauses of less importance which need not be specified. Suffice it to say, that while these terms were being considered, a cattle and slave-stealing Boer raid, headed by Pretorius, took place. The excuse for the proceeding was the lifting of certain of their own cattle, but the action served as an object lesson for those in power at the Cape. The Volksraad was politely informed that the Boers were still British subjects, and a letter from the Home Government to Sir George Napier was received, stating that Her Majesty "could not acknowledge a portion of her own subjects as an independent Republic, but that on their receiving a military force from the Colony, their trade would be placed on the footing of the trade of a British possession." But the Boers flouted authority—they refused to accept the situation. They put forth a proclamation appealing against the oppression of man and to the justice of God, with all the fervour of the Old Testament Christians they were.

The arrogance of Pretorius and his crew had now so seriously increased that Sir George Napier, seeing danger ahead, decided to

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establish a camp near the border of the State, and Durban was occupied. Captain Smith, in command of some three hundred men, made a rapid march across country to Natal, merely to be informed that the Boers had placed themselves under the protection of Holland.

It may be noted that when this statement reached the ears of the King of Holland, he emphatically repudiated it. He addressed the British Government, saying "that the disloyal communication of the emigrant farmers had been repelled with indignation, and that the King of Holland had taken every possible step to mark his disapproval of the unjustifiable use made of his name by the individuals referred to." Captain Smith, who fortunately had not been imposed upon by what the Boers considered their neat ruse, made preparations to attack them. But he overestimated his own or underrated his adversary's strength. He fell into ambush and lost heavily. He was then driven to entrench himself in Durban. One of his men managed to escape, however, and by riding to Grahams-town through dangerous country, contrived to convey the intelligence of Captain Smith's misfortune, and to bring reinforcements to his aid. These reinforcements arrived in Durban harbour on the 25th of June 1842. At sight of the British frigate and the goodly display of redcoats, the Boers, who had been besieging Captain Smith for a month with three guns and six hundred men, made good their escape, leaving Pretorius no alternative but to make terms. Thus Natal became a British possession.

In 1844 the place was declared to be a dependency of Cape Colony. Many of the emigrants admitted themselves to be British subjects and remained there, but the great majority took to their waggons and lumbered back across the Drakenberg to their old settling-place.

There the original Voortrekkers had scattered themselves on both sides of the Vaal River, and helped to found the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. As may be imagined at this juncture, the natural hostility to the British, which has now become part of the Boer character, was growing apace. The voluntary exiles from Natal, on moving to the north of the Orange River, determined to evade the British, and proclaim the whole of that locality an independent Republic. The authorities at the Cape, however, frustrated the new struggle for independence. They laid claim for Great Britain to the whole territory east of E. long. 22° and south of S. lat. 25°, with the exception of the land already owned by Portugal or by friendly native chiefs.

It may be remembered that one of the causes of the great Trek was the restoration of their province to Kaffirs, thereby according to



CAPE TOWN, DEVIL'S PEAK, TABLE MOUNTAIN, AND LION'S HEAD FROM TABLE BAY.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

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the blacks an independence that was not enjoyed by the Boers. No astonishment, therefore, will be felt at the exasperation of the Boers when they found that the Cape Government had entered into treaties with the Griquas—treaties which seemed to them to promise more freedom to the savage than was accorded to themselves. Grievances of many kinds—some real and some ridiculous—continued daily to occur. Things serious and things trivial were liable to cause them equal indignation. According to Livingstone, the ignorant followers of Potgieter—who were posted at Magaliesberg, a thousand miles from the Cape—were moved to wrath merely by the arrival of Herschel's great telescope at the Cape Observatory! What right, said they, had the Government to erect that huge instrument at the Cape for the purpose of seeing what they were doing behind the Kashan mountains?

But of just grievances they had several, and these Pretorius, as spokesman of his people, wished to lay before the Governor at the Cape. Sir Henry Pottinger, who occupied that post in 1847, unfortunately declined the interview; consequently affairs went from bad to worse. In the end of the year Sir Henry Smith arrived as Governor of the colony, and great things were expected of him. He knew the native races, he knew the Boers, and they both knew him. Pretorius, who was arranging a final emigration from Natal, was summoned to confer with the new Governor. Sir Henry wished to gauge the feelings of the farmers prior to issuing a proclamation (dated February 3, 1848), declaring the Queen's sovereignty over the whole country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers to eastward of the Quathlamba Mountains. According to Pretorius, the conference was an unsatisfactory one. He assured the Governor that his people would never consent to it. Sir Henry Smith nevertheless considered himself justified in taking the step, and the Home Government, whose policy it had been to consolidate the peaceful native States along the border, eventually coincided with his view.

No sooner was the proclamation generally known than the horde of Pretorius' followers flew to arms. They swept southward, driving every British official beyond the Orange River. Major Warden, the Resident at Bloemfontein, where a British fort and garrison had been placed some two years before, was forced to capitulate.

Sir Harry Smith, on becoming acquainted with the news, at once offered a thousand pounds for the arrest of Pretorius. He also began a march to the front. The Governor thought that he had but to come, see, and conquer; but he was mistaken. He had tough work before him. The Boers, about a thousand strong, had entrenched themselves in a formidable position. They were superior in point of numbers, horses, and guns to Sir Harry's forces; but he pursued

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his way, nothing daunted. He stormed the position, and, after a hard fight, scattered the enemy. They fled from Boomplaats, where the engagement had taken place, and hastened back across the Vaal to their native haunts. The date of the battle was the 29th of August 1848, and the father of President Kruger is said to have been the first man to fire a shot at the British on that occasion!

After this period various dissensions arose in the Boer camp between Pretorius, who styled himself "Chief of the whole united emigrant force," and Potgieter, who looked upon himself somewhat in the light of a rival. While these worthies fell out Sir Harry Smith saw the annexation carried through, and the territory of the modern Free State was united to Cape Colony, under the title of the Orange River Sovereignty. The contumacious Boers took themselves off with their leader across the Vaal, and fresh European settlers came in and established themselves in the fertile plains that were deserted. For some time after this things prospered, and Sir Harry saw before him the prospect of a new self-governing Dutch colony, which would resemble and equal those of Natal and the Cape. But he reckoned without his host, and all that he had taken the trouble to do was ultimately undone. In 1852 the Government at home declared its policy to be the ultimate abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty. For this pusillanimous policy there were several reasons, the greatest being a fear of a Basuto rising and the trouble it would entail. The British Government therefore decided to maintain its rights over the Transvaal no further, and by the Sand River Convention, signed on the 17th of January 1852, the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River were given the right to manage their own affairs, subject only to the condition that they should neither permit nor encourage slavery.

About this time commenced the threatened rise of the Basutos in the neighbourhood of the Orange River territory. The Basutos are a branch of the Bechuana race, who had been formed by their chiefs Motlume and Moshesh into a powerful nation, which could hold its own against Boer or Zulu. With this race the Home Government desired to have nothing to do, and the Colonial Office, viewing the political game as not worth the candle, definitely withdrew from the Orange River Sovereignty, leaving the Free State to come into being, and devise its own plans for overawing its enemies on the other side of the border. Accordingly, in 1854, Sir Harry Smith's programme of annexation was entirely wiped out, British sovereignty renounced, and the Orange Free State left to become a Republic and take care of itself!

CHAPTER I

THE GROWTH OF THE TRANSVAAL

FIFTY years ago there was no Transvaal. To-day its area is rather larger than Great Britain. It extends over some 75,000,000 acres.

Originally, at the time of the great Trek, a small portion of land was seized from natives who fled before the pioneers, and settled in what is now known as Matabeleland. Other Boers soon joined their comrades, and, by applying the steady policy of "grab and hold" (a policy that, unfortunately, has not been imitated by ourselves), they gained strip on strip and acre on acre of land till the Transvaal became the vast province it now is. It expanded first into a portion of Zululand; later on, lapped over into Swaziland. By degrees it encroached on the British boundaries, and most probably would have gone on encroaching had not active steps been taken to save the north from the invaders.

The original *Voertrekkers*, or pioneers, came in three detachments. British-born subjects, but discontented with British civilisation, they moved on from Natal, whence they were chased by the Union Jack, and settled themselves first in land captured from King Umziligatze, secondly in Lydenburg and Dekaap, and thirdly in the Zulu country. The history of this Zululand expansion remains to be told. At present it is interesting to follow the geographical growth of the state which has become so troublesome, and whose self-assertion has increased according to its size.

Originally each Boer was entitled to a farm with a minimum of 6000 acres of the "Transvaal," and this custom of apportioning 6000-acre farms lasted as long as the Kaffir lands lasted. The Boers, always working on the principle that "God helps those who help themselves," helped themselves freely, sometimes with bloodshed and sometimes without, until they became owners of vast tracts of country, whose boundaries had never been discussed, far less fixed.

Land was apparently cheap at that time, for trustworthy authorities declare that it was purchasable at from a farthing to a penny per acre.

The area of the Transvaal before the Boers began to migrate

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there has been eloquently described as the hunter's Arcadia. Mr. Gordon Cumming gives a graphic account of the scene :—

“It was truly a fair and boundless prospect. Beautifully wooded plains and mountains stretched away on every side to an amazing distance, until the vision was lost among the faint blue outlines of the distant mountain ranges. Throughout all this country, and vast tracts beyond, I had the satisfaction to reflect that a never-ending succession of herds of every species of noble game which the hunter need desire pastured there in undisturbed security ; and as I gazed I felt that it was all my own, and that I at length possessed the undisputed sway over a forest, in comparison with which the tame and herded narrow bounds of the wealthiest European sportsman sink into utter insignificance.”

The number of elephants and lesser game bagged by Mr. Gordon Cumming after this touching meditation fully bore out his hopes.

But the most interesting account of the Transvaal, before the invasion of white men, is to be found in Captain William Cornwallis Harris's account of his expedition into the interior of South Africa in the years 1836 and 1837. He paints the new country in colours lively and alluring :—

“Instead of the dreary waste over which we had lately passed, we might now imagine ourselves in an extensive park. A lawn, level as a billiard-table, was everywhere spread with a soft carpet of luxuriant green grass, spangled with flowers, and shaded by spreading *mokaalas*—a large species of acacia which forms the favourite food of the giraffe. The gaudy yellow blossoms with which these remarkable trees were covered yielded an aromatic and overpowering perfume—while small troops of striped quaggas, or wild asses, and of brindled gnoos . . . enlivened the scene.

“I turned off the road,” he continues, “in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was followed by a third still larger—then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassaybys and hartebeests pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game.”

Further on he describes the extensive and romantic valley of the Limpopo, “which strongly contrasts with its own solitude, and with the arid lands which must be traversed to arrive within its limits; Dame Nature has doubtless been unusually lavish of her gifts. A bold mountain landscape is chequered by innumerable rivulets abounding in fish, and watering a soil rich in luxurious vegetation. Forests, producing timber of the finest growth, are tenanted by a multitude of birds, which, if not generally musical, are all gorgeously attired ;

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and the meadows throughout are decked with blossoming geraniums, and with an endless profusion of the gayest flowers, fancifully distributed in almost artificial *parterres*. Let the foreground of this picture, which is by no means extravagantly drawn, be filled in by the animal creation roaming in a state of undisturbed freedom, such as I have attempted to describe, and this hunter's paradise will surely not require to be coloured by the feelings of an enthusiastic sportsman to stand out in striking relief from amongst the loveliest spots in the universe."

A recent traveller discourses pathetically over the changes that have come over the country, which at that time was described as "the Zoological Gardens turned out to graze." He says the lawyer and financier thrive where in recent years the lion and the leopard fought for food, and townships have sprung up on spots where living Boers have formerly shot big game.

As an instance of the truth of this lament, one may make some quotations from Mr. Campbell's valuable article, "The Transvaal, Old and New." He says, "The advent of British folk and British gold and brains led to a change, and land, by reason of British purchases, became more valuable, and beacons and boundaries became necessary." Here we may see the thin end of the wedge. We may picture the first lawyer and the first financier advancing with Arcadia parchment and bank-note in hand.

The Boers steadily sold their best and surplus lands, and these the British as steadily bought, till the value rose from their original price of one penny an acre to half-a-crown, and then five shillings. Subsequently, in many cases, as much as ten, and even twenty shillings an acre was offered for ordinary raw arable land. But of that time too much has to be said to be recounted here.

THE BOER CHARACTER

In discussing the events of the past with a view to obtaining light on the development of the present, it is needful, and indeed just, to inquire into the character of the Boers as a race. It is a complex character, with multitudinous lights and shades, so subtle and yet so marked, that they are difficult to define accurately. It is therefore necessary that the opinions of many writers on the subject of the Boer temperament should be taken—of writers who have made it their business to look upon the subject with the eye of the historian rather than the eye of the advocate, and who may be trusted to have given their verdict without passion or favour.

But regarding one fact connected with the case, all writers of

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practical experience are inclined to agree. They declare that the Boer of the past was a very much finer fellow than the Boer of the present—finer morally and physically; and that in his obstinate determination to resist the march of progress he has allowed himself to suffer deterioration. The reason for this deterioration is not difficult to comprehend. In the first place, as we all know, nothing in creation stands still. We must advance, or we go back. Both in moral and in mental qualities we must maintain our vitality, or practically ossify!

The Boer, from having been essentially a sporting man and a free and a robust tiller of the soil, has come under the influence of schemers, who have played upon his natural avarice, and polished his inherent cunning, till these qualities have expanded to the detriment of those earlier qualities for which the Boer of to-day still gets credit, but which are fast dying out of the national character.

In one respect there has been little change. In the matter of his native piety he remains as he was. The Boer, if one may use a phrase recently coined by Lord Rosebery, is an "Old Testament Christian." No one can describe his race better than the writer who says of the original settlers in 1652, that "they are a mixture in religion of the old Israelite and the Scotch Covenanter." There is some question about Boer hypocrisy, and Dr. Theal says on the subject, "Where side by side with expressions of gratitude to the Creator are found schemes for robbing and enslaving natives, the genuineness of their religion may be doubted." But it must be remembered that in bygone centuries the world's morality differed much from that of the present day, and therefore the Boer, who has not progressed in proportion to the world at large, can scarcely be judged by the ethics of the world at large. To be just, we must look at him as a being apart, and place him always in the frame of the seventeenth century. Some historians declare that the Boer borrowed from the French refugees much religious sentiment. Other authorities—and these, considering the Boer disinclination to expansion, seem to be right—declare that under the French influence he deteriorated.

He was by nature bloodthirsty and cruel, but these qualities always found for themselves a comfortable apology in the Old Testament. The Boer prided himself on his likeness to the Israelite of old, and his enemies to the Canaanite, whom it was doing God a service to destroy. He kept all the rites of the Church with rigid punctuality. He partook of the Communion (the *Nachtmaal*) once every three months, and the whole community gathered together from great distances to share it. The observances were made the occasion for rejoicing and merrymaking, for the holding of fairs, the

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transfer of cattle, the driving of bargains in hide or ivory, or other goods necessary to traders. He has been described by a friend of his people "as, according to his own lights, a citizen pioneer, a rough, God-fearing, honest, homely, uneducated Philistine."

The opinion of his ancient enemy, Cetchwayo, differs, however, from this estimate. Sir Frederick Godson has told us that this potentate informed his brother, who was his captor, that the Boers were "a mean, treacherous people, people who trusted no one, not even each other, and their word was not to be trusted." He had had ample opportunities of forming a judgment by experience. And there are many of us nowadays who are inclined to agree with him. Cetchwayo further asserted that "the British were making the greatest mistake they ever made in befriending them; for if they had not rescued the Boers from him, he would very soon have eaten them all up."

As regards the military organisation of the Boers, it may be described as similar to that of the Republic of Greece or that of mediæval England. Every man, from the age of sixteen to sixty, considered himself a soldier. Every man, when the country demanded his services, was ready to get under arms—to protect his hearth and home in the face of a common enemy.

The country was divided into districts, and these districts were subdivided into wards. To each of these wards was appointed a field-cornet, who had military duties when a commando was called out. The officer who took the chief command of the field-cornets was styled the commandant. This arrangement first originated in the early days of their emigration to the Cape, when the natives, lawless and inimical, were perpetually bursting out without rhyme or reason. Naturally prompt defence became necessary. To many people the Boer appears to be a "first-class fighting man." Certainly he is determined, obstinate, and, in his peculiar fashion, brave. But there are others who can recall events in the battle with Dingaan, in the tragedy of Majuba Hill, which scarcely add to the honour of the Boer as a soldier. It has been said that the Boer prefers to do his fighting without risking his skin, but this may be somewhat unjust. He is ready enough to risk his skin, but he is equally ready that some one shall pay for the risk, and he makes him pay by fair means if he can—if not, by foul.

However, Livingstone knew his man, and thus it was that he wrote of him: "The Boers have generally manifested a marked antipathy to anything but 'long shot' warfare, and sidling away in their emigrations towards the more effeminate Bechuanas, have left their quarrels with the Kaffirs to be settled by the English, and their wars to be paid for by English gold." Obviously their methods

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of warfare were, to say the least of it, curious. Sometimes they would drive a battalion of friendly natives or slaves in front of them, and shoot down their enemies from behind the shelter of these advanced guards. Occasionally they employed a method similar to that used against the Zulus of Dingaan. According to Livingstone's essay, written in 1853, and not published till after his death, "the Boers approach the Zulus to within 300 or 400 yards, then fire, and retire to a considerable distance and reload their guns. The Zulus pursuing have by this time come sufficiently near to receive another discharge from the Boers, who again retire as before. This process soon tires out the fleetest warriors, and except through an accident, or the stumbling of a horse or its rider's drunkenness, no Boer ever stands a chance of falling into their hands. The Boers report of themselves that they behaved with great bravery on the occasion." In fact they said that they had killed from 3000 to 5000 Zulus, with the loss to themselves of only six men. Mr. Fisher, in his book on "The Transvaal and the Boers," avers that in the subsequent war with the Griquas—who, being the bastard children of the Boers, possess many of their peculiarities—the two opposing parties kept at such ludicrous distances that the springboks quietly grazing on the plains between were frequently shot instead of the combatants.

SOME DOMESTIC TRAITS

For the domestic character of the Boer we will consult the Scandinavian traveller Sparrmann, who gives us one of the earliest sketches of the Boer "at home." Though the illusion that the industrious and cleanly Hollander was merely transplanted from one soil to another is somewhat dispelled, the picture is generally acknowledged to be a true one.

"It is hardly to be conceived," he wrote in 1776, "with what little trouble the Boer gets into order a field of a moderate size . . . so that . . . he may be almost said to make the cultivation of it, for the bread he stands in need of for himself and his family, a mere matter of amusement. . . . With pleasure, but without the least trouble to himself, he sees the herds and flocks which constitute his riches daily and considerably increasing. These are driven to pasture and home again by a few Hottentots or slaves, who likewise make the butter; so that it is almost only with the milking that the farmer, together with his wife and children, concern themselves at all. To do this business, however, he has no occasion to rise before seven or eight o'clock in the morning. . . . That they (the Boers) might not put their arms and bodies out of the easy and com-

Some Domestic Traits

modious posture in which they had laid them on the couch when they were taking their afternoon *siesta*, they have been known to receive travellers lying quite still and motionless, excepting that they have very civilly pointed out the road by moving their foot to the right or left. . . . Among a set of beings so devoted to their ease, one might naturally expect to meet with a variety of the most commodious easy-chairs and sofas ; but the truth is, that they find it much more commodious to avoid the trouble of inventing and making them. . . . Nor did the inhabitants exhibit much less simplicity and moderation ; or, to speak more properly, slovenliness and penury in their dress than in their furniture. . . . The distance at which they are from the Cape may, indeed, be some excuse for their having no other earthenware or china in their houses but what was cracked or broken ; but this, methinks, should not prevent them being in possession of more than one or two old pewter pots, and some few plates of the same metal ; so that two people are frequently obliged to eat out of one dish, besides using it for every different article of food that comes upon the table. Each guest must bring his knife with him, and for forks they frequently make use of their fingers. The most wealthy farmer here is considered as being well dressed in a jacket of home-made cloth, or something of the kind made of any other coarse cloth, breeches of undressed leather, woollen stockings, a striped waistcoat, a cotton handkerchief about his neck, a coarse calico shirt, Hottentot field-shoes, or else leathern shoes with brass buckles, and a coarse hat. Indeed, it is not in dress, but in the number and thriving condition of their cattle, and chiefly in the stoutness of their draught oxen, that these peasants vie with each other. It is likewise by activity and manly actions, and by other qualities that render a man fit for the married state, and the rearing of a family, that the youth chiefly obtain the esteem of the fair sex. . . . A plain close cap and a coarse cotton gown, virtue and good housewifery, are looked upon by the fair sex as sufficient ornaments for their persons ; a flirting disposition, coquetry and paint would have very little effect in making conquests of young men brought up in so hardy a manner, and who have had so homely and artless an education as the youth in this place. In short, here, if anywhere in the world, one may lead an innocent, virtuous, and happy life."

When viewing this study of rustic indolence, we must remember also the conditions under which it was found. The natural fertility of the country, the demoralising influence of slave-owning, the great heat of the climate, were responsible for the change that so soon came over the primitive Dutch character. Dr. Theal's account of the Boer adds colour to the picture given by the Swede, and shows us that a

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certain sense of refinement was lurking in the stolid and not too picturesque disposition :—

“ The amusements of the people were few. . . . Those who possessed numerous slaves usually had three or four of them trained to the use of the violin, the blacks being peculiarly gifted with an ear for music, and easily learning to play by sound. They had thus the means at hand of amusing themselves with dancing, and of entertaining visitors with music. The branches of widely extended families were constantly exchanging visits with each other. A farmer would make his waggon ready regularly every year, when half the household or more would leave home, and spend a week or two with each relative, often being absent a couple of months. Birthday anniversaries of aged people were celebrated by the assembling of their descendants, frequently to the number of eighty or a hundred, at the residence of the patriarch, when a feast was prepared for their entertainment. These different reunions were naturally productive of great pleasure, and tended to cement the friendship and love of those who otherwise might seldom see each other. The life led by the people when at home was exceedingly tame. The mistress of the house, who moved about but little, issued orders to slaves or Hottentot females concerning the work of the household. If the weather was chilly or damp, she rested her feet on a little box filled with live coals, while beside her stood a coffee-kettle never empty. The head of the family usually inspected his flocks morning and evening, and passed the remainder of the day, like his helpmate, in the enjoyment of ease. When repose itself became wearisome, he mounted his horse, and, with an attendant to carry his gun, set off in pursuit of some of the wild animals with which the country then abounded. The children had few games, and, though strong and healthy, were far from sprightly.”

A dislike for the English seems to have been felt by the Cape Dutch very early. This dislike later hostilities must have heightened ; but as far back as 1816 we learn that even shrewd and sensible farmers were heard to declaim against our methods of scientific agriculture, and resist all efforts at its introduction into their work. One of them, when informed of the saving of time and labour that certain implements would effect, answered with characteristic conservatism. “ What,” said he, “ would you have us do ? Our only concern is to fill our bellies, to get good clothes and houses, to say to one slave, ‘ Do this,’ and to another, ‘ Do that,’ and to sit idle ourselves and be waited upon. As to our tillage, or building, or planting, our forefathers did so and so and were satisfied, and why should not we do the same ? The English want us to use their ploughs instead of our heavy wooden ones, and recommend other implements



A KAFFIR KRAAL IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Photo by Wilson, Aberjona.

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of husbandry than those we have been used to ; but we like our old things best."

This preference for the old instead of the new has been the rock on which friendship between Briton and Boer has split. All ideas of reform have been met with suspicion—a kind of suspicion that, though now confined to the Boers, was very prevalent in Europe a hundred years ago. The present writer in extreme youth met here, in advanced England, a grandam of ninety (the mother of a very distinguished politician), who stated that she could "never make a friend of a man who took a bath." It will be seen by this how prejudice may become a matter of habit all the world over.

Mr. Nixon tells a story of an equally conservative Boer. This worthy went to a store at Kimberley with bundles of tobacco for sale. The Boer carefully weighed them out with some scales of his own that were evidently an heirloom. The storekeeper reweighed the bundles, remarking on the antiquity of the scales, and observing that they gave short weight. He suggested the use of the store scales as the standard for computing the price, which was to be fixed at so much a pound. But the Boer would not hear of it. "No," said he, "these were my father's scales, and he was a wise man and was never cheated, and I won't use anybody else's." The storekeeper dryly remarked that he did not desire to press the matter, since he found himself a gainer by £12 in consequence of the Boer's conservative instincts!

Many writers urge that the Boer is naturally uncivil, that he lacks the true feeling of hospitality. The original Boer, before he was seized with a hatred for the British, was more justly speaking lacking in civility than what we term uncivil. He knew nothing of the art of being obliging to his fellow-creatures, merely because they were his fellow-creatures. He would entertain a stranger, and ask nothing in return, but he would do so without courtesy, and would put himself out of the way for no one. The traveller might take him or leave him, conform to his hours and habits entirely, and, to use the vulgar phrase, "like them or lump them" as his temperament might decide. "Africanus," who, in his book on "The Transvaal Boers," writes of them with judgment and without prejudice, gives a very true sketch, which exactly describes the strange blend of piety, indolence, ignorance, and ferocity which we are endeavouring to study. He says :—

"The Dutch farmer is in some respects very unlike his supposed counterpart in England. His pursuits are pastoral, not agricultural, for in most parts of South Africa the want of irrigation renders the cultivation of cereals impossible. His idea of a 'farm'

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is a tract of at least 6000 acres, over which his flocks and herds can move from one pasture to another. His labourers are all natives, and though, before the advent of storekeepers, he used often to make his own clothes, boots (veld-schoen), and harness, he looks on actual farm-work as a menial pursuit. He was, and is, wont to pass whole days in the saddle, but, to an English eye, his horses seem unkempt and often ill-used. The magnificent herds of game which wandered over South Africa sixty years ago tempted him to become a keen sportsman, but he has never shown much 'sporting instinct,' and the Boer is responsible for the wanton destruction of the African fauna. The unsophisticated Boer is a curious blend of hospitality and avarice; he would welcome the passing stranger, and entertain him to the best of his ability, but he seized any opportunity of making money, and the discovery that hides and skins were marketable induced him to slaughter antelopes without the slightest forethought. That the Boer is no longer hospitable is very largely due to the way in which his hospitality has been abused by stray pedlars and ne'er-do-wells of various kinds. He still retains a sincere and primitive piety, but his belief that he is a member of the chosen people has sometimes tended to antinomianism rather than to strict morality. His contempt and dislike for the Kaffir has preserved the Dutch stock from taint of black blood, and although there is a large Eur-African population, it has sprung partly from the old days of domestic slavery, partly from the laxity induced by the recent influx of low-class Europeans. The Boer has a strong national feeling, and although not exactly daring as a rule, he is perfectly ready to risk his life in what he believes to be a good cause. He fights better behind cover than in the open, and has a profound contempt for soldiers who expose themselves unnecessarily. At the same time, he is capable at times of embarking on a forlorn hope. As regards his private character, his notions of honesty and of truth are lax. But then, from bitter experience, he assumes that the stranger will try to cheat him, and it is not surprising that he should consider a certain amount of *finesse* justifiable. He is comparatively free from that drunkenness which is the besetting vice of the low-class Englishman in Africa.

"Although he is incredibly ignorant, and very self-satisfied, it is somewhat irritating to notice the way in which the town-bred Englishman is apt to depreciate him. It is not so certain as the latter thinks that an ignorant peasant is necessarily a lower type of man than a 'smart' and vicious shop-boy.

"The most unpleasing trait in the Boer character is his callousness, amounting to brutality, in the case of natives and of animals."

It must always be remembered that in discussing the early Boer

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we are discussing the peasant, and that neither his ignorance nor other shortcomings must be viewed in comparison with the failings of persons of a higher social grade. When the Boers left the Cape Colony they had no knowledge of what the word education meant. The state of public education in 1837 was deplorable. There were missionary schools and a few desultory teachers, who had in very few cases the mental or the moral qualities to fit them for the task of instruction. The most they did was to teach the young idea how to read or scribble its name. For this they received trifling fees, but doubtless these fees were no more trifling than the services rendered. Such free schools as existed, and were nominally supported by Government, were so indifferently managed that they were treated with contempt, even by the farmers. So long as they could thumb out their favourite passages of the Psalms, and sign what few documents they required, they were content. Of their ignorance they were even inclined to be proud. Their own notions of geography and history seemed to them infinitely preferable to any that might be offered, and in this state of blissful ignorance they trekked away from Cape Colony to learn no more. When they started forth, some, it is averred, imagined by steadily working north they would reach Jerusalem; others, covered with faith, and armed with gospel and sjambok, sincerely believed that eventually they would reach the Promised Land.

CHAPTER II

THE ORANGE FREE STATE

THE young State, almost before it was fledged, found itself engaged in military operations with the Basutos, and an arbitrator nominated by the British Government was appointed. But the good offices of the commissioner were to no purpose; despite the defining of boundaries and the laying down of landmarks, the natives broke out afresh. An engagement followed, and the Basutos were defeated. As a consequence, a large tract of land (the conquered territory) was annexed by the Free State, yet even this was insufficient to quell the fury of the farmer's inveterate foes, and later on they broke out afresh, only to be again overthrown. In the year 1861 they appealed for help to the Governor of the Cape and were declared British subjects. It was then that a definite boundary line between Basutoland and the Orange Free State was laid down. The population of Basutoland is estimated at about 130,000. The people are by nature warlike and energetic. Some authorities declare them to be the most intelligent of the Kaffir tribes. They are a branch of the Bechuana race who were formed by their chiefs, Motlune and Moshesh, and held their country—the Switzerland of South Africa—against both Zulu and Boer. This aggressive and ferocious tribe was devoted to plunder, and remained well-nigh exempt from punishment in consequence of its mountain fastnesses, which were almost impregnable. The Basutos formed a continual menace to the Boers of the Free State until Great Britain assumed their direct control in 1884. It is now governed by a Resident Commissioner under the High Commissioner for South Africa. It is divided into seven districts, and subdivided into wards, presided over by hereditary chiefs allied to the Moshesh family. Laws are made by proclamation of the High Commissioner, and administered by native chiefs. Europeans are not allowed to settle there.

But to return to 1854. The relations between the two Boer States soon became strained. Jealousy commenced and continued to simmer. Then the Boers, alarmed lest the Government would again follow them up, and lest their treatment of the natives should be

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investigated and stopped, began to discourage the presence of visitors across the Vaal. Of course missionaries were the most unwelcome of all.

With the terms of the Sand River Convention they had soon become impatient, and to help to an understanding of this impatience some of the Articles of the Convention may be quoted :—

Article 1.—"The Assistant-Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner on the part of the British Government to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government, and that no encroachment shall be made by the said Government on the territory beyond, to the north of the Vaal River ; with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British Government is to promote peace, free trade, and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting, or who hereafter may inhabit that country, it being understood that this system of non-interference is binding upon both parties."

Article 2 arranges, in case of misunderstanding, for a subsequent delimitation of boundaries.

Article 3.—"Her Majesty's Assistant-Commissioners hereby disclaim all alliances whatever, and with whomsoever of the coloured nations, to the north of the Vaal River."

Article 4.—"It is agreed that no slavery is or shall be permitted or practised in the country to the north of the Vaal River by the emigrant farmers."

Article 5 provides for mutual facilities and liberty to traders and travellers on both sides of the Vaal River.

Article 6 allows the "emigrant Boers" to obtain ammunition in British colonies and possessions, "it being mutually understood that all trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British Government and the emigrant farmers on both sides of the Vaal River."

Article 7 stipulates for the mutual extradition, "as far as possible," of criminals, and mutual access to courts of justice.

Article 8 validates, for purposes of inheritance in British possessions, certificates of marriage issued by the proper authorities of the emigrant farmers.

Article 9 allows free movement of all persons, except criminals and absconding debtors, between the British and the Boer territories.

As we see, the Convention had declared that slavery would not be practised in the Transvaal, but though the original declaration may have been made in all good faith, the Boer by degrees, and after the lapse of years, found it expedient to acquire native "apprentices," who could not change master nor task without permission.

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They began to fear that these natives could not be dealt with, as they were in the habit of dealing with them, without fear of comment from such British visitors as came across them; and they therefore attempted to block up the path of travellers, refusing them a passage through the Republic, and in some instances ordering the expulsion of visitors across the Vaal. About this time one of the most gruesome of all the many massacres in which the Boers were concerned took place. One Potgieter (not the Potgieter who was the rival of Pretorius), in charge of a small party of thirty men, women, and children, went forth to barter ivory unlawfully with Makapau, a Kaffir chief. The Kaffirs, owing the Boers a grudge for many a day, pounced on the whole party, leaving not one behind to give an account of the awful tragedy. The chief Potgieter was flayed alive, and his skin made into a kaross or cloak. The Boers were swift to revenge. President Pretorius, with an army of some four hundred, set himself to track down the assassins. The Kaffirs fled at the approach of the enemy, enclosing themselves in a huge cave, where they hoped to escape detection. This cave was blockaded by the Boers. Here the unhappy blacks went through all the horrors of famine and thirst, and when their agony became unbearable, and they sallied forth in desperation in search of water, they were remorselessly shot down one by one. Nine hundred in all were killed outside the cave. Within was more than double that number who had perished in the frightful agonies of starvation. President Kruger himself was a witness of the terrible scene, and took an active share in his countrymen's revenge. And this was not the first nor the last time in which he figured conspicuously in the bloody records of his country's history. It was only on the occasion of the Jameson Raid that Oom Paul awakened to sentimental qualms regarding the spilling of blood.

THE GRONDWET

To thoroughly grasp the methods of the New South African Republic, it may be interesting to study some of "the Articles" of a Grondwet or Constitution, which superseded those originally adopted by the Potchefstroom Raad. The Grondwet was started in 1857, and was framed entirely to suit the then condition of the Boer community. The ordinary idea of a written constitution was at that time unknown, and the meaning of such words as "rigid" or "elastic" was, of course, beyond their comprehension. These only developed a significance when the judicial crisis of 1897 put a fresh face on Republican affairs.

Article 4 states that "the people desire no extension of territory,



BLOEMFONTEIN FROM THE SOUTH.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

The Grondwet

except only on principles of justice, whenever the interests of the Republic render it advisable."

Article 6.—"Its territory is open to every stranger who submits himself to the laws of the Republic; all persons who happen to be within the territory of this Republic have equal claim to protection of person and property."

Article 8.—"The people claim as much social freedom as possible (*de meest mogelyke maatschappelyke vryheid*), and expect to attain it by upholding their religion, fulfilling their obligations, submitting to law, order, and justice, and maintaining the same. The people permit the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, subject to prescribed provisions against the practice of fraud and deception."

Article 9.—"The people will not allow of any equality between coloured and white inhabitants, either in Church or in State."

Article 10.—"The people will not brook any dealing in slaves or slavery in this Republic (*will geen slavenhandel, noch slaverny in deze Republiek dulden*)."

Before passing on to other sections, Article 10 calls for attention. In spite of its terms, the Boers of that period had a practice which might be described as sailing very near the wind. The "apprenticeship" of children taken prisoners in the native wars was uncommonly like slave-owning. They were called "orphans"—sometimes they had been made orphans by the conquerors—and they were then "apprenticed" to the Boer farmers till grown up. Though opinions differ on this point, it has been asserted by those who know that there was a curious system of "transfer" connected with these so-called apprentices, and that even when grown they seldom gained their liberty save by escape.

Further articles entrust legislation to a Volksraad chosen by vote of the burghers, providing at the same time that the people shall be allowed three months' grace for intimating to the Raad their views on any prospective law, "those laws, however, which admit of no delay excepted." Others constitute an Executive Council, "which shall also recommend to the Raad all officers for the public service"; others refer to the liberty of the press; restrict membership of the Volksraad to members of the Dutch Reformed Congregations; state that "the people do not desire to allow amongst them any Roman Catholic Churches, nor any other Protestant Churches except those in which such tenets of the Christian belief are taught as are prescribed in the Heidelberg Catechism"; and give the Volksraad the power of making treaties, save in time of war or of imminent danger.

The members of the Raad were to be twelve in number at least, and were to be between the ages of thirty and sixty. They must be burghers of the Dutch Reformed Church, residents, and owners

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of landed property in the Republic ; no native nor bastard was to be admitted to the Raad. At the age of twenty-one every burgher, provided he belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, was entitled to the franchise. The election of the President to a five years' term of office was in the hands of the burghers, and in this office he was to be supported by an Executive Council consisting of the Commandant-General, two burghers qualified to vote, and a Secretary. All the able-bodied men of the Republic, and if necessary natives, were liable to military service.

No sooner was the Grondwet arranged than Marthinus Wessels Pretorius, the son of the chief Andries Pretorius,—who died in 1853—was elected President of the South African Republic. The next few years were spent in internal dissension, consequent on the ambition of the President and the jealousy of his political rivals. Finally Lydenburg, which had struggled to proclaim itself an independent Republic, yielded, and affairs relating to the government of the country seemed to be mending. Still there were always Messrs. Kruger and Schoeman, two adventurous politicians, who kept things lively in the councils of the State. On the retirement of Pretorius from the Free State Presidency in 1864, and his re-election to that of the South African Republic, Mr. Kruger was appointed Commandant-General, and for the time being his ambitious longings were appeased.

At that period the white population consisted of merely about thirty thousand all told. The native community almost trebled the Dutch. Mr. Bryce, in his "Impressions on South Africa," describes the then state of the affairs of the Republic as anything but satisfactory : "There were hundreds of thousands of natives, a few of whom were living as servants under a system of enforced labour which was sometimes hardly distinguishable from slavery, while the vast majority were ruled by their own chiefs, some as tributaries of the Republic, some practically independent of it. With the latter wars were frequently raging—wars in which shocking cruelties were perpetrated on both sides, the Kaffirs massacring the white families whom they surprised, the Boer commandos taking a savage vengeance upon the tribes when they captured a kraal or mountain stronghold. It was the sight of these wars which drove Dr. Livingstone to begin his famous explorations to the north. The farmers were too few to reduce the natives to submission, though always able to defeat them in the field, and, while they relished an expedition, they had an invincible dislike to any protracted operations which cost money. Taxes they would not pay. They lived in a sort of rude plenty among their sheep and cattle, but they had hardly any coined money, conducting their transactions by barter, and they were too rude to value the benefits which government secures to a civilised people."

Transvaal Dissensions

TRANSVAAL DISSENSIONS

Among other things an attempt was made on the part of the Boers to annex the Orange Free State. President Pretorius crossed the Vaal in 1857, at the head of a large commando, with the intention of seizing on the neighbouring territory. He was doomed to disappointment, however, for his intended raid was stopped by the timely resistance of the forewarned President of the Orange Free State. An encounter was happily avoided through the intervention of Mr. Kruger, and finally the two Republics decided to mutually recognise each other's independent States.

But the ambitions of Pretorius merely smouldered. He still kept a greedy eye on the Orange Free State, and machinated for the union of the two States into a gigantic whole. He therefore refused the Presidency of the Transvaal for that of the Free State, in the hope of gathering into his own hands the reins of both governments. He was again disappointed, however, and in 1864 he returned and was re-elected President of the Transvaal.

The return of Pretorius was the signal for temporary peace. During his second Presidency, however, the little rift within the lute—the rift of insolvency, which eventually wrecked South African independence—began to be observable.

Mr. Nixon, who took great pains to acquaint himself with the true state of the country, says “that the intestine disturbances and the incessant Kaffir wars had well-nigh exhausted the finances of the Republic. The exchequer was only tardily replenished under a loose system of taxation. The Boers have never been good taxpayers, and no Government has been able to enforce the proper payment of taxes due to the State. A decade after its establishment the Republic was practically insolvent. Even as early as 1857 the Government was compelled to issue *mandaten*, or bills, wherewith to raise money to buy ammunition, and to pay its servants. In 1866 a regular issue of paper money was sanctioned by the Volksraad. This was followed by further issues, until, in 1867, a Finance Commission found that there were more notes in circulation than had been authorised by the Volksraad. Nevertheless, the financial requirements of the State became so pressing that still more issues had to be made, and in 1870 there were over £73,000 worth of notes in circulation. The notes were declared a legal tender, but the Government were unable to keep up their value by artificial methods. They fell to a low ebb, and passed from hand to hand at a discount of about 75 per cent. from their nominal value.”

In 1867 occurred two events which served to change the whole

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political and financial outlook of the Transvaal. Diamonds were discovered in the district of Kimberley. Gold was unearthed in Lydenburg. From that hour a procession of European miners began slowly to march north from the Cape. A highway was opened up between the two promising districts, and diggers of every race, pioneers bent on the propagation of modern ideas, teachers, missionaries, and traders of all kinds, attracted by the promise of wealth, flocked to the scene and settled themselves among the trekkers.

ZULU DISTURBANCES

After this period, when, as stated before, small but promising quantities of gold had been unearthed, it was no longer possible to prevent parties of miners and speculators from trickling into the Transvaal, to the annoyance of its inhabitants. Outside, too, there were troubles, disputes, and skirmishes with the Zulus, and further north was waged a fierce fight between the Boers and the chief of the Bapedi, one Sekukuni, whose father had signed away his independence to the Boers, and who refused in his turn to abide by the conditions of the compact. In this fight Sekukuni was successful, and the Boers, worsted and discontented, and believing that the Almighty was displeased with them and with their President, Mr. Burgers, retired from the campaign. At the same time, in the south, Cetchwayo was itching to be on the warpath, and the general state of affairs suggested a possible annihilation of the Transvaal by an uncontrollable horde of natives. Things went from bad to worse, and in October 1876 Lord Carnarvon remonstrated with the President of the South African Republic regarding the unprovoked barbarity of the Sekukuni war, which had again been renewed. The reason for the interference of Lord Carnarvon is to be found in the following despatch, forwarded by Sir Henry Barkly, the then Governor of the Cape :—

“As Von Schlickman has since fallen fighting bravely, it is not without reluctance that I join in affixing this dark stain on his memory, but truth compels me to add the following extract from a letter which I have since received from one whose name (which I communicate to your lordship privately) forbids disbelief :—

“There is no longer the slightest doubt as to the murder of the two women and the child at Steelpoort by the direct order of Schlickman, and in the attack on the kraal near which these women were captured (or some attack about that period) he ordered his men to cut the throats of all the wounded ! This is no mere report ; it is

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positively true.' And in a subsequent letter the same writer informs me that the statements are based on the evidence, not alone of Kaffirs, but of whites who were present.

" 'As regards the even more serious accusations brought against Abel Erasmus' (the Kruger's Post field-cornet), 'as specially alluded to in my letter to President Burgers, on the 28th ult.' (viz. of treacherously killing forty or fifty friendly natives, men and women, and carrying off the children), I beg to invite your lordship's attention to an account derived, I am assured, from a respectable Boer who accompanied the expedition, and protested against the slaughter and robbery of friendly Kaffirs, committed by order of the above-named field-cornet.

" 'Should I not shortly receive such a reply from the President to my letters of last month, as to convince me that his Honour has taken effectual steps to check such outrages and punish the perpetrators, I will enter another protest, if only for form's sake.

" 'Seeing, however, that Aylward, who is said to boast, whether truly or not, that he took part with his brother Fenians in the murder of the police constable at Manchester, as well as in the attempt to blow up the Clerkenwell prison, had succeeded Schlickman in the command of the Steelpoort Volunteers, I question whether the Government of the South African Republic has the power, even supposing it to have the will, to put a stop to further atrocities on the part of this band of "Filibusters," as they are commonly styled in the newspapers.

" 'In my opinion it will be requisite to call in the aid of British troops before this can be done, and I am not without hope that one of the results of the mission on which Sir T. Shepstone is about to start, will be a petition from persons of education and property throughout the country for such an intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government as will terminate this wanton and useless bloodshed, and prevent the recurrence of the scenes of injustice, cruelty, and rapine, which abundant evidence is every day forthcoming to prove, have rarely ceased to disgrace the Republics beyond the Vaal ever since they first sprang into existence.' "

Von Schlickman was an ex-Russian officer, commanding a force of filibusters which had been engaged by the Transvaal Government, and his men being unpaid, were allowed to reimburse themselves by cattle or land seized from the natives.

As a natural consequence, the war assumed a character of unrestrained ferocity. On receiving this information Lord Carnarvon wrote that his Government "could not view passively, and with indifference, the engagement of the Republic in foreign military

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operations the object or the necessity of which had not been made apparent."

The quarrel with the chief had originated, as stated, in a Boer claim to his land, and the Boer President in replying urged the natural right of the Boers to all the land of the Transvaal. The chief magistrate at that time was President Burgers, a man who, if report may be believed, was far superior to those with whom he associated. This man, a Cape Dutchman, and sometime minister of the Reformed Church, had been called to the onerous post of President of the South African Republic in 1872. He was bent on the advancement of his nation, and his intelligence was remarkable. He was a man of sterling character, fanciful, enthusiastic, an idealist even, with a horror of slaveholding, and a hankering for the pure life of the humanist. In a measure he was too much in advance of the people with whom he was connected. To them he was something of a Freethinker, a man too ready to judge for himself while the Gospel was at hand to judge for him. Such liberal views were not in accord with peasant limitations. His desire to raise his country to the level of other nations, to bring commerce and railways within touch of his people, savoured of heresy. The appreciation for civilisation was so strong within him that he is even said to have carried it to extremes, to have favoured the prompt and regular payment of taxes, and to have executed an elaborate design for an international coat-of-arms! Now this reformer, like most reformers, was not appreciated among his own people. He had no police to support him, no means of putting pressure on those who should have served his cause. The Conservative party, with Mr. Kruger at their head, did their best to circumvent every innovation and to save themselves and the country from what they believed to be the dangerous inorthodoxy of their President. Mr. Burgers in his posthumous "Vindication" outlines some strange hints regarding the character of his compatriots, which outlines may now be readily filled in by personal experience. He therein asserts that had he chosen to publish to the world a faithful description of the Transvaal Boers, they would have forfeited the appreciation gained from the Liberal party in Europe. Mr. Burgers' reserve is much to be regretted, as a few sidelights thrown on the Boer character at that period might have helped to educate the Liberal party of whom he spoke, and thereby saved much of the vacillation of policy for which the country now has to suffer.

The Political Web

THE POLITICAL WEB

Before going further, we must examine the situation between the Governor of the Cape, the President of the South African Republic, and the Home Government.

When we look back at Boer history, we find the details of annexation and restoration repeating themselves with the consistency of the chorus of a nursery rhyme. What the Government of the Cape accomplished the Government at home proceeded promptly to undo, till the problems connected with Boer liberty and British rights became so tangled and so intricate that they could only be solved by the sword.

It may be remembered that in 1854 Sir George Grey, the then Governor of the Cape, applied himself to the puzzle. He started with the best hopes. He saw before him a vista of labour, of argument, of contradiction, but the tangles, he believed, could eventually be smoothed out. In the anxiety to avoid trouble and responsibility, and possibly in an amiable desire to conciliate the parties at home, the Imperial Government had conceded territories and alienated subjects without having made an effort to discover the wishes of the people, or to try a free form of government suited to South Africa. He was in favour of a Federal Union wherein the separate Colonies and States, each with its local government and legislature, should be combined under one general representative legislature, led by a responsible Ministry, specially charged with the duty of providing for common defence. This plan of Federal Union seemed to appeal to the Burghers of the Orange Free State, for the Volksraad decided that "a union of alliance with the Cape Colony, either on the plan of federation or otherwise, is desirable." Sir George Grey was not permitted to pursue his policy, for the British Government decided against the resumption of British sovereignty over the Orange Free State. The same forward and backward movement, the same sort of political *chasé et croisé*, was again carried on from 1876 and 1877 to 1881. It was decided that a Federal Union should be created between such African Colonies as were willing to join. To further this scheme Sir Bartle Frere, after a long and arduous career in India, was appointed Governor and High Commissioner by Lord Carnarvon, the then Colonial Secretary. But Sir Bartle was too late. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had been sent out to the Transvaal on Special Commission to confer with the President on the question of Confederation, had already annexed the Transvaal. The reasons for the annexation were many and excellent. Firstly, the Trans-

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vaal Republic, vulgarly speaking, was out at elbows. It was bankrupt, helpless, languishing. The sorry sum of 12s. 6d. represented the entire wealth of the Treasury. The Zulu chief Cetchwayo was waiting to "eat up" the Boers, and the Boers were unceasing in their efforts to encroach on Zulu territory. But the deplorable state of affairs is better described by quoting Sir T. Shepstone's letter on the subject.

"It was patent to every observer," writes Sir T. Shepstone, "that the Government (of the Transvaal) was powerless to control either its white citizens or its native subjects; that it was incapable of enforcing its laws or of collecting its taxes; that the Treasury was empty; that the salaries of officials had been and are months in arrear; that sums payable for the ordinary and necessary expenditure of government cannot be had, and that such services as postal contracts were long and hopelessly overdue; that the white inhabitants had become split into factions; that the large native populations within the boundaries of the State ignore its authority and laws; and that the powerful Zulu king, Cetchwayo, is anxious to seize upon the first opportunity of attacking a country the conduct of whose warriors has convinced him that it can be easily conquered by his clamouring regiments." He again writes: "I think it necessary to explain, more at length than I was able to do in my last despatch, the circumstances which seem to me to forbid all hope that the Transvaal Republic is capable of maintaining the show even of independent existence any longer, which induced me to consider it my duty to assume this position in my communications with the President and Executive Council, and which have convinced me that, if I were to leave the country in its present condition, I should but expose the inhabitants to anarchy among themselves, and to attack from the natives, that would prove not only fatal to the Republic, but in the highest degree dangerous to her Majesty's possessions and subjects in South Africa."

The proclamation of the annexation of the Transvaal was issued on the 12th of April 1876, and on the previous day Sir T. Shepstone wrote: "There will be a protest against my act of annexation issued by the Government, but they will at the same time call upon the people to submit quietly, pending the issue. You need not be disquieted by such action, because it is taken merely to save appearances, and the members of the Government from the violence of a faction that seems for years to have held Pretoria in terror when any act of the Government displeased it. You will better understand this when I tell you privately that the President has from the first fully acquiesced in the necessity for the change, and that most of the members of the Government have expressed themselves

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anxious for it—but none of them have had the courage openly to express their opinions, so I have had to act apparently against them, and this I felt bound to do, knowing the state and danger of the country, and that three-fourths of the people will be thankful for the change when once it is made.”

As a matter of fact the annexation was received with rejoicing all over the country. “God save the Queen” was sung, and special thanksgiving services were held in many of the churches. The Union Jack was run up, the Republican flag hauled down without a dissentient voice. The arrival of British troops—the first battalion of the 13th Regiment—was hailed with curiosity and pleasure, the Boers with their women and children turning out to meet it and hear the band play. The financial effects of the new departure were magical. Credit and commerce were at once restored. Valueless railway bonds rose to par, and the price of landed property was nearly doubled. On the Queen’s birthday, the first after the annexation, the 24th of May 1877, the native chiefs were invited to attend, and the Union Jack was formally hoisted to the strains of the National Anthem. This same flag was within a few years ignobly hauled down during the signing of the Convention at Pretoria, and formally buried by a party of Englishmen and loyal natives. But for the time being all seemed pleased with the new state of affairs. As Mr. Haggard says, it is difficult to reconcile the enthusiasm of a great number of the inhabitants of the Transvaal for English rule and the quiet acquiescence of the remainder at this time, with the decidedly antagonistic attitude subsequently assumed. His description of the situation in “The Last Boer War” seems to be more near the truth than any forthcoming: “The Transvaal, when we annexed it, was in the position of a man with a knife at his throat, who is suddenly rescued by some one stronger than he, on certain conditions which at the time he gladly accepts, but afterwards, when the danger is passed, wishes to repudiate. In the same way the inhabitants of the South African Republic were in the time of need very thankful for our aid, but after a while, when the recollection of their difficulties had grown faint, when their debts had been paid and their enemies had been defeated, they began to think that they would like to get rid of us again, and start fresh on their own account with a clean sheet.”

In the management of affairs it appears that Mr. Burgers began to set an example of the policy which Mr. Kruger has since followed: the policy of trying to sit on either side of the fence. Mr. Kruger has struggled more and more violently to accomplish this feat as the years advance and he advances in years. He has tried to grab the advantages attendant upon the possession of gold mines and

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schemed to acquire a great financial status, and yet at the same time to keep up his affectation of piety and to maintain his pristine condition of bucolic irresponsibility. Brought face to face with Sir T. Shepstone's scheme for annexation, Mr. Burger privately encouraged the proposed action of the Government—he and his colleagues even stipulating for pension and office—while publicly he lifted up his protest against the innovation.

The Boer, with his usual craft, had decided that the British Government should set him financially on his feet, which feet he meant promptly to use for running away from his responsibilities. Some declare that the policy of Sir T. Shepstone was premature, that he should have waited until the Boer had soaked further in the slough of insolvency into which he was fast sinking. But Sekukuni was threatening, and on the south-eastern frontier Cetchwayo, with a force some thirty thousand strong, was waiting his opportunity. The promise of the future was a general holocaust, in which Boer men, women, and children, farms and flocks would be annihilated. Sir T. Shepstone, had he been other than a Briton, might have stayed his hand and waited till the Boers were effectually swept away, but being a Briton he acted as such, doubtless arguing that,

“As we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold.”

THE WEB THICKENING

It must be remembered that between the Zulus and the Boers no boundary line had ever been fixed, and that for over a dozen years the Zulu chiefs had repeatedly implored the British Governor in Natal for advice and help in their dealings with these aggressors. It had been part of the Dutch policy—if policy it may be called—to force the Zulu gradually to edge further and further from the rich pasture lands sloping eastward of the Drakensberg Mountains, and spreading to right and left into the north and west of Zululand. Little notice had been taken of their petitions, and the Zulus had determined to take the law into their own hands. Cetchwayo, therefore, when the news of our annexation of the Transvaal reached him, was like a wild beast baulked of its prey. He was anxious for an occasion for his young warriors “to wash their spears” in the gore of his enemies, and was naturally disappointed to find them under the protection of the white man. The Natal Government attempted to soothe him—to promote peace. He remained sullen and simmered. He vented his spleen by putting several young

The Web Thickening

women to death for having refused to marry his soldiers. On being remonstrated with by the Natal Government, he expressed himself with engaging candour. His own words, without comment, describe the character with which we had to deal.

"Did I ever tell Mr. Shepstone," his Majesty cried, "that I would not kill? Did Mr. Shepstone tell the white people I made such an arrangement? Because if he did he deceived them. I do kill; but I do not consider that I have done anything yet in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill. It is the custom of our nation, and I will not depart from it. Why does the Governor of Natal speak to me about my laws? I shall not agree to any laws or rules from Natal, and by so doing throw the large kraal which I govern into the water. My people will not listen unless they are killed, and while wishing to be friends with the English I do not agree to give my people over to be governed by laws sent to me by them. Have I not asked the English to allow me to wash my spears since the death of my father, Upandi, and they have kept playing with me all the time, treating me as a child?" . . . A good deal more followed in this strain. Since his accession the gallant Cetchwayo had decided to "wash his spears" in the blood of his neighbours, and whatever the British might have to say in the matter, wash them he would. It was obvious, therefore, that a ruffian of this kind, backed by a bloodthirsty following, was a permanent danger to our Colony of Natal and to its white inhabitants. Something must be done to remove the disquiet caused by the utterances of the savage. Sir Henry Bulwer (the Governor of Natal)—to conciliate the king and to allay his fears lest his territory, like that of the Boers, should be annexed—proposed that a commission should investigate the rival claims of Boers and Zulus on border questions, and settle them by arbitration. But what Sir H. Bulwer proposed Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner in South Africa, disapproved. He felt that Cetchwayo and his host would be a standing menace to the borders of Natal. Nevertheless he agreed to a discussion of the vexed boundary question between Boer and Zulu, in which the commissioners declared unanimously against the claims of the former. Certain land only to west of the Blood River, held by the Boers and unchallenged by the Zulus, was confirmed to the Dutch settlers in their occupation of the same. But to this decision Sir Bartle Frere considered it expedient to add some saving clauses. These demanded, first, that Cetchwayo should adhere to the guarantees he had given and not permit indiscriminate shedding of blood; second, that he should institute from his existing military system the form of tribal quotas; third, that he should accept the presence of a British

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Resident ; fourth, that he should protect the missionaries and their converts ; and lastly, that he should surrender certain criminals and pay certain fines. His Zulu Majesty was given thirty days to consider the subject. Instead of considering he flouted it. The result was war.

THE ZULU WAR

According to the opinion of Sir Bartle Frere there was, and for a long time had been, a growing desire on the part of the great chiefs to make this war into a simultaneous rising of Kaffirland against white civilisation. A spirit of mutiny had been in the air since the terrible events in India in 1857, and there was a general conviction among the native tribes that the authority of Great Britain would eventually be overthrown. Now the most powerful of all the native tribes in South Africa were the Zulus, whose military organisation had long been celebrated, and who had earned a great reputation since the days of Gaika, and more especially in the time that followed when Chaka, who was a born warrior, brought the gigantic army into a state of marvellous efficiency.

A few words regarding the career of this great chieftain may be found interesting, for to him is accorded the credit of the indubitably warlike and brave disposition of his countrymen. This man, who has been at times called the Attila and the Napoleon of South Africa, was born in 1783. He became chief officer to Dingiswayo, a man of remarkable ability, who studied European military systems and modelled on their principle a highly efficient army. Chaka, heir to a chieftainship of the Amazulu tribe (the Zulus proper), took the fancy of Dingiswayo, who elevated him first to a post of high command, and eventually to the vacant Zulu chieftainship. On the death in battle of Dingiswayo, Chaka assumed the command of both tribes, to which he gave his name. The already excellent army he proceeded to improve till it became one of the most efficient military organisations ever originated in an uncivilised country. The whole kingdom was ordered on a military footing, and expanded so wondrously that the original two tribes at first commanded by Chaka became an hundred, each tribe having been defeated in warfare and incorporated in the Zulu nationality. His policy, unlike that of Cetchwayo later on, was not to destroy but to subdue, and thus he soon ruled with undisputed sway over a complete empire covering the desolated regions of Natal, Zululand, and the modern Boer States. His methods of military training were entirely Spartan ; his discipline was a discipline of iron. Disobedience was met with the

The Zulu War

penalty of death. To tread out a roaring bush-fire, or capture alive a wild beast, were some of the tasks imposed as daily training for his would-be warriors. An order was an order, and this, however dangerous or seemingly impossible, had to be obeyed by individual or regiment on pain of the most horrible forms of death. It may easily be imagined that this stern regime was calculated to create a military following of the most brave and adventurous order. Naturally enough, all the other Kaffir tribes looked to the Zulus as their leaders and champions in the contest. Captain Hamilton Parr tells a tale of an old Galeka warrior who said to a native magistrate, "Yes, you have beaten us—you have beaten us well; but there," pointing eastward, "there are the Amazulu warriors. Can you beat them? They say not. Go and try. Don't trouble any more about us, but go and beat *them* and we shall be quiet enough." This anecdote serves to describe the general sentiment of disdain for British authority which Sir Bartle Frere detected almost immediately after his arrival among the natives, and to account in a measure for what has been declared to be his high-handed policy. He was convinced that we could never expect peace among the chiefs until we had satisfied them who was master. A lesson was necessary to show that the British Government could govern and meant to govern, and that lesson he felt must be taught sooner or later. For a long time Cetchwayo had been instigating rebellion and preparing for war. As may be seen from Lord Carnarvon's letter of the 24th of January 1878 to Sir Bartle Frere, the Government was fully conscious of the existing necessity to protect the Transvaal and to maintain British prestige in South Africa. The despatch runs: "It seems certain that the Zulu king has derived from his messengers the unfortunate idea that the Kaffirs are able to cope with the Colony on more than equal terms, and this belief has, as was inevitable, produced a very threatening change in his language and conduct towards the Transvaal Government. It is only too probable that a savage chief such as Cetchwayo, supported by a powerful army already excited by the recent successes of a neighbouring tribe over the late Government of the Transvaal, may now become fired with the idea of victory over her Majesty's forces, and that a deliberate attempt upon her Majesty's territories may ensue. Should this unfortunately happen, you must understand that at whatever sacrifice it is imperatively necessary that her Majesty's forces in Natal and the Transvaal must be reinforced by the immediate despatch of the military and naval contingents now operating in the Cape, or such portion of them as may be required. This is necessary not only for the safety of the Transvaal, for the defence of which her Majesty's Government are immediately concerned,

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but also in the interest of the Cape, since a defeat of the Zulu king would act more powerfully than any other means in disheartening the native races of South Africa."

On this subject Sir H. Bulwer wrote: "There has been for the last eight or nine months a danger of collision with the Zulus at any moment." And in November 1878 he said: "The system of government in the Zulu country is so bad that any improvement seems hopeless. We should, if necessary, be justified in deposing Cetchwayo."

Consequently, Sir Bartle Frere was not surprised when all efforts to reduce Cetchwayo to yield to British demand failed. As time went by it became clear that enforcement of these demands must be placed in the hands of Lord Chelmsford and the military authorities, and accordingly, on the 10th of January 1879, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of South Africa crossed the frontier.

As the frontier extended for some two hundred miles, to assume a purely defensive attitude would have been impossible. Our forces so placed would not have been sufficiently strong to resist an attack made at their own time and place by a horde of some ten to twenty thousand Zulus. Lord Chelmsford had no alternative, therefore, but to invade Zululand.

ISANDLWANA

The force under Lord Chelmsford's command was divided into four columns. These were composed partly of British soldiers, partly of Colonists, and partly of blacks. The first column, under Colonel Pearson, crossed the Lower Tugela; the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford, R.E., consisting of native troops and Natal Volunteers, was to act in concert with column three; the third, under Colonel Glyn—but directed by the General, who assumed all responsibility—crossed the Buffalo River; and the fourth, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, entered Zululand from near Newcastle on the north-west. The plan was for the four columns to converge upon Ulundi, in the neighbourhood of the king's kraal, where fighting might be expected to begin.

The crossing of the Buffalo River was effected without difficulty or resistance, and ten days after the central column formed a camp at the foot of the hill Isandlwana (the Little Hand). On the morning of the 22nd the Commander-in-Chief advanced at daybreak, for the purpose of attacking a kraal some miles distant. The camp at Isandlwana was left in charge of a force of some eight hundred mixed troops—regulars, volunteers, and natives. Strict orders to

Isandlwana

defend and not to leave the camp were given, but in spite of these orders portions of the force became detached. Suddenly, unobserved by them, there appeared a dense impi of some twenty thousand Zulus. The savage horde rushed shouting upon the small British detachments, rushed with the swiftness of cavalry, attacked them before they could unite, and swooping down with tremendous velocity, seized the camp and separated the British troops from their reserves of ammunition. In face of this warrior multitude our troops were defenceless. A few moments of wild despairing energy, a hand-to-hand struggle for life between the white man and



MAP OF ZULULAND AND ADJOINING PORTIONS OF NATAL.

the bloodthirsty savage, groans of wounded and yells of victory, and all was over. Of the six companies of the 24th, consisting of more than half the infantry engaged, but six souls escaped. The rest died where they fell, with no kindly hand to give them succour, no British voice to breathe a burial prayer. But some before they dropped managed to cut their way through the ring of Zulu spears. Two gallant fellows, Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill, almost succeeded in saving the colours of the first battalion of the 24th Regiment. They made a bold rush, but merely reached the Natal bank of the Buffalo to be struck down. The colours, wrapped

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round Melvill's body, were discovered in the river some days afterwards.

The Zulu plan of fighting, in this case so successful, is curious. The formation of their attacks represents the figure of a beast with horns, chest, and loins. While making a feint with one horn, the other, unperceived in long grass or bush, swoops round and closes in on the enemy. The chest then advances to attack. The loins are kept at a distance, and simply join in pursuit.

The news of the disaster spread fast. Sir Bartle Frere, on the morning of the 24th, was awakened by the arrival of two almost distraught and wholly unintelligible messengers. Their report, when it could be at last comprehended, seemed too horrible for belief. That they had escaped some terrible ordeal was evident; that they were members of the company of naval volunteers that formed part of the General's army, their uniform proclaimed. But of the General they could say nothing—he might be dead, he might be missing—all they knew was of their own miraculous escape from a scene of slaughter. Colonel Pulleine they declared was dead, but further news had to be awaited with anxious hearts.

Meanwhile Lord Chelmsford had heard the horrible news. The camp had been seen in the possession of the Zulus. Worn and weary with heavy marching in a baking sun, he and his troops began to retreat. At nightfall, thoroughly jaded, they returned to a grim scene. All around lay the still silent dead—the corpses of the comrades they had parted with but a few hours before. There, amid the pathetic wreckage, were they forced to lay them down to rest!

Fortunately the Zulus, having plundered the camp, had made off, and the British force was able the next day to proceed to the relief of Rorke's Drift. At Rorke's Drift the now world-celebrated defence of Lieutenant Bromhead, of the 24th, and Lieutenant Chard, R.E., took place. These young officers had been left with one hundred and four soldiers to take charge of a small depôt of provisions and an hospital, and to keep open the communication with Natal. Some hours after the disaster of Isandlwana their post was attacked by Dabulamanzi (brother of Cetchwayo) and over three thousand of his finest warriors. The little garrison had made for themselves a laager of sacks of maize and biscuit-boxes, and behind these they defended themselves so stubbornly and so heroically throughout the night of the 23rd, that the Zulu chieftain, discomfited and harassed, eventually retired. For their magnificent pluck the two young officers received the Victoria Cross. Their action had saved Natal from invasion by the enemy. Of the little garrison seventeen fell and ten were wounded. The loss of the Zulus was about three hundred.



THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT, 22nd to 23rd JANUARY 1879.

Painted by Alphonse de Neuville, Etched by L. Flameng.

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Affairs at Home

Colonel Pearson's column, as we said, crossed the Lower Tugela near the sea, with the intention of joining the other columns at Ulundi. On the way thither he was attacked by a Zulu force at Inyesani. This force, though it more than doubled the strength of his own, he drove back with heavy loss, and marched to the Norwegian Mission station, Eshowe. On his arrival there on the 23rd of January, he learnt the awful news of the disaster, and instantly sent his cavalry back to Natal, fortified his station, and waited there the arrival of reinforcements.

The third column, commanded by Colonel Evelyn Wood (consisting of 1700 British soldiers, 50 farmers under Commandant Pieter Uys, and some 300 blacks, reached Kambula in safety, and fortified a post there. Colonel Wood harassed the enemy by frequent sallies, however, and on one occasion the attack on the Zlobane Mountain lost about ninety-six of his men. Among these were Colonel Weatherley, his young son, and Commandant Uys. The following day the British laager was attacked by a horde of Zulus, who were routed. In this engagement Colonel Wood, Colonel Buller, and Captain Woodgate especially distinguished themselves.

Lord Chelmsford, with a force of soldiers and sailors, marched in April from Natal to the relief of Colonel Pearson at Eshowe. He arrived there in safety, after having encountered and beaten back the Zulus at Ginginlova: yet it was not until the 4th of July that the troops eventually reached Ulundi, where the final battle and victory took place. But of this later.

AFFAIRS AT HOME

Two days after the arrival of the news of the disaster at Isandlwana, Parliament met. The reverse in Zululand naturally engrossed all thoughts. Questions innumerable were addressed to Government, as to the strength of reinforcements to be sent out—as to the further necessity for war at all—as to the so-called high-handed action of Sir Bartle Frere, and the so-called blunders of Lord Chelmsford. Scapegoats were wanted, and, as a natural consequence, the two most energetic and hard-worked of the Queen's servants were attacked.

A political pitched battle was imminent. The Ministers declined to withdraw their confidence from the Lord High Commissioner, though they passed on him censure for his hasty and independent proceedings. That the members of Government had a high appreciation of his great experience, ability, and energy was apparent, for they declared they had "no desire to withdraw in the present crisis

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of affairs the confidence hitherto reposed in him, the continuance of which was now more than ever needed to conduct our difficulties in South Africa to a successful termination." On the 19th of March 1879 the Secretary of the Colonies wrote to Sir Bartle Frere, to the effect that Ministers were unable to find, on the documents placed before them, "that evidence of urgent necessity for immediate action which alone would justify him in taking, without their full knowledge and sanction, a course almost certain to result in a war."

The day for discussion of South African affairs in the Upper House arrived.

Lord Lansdowne moved, on the 11th of March, "That this House, while willing to support her Majesty's Government in all necessary measures for defending the possessions of her Majesty in South Africa, regrets that the *ultimatum*, which was calculated to produce immediate war, should have been presented to the Zulu king without authority from the responsible advisers of the Crown, and that an offensive war should have been commenced without imperative and pressing necessity or adequate preparation; and the House regrets that, after the censure passed upon the High Commissioner by her Majesty's Government, in the despatch of March 19, 1879, the conduct of affairs in South Africa should be retained in his hands."

A keen debate ensued. The Opposition clamoured for the recall of Sir Bartle Frere, as the example of independent action set by him might be followed by other and more distant representatives of the Crown. The war was ascribed to Lord Carnarvon's impatience for South African confederation and his "incurable greed" for extending the limits of the Colonies, and the annexation of the Transvaal was declared to be a mistake, unless the Government was prepared to send out a large military force to South Africa.

The Government combated these arguments. They denied they had censured Sir Bartle Frere, and stated that they had passed no opinion on his policy, but merely asserted as a principle that "Her Majesty's advisers, and they only, must decide the grave issues of peace and war."

It was argued that war with Cetchwayo was inevitable sooner or later, and that the Lord High Commissioner had thought it advisable to be prompt in the matter. His conduct, it was true, had not the entire approval of the Ministry, but every one knew it was unwise to change horses in crossing a stream, and his action had not been such as to outweigh the many considerations which required the continuance of his service in South Africa.

Lord Beaconsfield, addressing the House, defended Sir Bartle Frere, and expressed opinions on the policy of confederation as opposed to that of annexation, opinions which afford so much

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instruction in regard to our relations with the Transvaal that they are best repeated in their entirety.

"I generally find," he said, "there is one advantage at the end of a debate, besides the relief which is afforded by its termination, and that is that both sides of the House seem pretty well agreed as to the particular point that really is at issue; but the rich humour of the noble duke (Duke of Somerset) has again diverted us from the consideration of the motion really before the House. If the noble duke and his friends were desirous of knowing what was the policy which her Majesty's Government were prepared generally to pursue in South Africa, if they were prepared to challenge the policy of Sir Bartle Frere in all its details, I should have thought they would have produced a very different motion from that which is now lying on your lordships' table; for that is a motion of a most limited character, and, according to the strict rules of parliamentary discussion, precludes you from most of the subjects which have lately been introduced to our consideration, and which principally have emanated from noble lords opposite. We have not been summoned here to-day to consider the policy of the acquisition of the Transvaal. These are subjects on which I am sure the Government would be prepared to address your lordships, if their conduct were clearly and fairly impugned. And with regard to the annexation of the province, which has certainly very much filled the mouths of men of late, I can easily conceive that that would have been a subject for fair discussion in this House, and we should have heard, as we have heard to-night, though in a manner somewhat unexpected, from the nature of the resolution before us, from the noble lord who was recently the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the principal reasons which induced the Government to sanction that policy—a policy which I believe can be defended, but which has not been impugned to-night in any formal manner.

"What has been impugned to-night is the conduct of the Government in sanctioning, not the policy of Sir Bartle Frere, but his taking a most important step without consulting them, which on such subjects is the usual practice with all Governments. But the noble lord opposite who introduced the subject does not even impugn the policy of the Lord High Commissioner; and it was left to the noble duke who has just addressed us, and who ought to have brought forward this question if his views are so strongly entertained by him on the matter, not in supporting a resolution such as now lies on your lordships' table, but one which would have involved a discussion of the policy of the Government and that of the high officer who is particularly interested in it.

"My noble friend, the noble marquis (Lord Salisbury), who

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very recently addressed the House, touched the real question which is before us, and it is a very important question, although it is not of the expansive character of the one which would have been justified by the comments of the noble lords opposite. What we have to decide to-night is this—whether her Majesty's Government shall have the power of recommending to the sovereign the employment of a high officer to fulfil duties of the utmost importance, or whether that exercise of the prerogative, on their advice, shall be successfully impugned, and that appointment superseded by noble lords opposite. That course is perfectly constitutional, if they are prepared to take the consequences. But let it be understood what the issue is. It is this—that a censure upon the Government is called for, because they have selected the individual who, on the whole, they think is the best qualified successfully to fulfil the duties of High Commissioner. The noble lords opposite made that proposition, and if they succeed they will succeed in that which has hitherto been considered one of the most difficult tasks of the executive Government; that is to say, they will supersede the individual whom the sovereign, in the exercise of her prerogative, under the advice of her Ministers, has selected for an important post. I cannot agree in the general remark made by the noble duke, that because an individual has committed an error, and even a considerable error, for that reason, without any reference either to his past services or his present qualifications, immediately a change should be recommended, and he should be recalled from the scene of his duties.

“I remember myself a case not altogether different from the present one,” continued Lord Beaconsfield, alluding to Sir James Hudson, who, when Minister at Turin, had been charged with having expressed himself unguardedly upon the subject of Italian nationality. “It happened some years ago, when I was in the other House. Then a very high official—a diplomatist of great eminence, a member of the Liberal party—had committed what was deemed a great indiscretion by several members of his own party; and the Government were asked in a formal manner, by a Liberal member, whether that distinguished diplomatist had been in consequence recalled. But the person who was then responsible for the conduct of public affairs in that House—the humble individual who is now addressing your lordships, made this answer, with the full concurrence of his colleagues—denied that that distinguished diplomatist was recalled, and said that *great services are not cancelled by one act or one single error however it may be regretted at the moment*. That is what I said then, with regard to Sir James Hudson, and what I say now with regard to Sir Bartle

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Frere. But I do not wish to rest on that. I confess that, so keen is my sense of responsibility, and that of my colleagues, and I am sure also that of noble lords opposite, that we would not allow our decisions in such matters to be unduly influenced by personal considerations of any kind. What we had to determine is this, Was it wise that such an act on the part of Sir Bartle Frere as, in fact, commencing war without consulting the Government at home, and without their sanction, should be passed unnoticed? Ought it not to be noticed in a manner which should convey to that eminent person a clear conviction of the feelings of her Majesty's Government; and at the same time was it not their duty to consider, were he superseded, whether they could place in his position an individual equally qualified to fulfil the great duties and responsibilities resting on him? That is what we had to consider. We considered it entirely with reference to the public interest, and the public interest alone; and we arrived at the conviction that on the whole the retention of Sir Bartle Frere in that position was our duty, notwithstanding the inconvenient observations and criticisms to which we were, of course, conscious it might subject us. And, that being our conviction, we have acted upon it. It is a very easy thing for a Government to make a scapegoat; but that is conduct which I hope no gentleman on this side, and I believe no gentleman sitting opposite, would easily adopt. If Sir Bartle Frere had been recalled—if he had been recalled in deference to the panic, the thoughtless panic of the hour, in deference to those who have no responsibility in the matter, and who have not weighed well and deeply investigated all the circumstances and all the arguments which can be brought forward, and which must be appealed to to influence our opinions on such questions—no doubt a certain degree of odium might have been diverted from the heads of her Majesty's Ministers, and the world would have been delighted, as it always is, to find a victim. That was not the course which we pursued, and it is one which I trust no British Government ever will pursue. We had but one object in view, and that was to take care that at this most critical period the affairs of her Majesty in South Africa should be directed by one not only qualified to direct them, but who was superior to any other individual whom we could have selected for that purpose. The sole question that we really have to decide to-night is, Was it the duty of her Majesty's Government to recall Sir Bartle Frere in consequence of his having declared war without our consent? We did not think it our duty to take that course, and we do not think it our duty to take that course now. Whether we are right in the determination at which we have arrived is the sole question which the House has to determine upon the motion before it.

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"The noble duke opposite (the Duke of Somerset) has told us that he should not be contented without being made acquainted with the whole policy which her Majesty's Government are prepared to pursue in South Africa. If the noble duke will introduce that subject we shall be happy to discuss it with him. No one could introduce it in a more interesting, and, indeed, in a more entertaining manner than the noble duke, who possesses that sarcastic faculty that so well qualifies him to express his opinion on such a matter. I think, however, that we ought to have had rather longer notice before we were called upon to discuss so large a theme, which has now been brought suddenly before us. If the noble marquis who introduced this subject had given us notice of a motion of this character, we should not have hesitated for a moment to meet it. I have, however, no desire to avoid discussing the subject of our future policy in South Africa, even on so general a notice as we have in reference to it from the noble duke. Sir Bartle Frere was selected by the noble lord (Lord Carnarvon), who formerly occupied the position of Secretary to the Colonies, chiefly to secure one great end—namely, to carry out that policy of confederation in South Africa which the noble lord had successfully carried out on a previous occasion with regard to the North American Colonies.

"If there is any policy which, in my mind, is opposed to the policy of annexation, it is that of confederation. By pursuing the policy of confederation we bind States together, we consolidate their resources, and we enable them to establish a strong frontier; and where we have a strong frontier, that is the best security against annexation. I myself regard a policy of annexation with great distrust. I believe that the reasons of State which induced us to annex the Transvaal were not, on the whole, perfectly sound. But what were the circumstances under which that annexation was effected? The Transvaal was a territory which was no longer defended by its occupiers. The noble lord opposite (Lord Kimberley), who formerly had the Colonies under his management, spoke of the conduct of Sir Theophilus Shepstone as though he had not taken due precautions to effect the annexation of that province, and said that he was not justified in concealing that he had not successfully consummated his object. The noble lord said he had not assembled troops enough in the province to carry out properly the policy of annexation. But Sir Theophilus Shepstone particularly refers to the very fact to show, that so unanimous and so united was the sentiment in the province in favour of annexation, that it was unnecessary to send any large force there to bring it about. *The annexation of that province was a necessity—a geographical necessity.*"



Sir HENRY BARTLE FRERE, Bart.

Photo by Maull & Fox, London.

Towards Ulundi

TOWARDS ULUNDI

It may be remembered that Lord Chelmsford's original idea had been for Colonel Pearson's column to march from Eshowe to the chief's kraal at Ulundi. In consequence of the disaster, however, Colonel Pearson decided to remain where he was. He constructed a fort for the protection of the garrison against an army of some 20,000 Zulus lying in wait between Eshowe and Tugela. On the 30th of January all the troops came within this embryo fort, and as tents were forbidden, officers and men had to make the best of what shelter the waggons afforded. The troops spent the time in completing the fort and cutting roads, and early in February excellent defences were completed. Though in hourly expectation of attack they seem to have kept up their spirits, for an officer in Eshowe wrote:—

“The troops inside consisted of three companies of the 99th Regiment, five companies of the second battalion of the 3rd Buffs, one company of Royal Engineers, one company of the Pioneers, the Naval Brigade, a body of Artillery, and nineteen of the Native Contingent, amongst them being several non-commissioned officers, whom we found exceedingly useful, two of them being at once selected as butchers, whilst two were ‘promoted’ to the rank of ‘bakers to the troops.’ Others attended to the sanitary arrangements of the garrison, and altogether they were found to be also exceedingly useful. As a portion of the column, the company of Pioneers under the command of Captain Beddoes did a great deal of very important work. This company was composed of ninety-eight natives, one captain, and three lieutenants, and their proceedings in connection with the making of the new road were watched with much interest. They worked with the Naval Brigade, about three companies of soldiers, and several men of the Royal Artillery. This road was found useless, in consequence of the numerous swampy places at the foot of each of the numerous hills which occurred along the route. Very thick bush had to be cut through, and at first but slow progress was made. The road, as is generally known, took a direction towards the Inyezane. Whilst out on one occasion, the road party saw a torpedo explosion which took place about three miles from where the party was working. It had been accidentally fired by Kaffirs, who were unaware of the dangers connected with the implement, and it is believed that several of them were killed. The road was altogether a bad one. The relief column used it on their way up, but only the Pioneers and the mounted men went by that route on

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the way back. In fact, it would have been useless to have attempted to use it for the passage of waggons. Whenever the road party went out they were fired on by Kaffirs, but of course shots were returned, and many a Zulu warrior was knocked over whilst the work was being proceeded with. Everything in camp was conducted in a most orderly manner. We were roused at half-past five sharp, and at eight o'clock, sharp, lights were out. For one month we existed very comfortably on full rations, but at the end of that time we were put on short rations, made up as follows :—One pound and a quarter of trek-oxen beef, six ounces of meal, one ounce and a quarter of sugar, third of an ounce of coffee, one sixth of an ounce of tea, one ninth of an ounce of pepper, and a quarter of an ounce of salt.

“Life of course was very monotonous. The bands of the two regiments played on alternate afternoons, and every morning they were to be heard practising outside the entrenchment. The most pleasant part of the day was just after six o'clock, when we used to be enlivened in the cool of the evening by the fife and drum band playing the ‘Retreat.’ The water with which we were supplied was indeed excellent, and the bathing places, I need not say, were very extensively patronised. The grazing was not nearly sufficient for the cattle, and from the first they must have suffered very much from want of nourishment. You will have heard of the fate of the eleven hundred head of oxen and the span of donkeys which we sent away from the camp in expectation of their reaching the Lower Tugela. They left us in charge of nineteen Kaffirs, but at the Inyezane they were attacked by a large body of Kaffirs. The natives in charge of the cattle decamped and reached the fort in safety, and the enemy got possession of the whole of the cattle, which they drove off. The donkeys were all killed with the exception of one, and this sagacious animal surprised everybody in camp by returning soon after the Kaffirs had come back.”

The prices of food at this time were scarcely in keeping with those of the London market. A bottle of pickles fetched 25s., and a ham £7, 10s. ! Milk was purchasable for 23s. a tin, and sardines for 12s.

As may be imagined, the arrival of Lord Chelmsford at Eshowe was a matter for general thanksgiving. One who was present records in *Blackwood's Magazine* the joy on the arrival of the first outsiders: “On the afternoon of the 3rd of April, the column detailed on the 31st of March (about 500 whites and 50 blacks, and the mounted infantry, with one gun) left the fort under General Pearson, to meet the relief column. . . . A solitary horseman was seen towards 5 P.M. galloping up the new road to the fort. He

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had an officer's coat on, and we could see a sword dangling from his side. Who is he? . . . He proved to be the correspondent of the *Standard*. 'First in Eshowe,' he said, 'proud to shake hands with an Eshowian.' A second horseman appeared approaching the fort, his horse apparently much blown, Who is he? . . . The correspondent of the *Argus* (Cape Town). They had a race who would be first at Eshowe, the *Standard* winning by five minutes!" Thus ended happily the crushing anxiety under which Colonel Pearson and his party had lived, and the foretaste of the future triumph seemed already to remove the memory of many weeks of bitterness.

Serious differences of opinion soon arose between Lord Chelmsford and Sir Henry Bulwer, the Governor of Natal, but on the intricacies of these it is unnecessary to dwell; suffice it to say, that they were in a measure the cause of Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrival on the scene somewhat later, as Sir Garnet united in his own person both supreme civil and supreme military power.

A complete account of the movements of the various columns during the dreary months that elapsed before the final victory at Ulundi on the 4th of July cannot be attempted here. The history of skirmishes and raids, of daring sorties, of captures of cattle, and gallantry of troops, of hopes and disappointments, of successes and scares, of hardships and horrors, would fill many pages that must be otherwise occupied.

Yet one tragic and memorable event of the war cannot be passed over, for we lost a gallant volunteer whose young life was full of promise and distinction. At the beginning of June the Prince Imperial of France, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, having studied at the Military College at Woolwich, and desiring to see war in all its reality, was attached to the Quartermaster-General's department at General Newdigate's camp. He set out with a reconnoitring party consisting of Lieutenant Carey of the 98th Regiment, six men of Bellington's Horse, and a Kaffir. The place they intended to reach was situated between the camps of Lord Chelmsford and General Wood. Having gained a picturesque spot near a brook which forms a tributary to the Tlyotyotzi River, the Prince decided to sketch. He was a clever draughtsman, and had some ability in recognising the capabilities of positions. The party afterwards moved on, examining various empty kraals by the way. At one of these they halted, and the Prince gave orders to "off-saddle" for an hour. The place seemed deserted; there were remains of a recent cooking fire, and a stray dog or two sniffed suspiciously at the strangers. Round this spot near the river tambookie grass about six feet in height formed a screen. The officers made coffee, turned out their

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horses to graze, and lay for a short rest in the peaceful security of a complete, or seemingly complete, desolation.

But unknown to them, fifty Zulus, tiger-like, had crawled from ambush and were preparing to spring. It was from the cover of the river vegetation that they eventually burst forth. A hurried order to remount, and the crash of rifles at a distance of twenty yards followed. The tragic scene is well described by Mr. A. Wilmot in his "History of the Zulu War":—

"At this time the party were standing in a line close to their horses, with their backs to the kraal and their faces turned eastward, the Prince being in front and nearest to the Zulus. Then with a tremendous cry, 'Usutu!' and 'Lo, the English cowards!' the savages rushed on. The horses immediately swerved, and some broke away. An undoubted panic seized the party; every one who could spring on his horse mounted and galloped for his life. There was no thought, no idea of standing fast and resisting this sudden attack. The Prince was unwounded, but unable to mount his charger, which was sixteen hands high and always difficult to mount. On this occasion the horse became so frightened by the firing and sudden stampeding as to rear and prance in such a manner as to make it impossible for the Prince to gain the saddle. Many of the others saw the difficulty, but none waited or tried to give the least assistance. One by one they rushed their horses past, Private le Tocq exclaiming as he went by, lying across his saddle, 'Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît, monsieur!' The Prince, making no reply, strained every nerve, but, alas! in vain, to gain the back of his horse, holding his stirrup-leather with his left hand and the saddle with his right. With the help of the holster he made one desperate effort, but the holster partially gave way, and it must have been then that the horse trod upon him and galloped off, leaving his master prostrate on the ground. The Prince then regained his feet and ran after his friends, who were far in advance. Twelve or thirteen Zulus were at this time only a few feet behind him. The Prince then turned round, and, sword in hand, faced his pursuers. From the first he had never called for help, and now died bravely with his face to the foes, fighting courageously to the last.

"It is thought that the Zulus hurled their assegais at him, and that he quickly fell dead, pierced through the eye by a mortal wound."

There is a certain sad satisfaction in remembering that this noble youth, the hope of France, the worthy descendant of a great name, should have died as a soldier and without more than a moment's suffering.

The rest of the party had galloped off at full speed, thinking

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each was engaged in the business of getting away. Lieutenant Carey, who has been blamed for not having stood by the Prince in his perilous position, shouted orders and imagined they were followed, and in his hasty retreat had not time to do more than believe the whole party thus surprised were galloping away together.

Arguments regarding this deplorable affair have been so many that it is best to quote the evidence taken at the court-martial and the statement of Lieutenant Carey:—

“The Court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey did not understand the position in which he stood towards the Prince, and, as a consequence, failed to estimate aright the responsibility which fell to his lot. Colonel Harrison states that the senior combatant officer, Lieutenant Carey, D.A.Q.M.G., was, as a matter of course, in charge of the party, whilst, on the other hand, Carey says, when alluding to the escort, ‘I did not consider I had any authority over it after the precise and careful instructions of Lord Chelmsford as to the position the Prince held.’ As to his being invariably accompanied by an escort in charge of an officer, the Court considers that the possibility of such a difference of opinion should not have existed between two officers of the same department. The Court is of opinion that Carey is much to blame for having proceeded on the duty in question with a portion only of the escort detailed by Colonel Harrison. The Court cannot admit the irresponsibility for this on the part of Carey, inasmuch as he took steps to obtain the escort and failed in so doing. Moreover, the fact that Harrison was present upon the Itelezi range gave him the opportunity of consulting him on the matter, of which he failed to avail himself. The Court, having examined the ground, is of opinion that the selection of the kraal, where a halt was made and the horses off-saddled, surrounded as it was by cover for the enemy, and adjacent to difficult ground, showed a lamentable want of military prudence. The Court deeply regrets that no effort was made after the attack to rally the escort, and to show a front to the enemy, whereby the possibility of aiding those who had failed to make good their retreat might have been ascertained.—Signed by General MARSHALL; Colonel MALTHUS, 94th Regiment; Major LE GRICE, R.A.”

On this report a court-martial was summoned by Lord Chelmsford for the trial of Lieutenant Carey for having misbehaved before the enemy on the 1st June 1879, when in command of an escort in attendance on the Prince, who was making reconnaissances in Zululand; in having, when the Prince and escort were attacked by the enemy, galloped away, and in not having attempted to rally them or otherwise defend the Prince. The Court, under the presidency of

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Colonel Glyn, consisted of Colonels Whitehead, Courtney, Harness, Major Bouverie, and Major Anstruther.

Judge-Advocate Brander prosecuted, and Captain Crookenden, R.A., was for the defence.

When the Court opened the plan of the ground was proved.

Corporal Grubb said the Prince gave the order "Off saddle" at the kraal, and "Prepare to mount." The Prince mounted. After the volley he saw Carey putting spurs to his horse, and he did the same. He saw Abel fall, and Rogers trying to get a shot at the Zulus. Le Tocq passed him and said, "Put spurs to your horse, boy; the Prince is down!" He looked round and saw the Prince under his horse. A short time after the Prince's horse came up, and he (Grubb) caught it. No orders were given to rally.

Le Tocq was called and said: The Prince told the natives to search the kraals, and finding no one there they off saddled. At the volley he mounted, but, dropping his carbine, stopped to pick it up. In remounting he could not get his leg over the saddle. He passed the Prince, and said in French, "Hasten to mount your horse." The Prince did not answer. He saw the Prince's horse treading on his leg. The Prince was in command of the party. He believed Carey and the Prince would have passed on different sides of a hut in fast flight, and it was possible that Carey might have failed to see that the Prince was in difficulties. It was 250 yards from where he saw the Prince down to the spot where he died.

Trooper Cochrane was called and said: The Prince was not in the saddle at the time of mounting. He saw about fifty yards off the Prince running down the donga with fourteen Zulus in close pursuit. Nothing was done to help him. He heard no orders given, and did not tell Carey what he had seen until some time after. He was an old soldier. He did not think any rally could have been made.

The Court then adjourned to the next day. On reassembling, the first witness called was

Sergeant Willis, who stated that he had seen Trooper Rogers lying on the ground by the side of his horse, close to the kraal, as he left the spot. He thought he saw the Prince wounded at the same time that Trooper Abel threw up his arms. He thought the Prince might have been dragged to the place where he was found after death, and that a rally might have been made twenty yards beyond the donga.

Colonel Harrison being called, stated that Carey was senior combatant officer, and must therefore have been in command of the party. Carey volunteered to go on the reconnaissance to verify certain points of his sketch. The Prince was ordered to go to

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report more fully on the ground. He had given the Prince into Carey's charge.

Examined by the Court, Colonel Harrison stated that when the Prince was attached to his department he was not told to treat him as a royal personage in the matter of escort, but as any other officer, taking due precaution against any possible danger.

Dr. Scott (the Prince's medical attendant) was then called, and stated that the Prince was killed by eighteen assegai wounds, any five of which would have been fatal. There were no bullet wounds. The Prince died where the body was found.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

The defence called again Colonel Harrison, who testified to Carey's abilities as a staff officer, and said he had every confidence in him.

Colonel Bellairs was also called, and stated that it was in consequence of the occurrence of the 1st June that Carey had been deposed from his staff appointment the day previous to his trial.

Lieutenant Carey here submitted that his case had been prejudged, and that he had been punished before his trial.

The following is Lieutenant Carey's statement :—

"On the 31st May I was informed by Colonel Harrison, A.Q.M.G., that the Prince Imperial was to start on the 1st June to ride over the road selected by me for the advance of the column, for the purpose of selecting a camping-ground for the 2nd June. I suggested at once that I should be allowed to go with him, as I knew the road and wanted to go over it again for the purpose of verifying certain points. To this Colonel Harrison consented, reminding me that the Prince was going at his own request to do this work, and that I was not to interfere with him in any way. For our escort, six Europeans of Bettington's Horse and six Basutos were ordered. Bettington's men were paraded at 9 A.M., but owing to some misunderstanding the Basutos did not turn up, and, the Prince being desirous of proceeding at once, we went without them. On arriving at the ridge between Itelezi and Incenci, I suggested waiting for them, but the Prince replied, 'Oh no; we are quite strong enough,' or words to that effect. We proceeded on our reconnaissance from there, halting about half-an-hour on a high hill overlooking the Ityotyosi for the Prince to sketch. From here the country was visible for miles, and no sign of the enemy could be discovered. We then descended into the valley, and, entering a kraal, off saddled, knee-haltering our horses. We had seen the deserted appearance of the country, and, though the kraal was to the right, surrounded by mealies, we thought there was no danger in encamping. If any blame is attributable to any

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one for this, it is to me, as I agreed with the Prince that we were perfectly safe. I had been over this ground twice before and seen no one, and the brigade-major of the cavalry brigade had ridden over it with only two or three men, and laughed at me for taking so large an escort. We had with us a friendly Zulu, who, in answer to my inquiries, said no Zulus were about. I trusted him, but still kept a sharp look-out, telescope in hand. In about an hour—that is, 3.40 P.M.—the Prince ordered us to saddle up. We went into the mealies to catch our horses, but took at least ten minutes saddling. While doing so, the Zulu guide informed us he had seen a Zulu in the distance, but as he did not appear concerned, I saw no danger. The Prince was saddled up first, and, seeing him ready, I mounted, the men not being quite ready. The Prince then asked if they were all ready; they answered in the affirmative, and he gave the word, 'Prepare to mount.' At this moment I turned round, and saw the Prince with his foot in the stirrup, looking at the men. Presently I heard him say, 'Mount,' and turning to the men saw them vault into their saddles. At this moment my eyes fell on about twenty black faces in the mealies, twenty to thirty yards off, and I saw puffs of smoke and heard a rattling volley, followed by a rush, with shouts of 'Usutu!' There was at once a stampede. Two men rushed past me, and as every one appeared to be mounted, I dug the spurs into my horse, which had already started of his own accord. I felt sure no one was wounded by the volley, as I heard no cry, and I shouted out, 'Keep to the left, and cross the donga, and rally behind it!' At the same time I saw more Zulus in the mealies on our left flank, cutting off our retreat. I crossed the donga behind two or three men, but could only get beyond one man, the others having ridden off. Riding a few hundred yards on to the rise, I stopped and looked round. I could see the Zulus after us, and saw that the men were escaping to the right, and that no one appeared on the other side of the donga. The man beside me then drew my attention to the Prince's horse, which was galloping away on the other side of the donga, saying, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir!' I immediately said, 'Do you think it is any use going back?' The trooper pointed to the mealies on our left, which appeared full of Kaffirs, and said, 'He is dead long ago, sir; they assegai wounded men at once.' I considered he had fallen near the kraal, as his horse was going from that direction, and it was useless to sacrifice more lives. I had but one man near me, the others being some 200 yards down the valley. I accordingly shouted to them to close to the left, and rode on to gain a drift over the Tombokala River, saying to the man at my side, 'We will keep back towards General

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Wood's camp, not returning the same way we came, and then come back with some dragoons to get the bodies.' We reached camp about 6.30 P.M. When we were attacked our carbines were unloaded, and, to the best of my belief, no shots were fired. I did not see the Prince after I saw him mounting, but he was mounted on a swift horse, and I thought he was close to me. Besides the Prince, we lost two troopers, as well as the friendly Zulu. Two troopers have been found between the donga and the kraal, covered with assegai wounds. They must have fallen in the retreat and been assegaid at once, as I saw no fighting when I looked round."

The court-martial condemned Lieutenant Carey, and he was sent home under arrest. But eventually, owing to the intervention of the bereaved Empress, and many sympathetic friends, the unfortunate officer was released. The news of the calamity was received with profound grief throughout the country. Some mourned the death of a Prince, some sighed over the extinction of Napoleonic hopes, officers regretted the loss of a promising comrade, and mothers spent tears of sympathy for the great lady, Empress and mother, who had thus been bereft of her only child.

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To return to the progress of the war. On the 26th of June the long-expected junction of the columns was on the eve of being effected. Cetchwayo was pretending to make overtures for peace, though at the same time his people were endeavouring to enter into alliance with rebellious Boers. He even sent the sword of the Prince Imperial as a peace-offering. On the envelope, however, his amanuensis, one Cornelius Vjin (a Dutchman), pencilled the fact that the king had 20,000 men with him. The reply of Lord Chelmsford was as follows:—

"If the Induna, Mundula, brings with him the 1000 rifles taken at Isandlwana, I will not insist on 1000 men coming in to lay down their arms, if the Zulus are afraid to come. He must bring the two guns and the remainder of the cattle. I will then be willing to negotiate. As he has caused me to advance by the great delay he has made, I must now go to the Umvolosi to enable my men to drink. I will consent, pending negotiations, to halt on the further bank of the river, and will not burn any kraals until the 3rd of July, provided no opposition is made to my advance to the position on the Umvolosi, by which day, the 3rd of July, at noon, the conditions must be complied with. If my force is fired on, I shall consider negotiations are at an end, and to avoid any chance of this, it is best

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that Mundula come to my camp at daybreak or to-night, and that the Zulus should withdraw from the neighbourhood of the river to Ulundi. I cannot stop the general in command of the coast army until these conditions are complied with."

Of course nothing was seen of Mundula, and preparations were made for the reception of the enemy. Newdigate and Wood laagered their waggons and prepared for the arrival of an impi of some 20,000 Zulus advancing from Ulundi. On the following day a large force under Colonel Buller advanced to Nodwengu kraal, and some stragglers were killed. One of these was struck by Lord William Beresford, who, in the sporting manner characteristic of him, cried, "First spear, by Jove!"

On the morning of the memorable 4th of July the army, crossing Umvolosi River, marched to a higher plateau—where once the Zulus had vanquished the Boers—there to prepare for battle. The Zulus, some 20,000 strong, after many war dances and cries, were marshalled forth by their king to an open plain between the Nodwengu and Ulundi kraals. Our troops were formed up in a hollow parallelogram, in the centre being the native contingent with ammunition waggons. The four sides of this parallelogram were formed of eight companies of the 13th Regiment, five of the 80th Regiment, the 90th, 58th, and 34th Regiments, together with the 17th Lancers and the mounted irregulars. At the corners and centre artillery was placed.

The Zulus advanced steadily, in horn fashion, with their characteristic coolness and courage. The deadly fusillade from our guns had no perceptible effect. On and on they came, surging in a dense brown crescent, till within twenty yards of the British lines, when, with the hail and storm of bullets crashing and blinding them, they hesitated! That moment's hesitation was fatal—their one chance slipped! A few warriors rushed onwards, many wavered, and gradually the powerful horns were broken and disorganised. Then our Lancers with a gallant charge dashed into the fray, plunging into the black swarm that still met fury with fury. Captain Edgell was killed, and many other officers had miraculous escapes. Once the enemy strove to rally, but the effort was hopeless, and the magnificent Zulu warriors were forced at last to turn and flee. Their defeat was signal. Though the enemy numbered 20,000 to 5000 of our troops, the Lancers with the Irregular Horse did splendid work, and ere all was over 1000 Zulus bit the dust.

Then came the final march to Ulundi. This place, wholly deserted, was fired, and while the sky glowed with red and gold reflections of the conflagration, the victorious forces, worn out yet triumphant, returned to the laagered camp they had left at daybreak.



THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI—FINAL RUSH OF THE ZULUS. THE BRITISH SQUARE IN THE DISTANCE.

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.

The Victory

The first news of the victory was carried to the Colony by Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, who was himself wounded in the struggle. Starting instantly after the decisive battle, in fourteen hours he rode a distance of 110 miles to the nearest telegraph station at Landman's Drift, on the Buffalo River. In thus exposing his life in the interests not only of his journal but his country, he for ever associated himself with one of the most interesting and thrilling campaigns of the century.

Lord Chelmsford's despatch gives a concise description of the day's work:—

“Cetchwayo, not having complied with my demands by noon yesterday, July 3, and having fired heavily on the troops at the water, I returned the 114 cattle he had sent in and ordered a reconnaissance to be made by the mounted force under Colonel Buller. This was effectually made, and caused the Zulu army to advance and show fight.

“This morning a force under my command, consisting of the second division, under Major-General Newdigate, numbering 1870 Europeans, 530 natives, and eight guns, and the flying columns under Brigadier-General Wood, numbering 2192 Europeans, 573 natives, four guns, and two Gatlings, crossed the Umvolosi River at 6.15, and marching in a hollow square, with the ammunition and entrenching tool carts and bearer company in its centre, reached an excellent position between Nodwengu and Ulundi, about half-past 8 A.M. This had been observed by Colonel Buller the day before.

“Our fortified camp on the right bank of the Umvolosi River was left with a garrison of about 900 Europeans, 250 natives, and one Gatling gun, under Colonel Bellairs. Soon after half-past seven the Zulu army was seen leaving its bivouacs and advancing on every side.”

“The engagement was shortly afterwards commenced by the mounted men. By nine o'clock the attack was fully developed. At half-past nine the enemy wavered; the 17th Lancers, followed by the remainder of the mounted men, attacked them, and a general rout ensued.

“The prisoners state that Cetchwayo was personally commanding and had made all the arrangements himself, and that he witnessed the fight from Gikarzi kraal, and that twelve regiments took part in it. If so, 20,000 men attacked us.

“It is impossible to estimate with any correctness the loss of the enemy, owing to the extent of country over which they attacked and retreated, but it could not have been less, I consider, than 1000 killed. By noon Ulundi was in flames, and during the day all military kraals of the Zulu army and in the valley of the Umvolosi were

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destroyed. At 2 P.M. the return march to the camp of the column commenced. The behaviour of the troops under my command was extremely satisfactory; their steadiness under a complete belt of fire was remarkable. The dash and enterprise of the mounted branches was all that could be wished, and the fire of the artillery very good. A portion of the Zulu force approached our fortified camp, and at one time threatened to attack it. The native contingent, forming a part of the garrison, were sent out after the action, and assisted in the pursuit.

"As I have fully accomplished the object for which I advanced, I consider I shall now be best carrying out Sir Garnet Wolseley's instructions by moving at once to Entonganini, and thence to Kmamagaza. I shall send back a portion of this force with empty waggons for supplies, which are now ready at Fort Marshall."

All were rejoiced that Lord Chelmsford should have been able to gain this victory before the arrival on the scene of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and there were many among his friends who regretted when he resigned.

The following quotation from the *London Gazette* explains the most conspicuous of the brave deeds that were done during this campaign, though there were many more which came near to rivaling them, so many, indeed, that it would have been impossible to have given honours to all who deserved them:—

"WAR OFFICE, *June 17.*

"The Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross on the undermentioned officers and soldier of her Majesty's army, whose claims have been submitted for her Majesty's approval for their gallant conduct during the recent operations in South Africa, as recorded against their names, viz. :—

"Captain and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Redvers H. Buller, C.B., 60th Rifles, for his gallant conduct at the retreat at Zlobane on the 28th of March 1879, in having assisted, while hotly pursued by Zulus, in rescuing Captain C. D'Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear-guard; also for having on the same date and under the same circumstances conveyed Lieutenant C. Everitt of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse had been killed under him, to a place of safety. Later on Colonel Buller, in the same manner, saved a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus, who were within eighty yards of him.

"Major William K. Leet, first battalion 13th Regiment, for his

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gallant conduct on the 28th of March 1879, in rescuing from the Zulus Lieutenant A. M. Smith of the Frontier Light Horse, during the retreat from Zlobane. Lieutenant Smith while on foot, his horse having been shot, was closely pursued by the Zulus, and would have been killed had not Major Leet taken him upon his horse and rode with him, under the fire of the enemy, to a place of safety.

"Surgeon-Major James Henry Reynolds, Army Medical Department, for the conspicuous bravery during the attack at Rorke's Drift on the 22nd and 23rd of January 1879, which he exhibited in his attention to the wounded under fire, and in his voluntarily conveying ammunition from the store to the defenders of the hospital, whereby he exposed himself to a cross fire from the enemy both in going and returning.

"Lieutenant Edward S. Browne, first battalion 24th Regiment, for his gallant conduct on the 29th March 1879, when the Mounted Infantry were being driven in by the enemy at Zlobane, in galloping back and twice assisting on his horse, under heavy fire and within a few yards of the enemy, one of the mounted men, who must otherwise have fallen into the enemy's hands.

"Private Wassell, 80th Regiment, for his gallant conduct in having, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved that of Private Westwood of the same regiment. On the 22nd of January 1879, when the camp at Isandlwana was taken by the enemy, Private Wassell retreated towards the Buffalo River, in which he saw a comrade struggling and apparently drowning. He rode to the bank, dismounted, leaving his horse on the Zulu side, rescued the man from the stream, and again mounted his horse, dragging Private Westwood across the river, under a heavy shower of bullets."

CHAPTER III

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AT PRETORIA

OUR disaster at Isandlwana caused enormous excitement in Pretoria. Great and unconcealed rejoicing among the Boers took place; work was suspended, all heads were put together to make capital out of Great Britain's misfortunes. Notices were sent out on the 18th of March, summoning the burghers to a mass meeting to be held some thirty miles from the town. These meetings, it must here be noted, were scarcely attended by invitation. A large number of the people appeared on compulsion, brought "to the scratch" by threats. One of the menaces, a favourite one according to Mr. Rider Haggard, was that those who did not attend should be made "biltong" of when the country was given back. Biltong is meat cut into strips and hung in the sun to dry. The result of the notices, backed by threats, was a meeting of some three thousand armed Boers, who evidently meant mischief.

The threatening aspect of the Boers caused the corps known as the Pretoria Horse, a corps raised for the purpose of acting as cavalry on the Zulu border, to be retained for service in and around the capital. While matters stood thus, and the general discontent seemed to portend even further hostilities, Sir Bartle Frere went to Pretoria for the purpose of discussing affairs with the Boer leaders. These all clamoured for their independence. They had gone as far as to assert it by stopping posts, carts, and persons, and sending armed patrols about the country.

Nothing definite resulted from this attitude, however, for before very long the conclusion—the successful conclusion—of the Zulu war appeared imminent, and those in revolt against British authority saw plainly that there would shortly be troops in plenty at hand to restore law and order. Consequently for the time being they subsided. The loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal entertained Sir Bartle Frere prior to his departure, and at the public dinner given on that occasion at Potchefstroom, he took the opportunity to assure them that the Transvaal would never be given back! It may be interesting to some to know, that at a public meeting on the 24th of

Sir Garnet Wolseley at Pretoria

April in Pretoria, within a week of the breaking up of the camp which had been threatening its safety, the following resolution was passed :—

“This meeting reprobates most strongly the action of a certain section of the English and Colonial press for censuring, without sufficient knowledge of local affairs, the policy and conduct of Sir Bartle Frere, and it desires not only to express its sympathy with Sir Bartle Frere, and its confidence in his policy, but also to go so far as to congratulate most heartily her Majesty the Queen, the Home Government, and ourselves, on possessing such a true, considerate, and faithful servant as his Excellency the High Commissioner.”

Having made allusion to Sir Bartle Frere's departure, it may be as well to explain that before the battle of Ulundi it was arranged that Sir Garnet Wolseley should be sent out from home to supersede Lord Chelmsford in the command of the army, Sir H. Bulwer as Governor of Natal, and Sir Bartle Frere as High Commissioner of the Transvaal, Natal, and all the eastern portion of South Africa. Sir Garnet reached Cape Town on the 28th of June, and proceeded without delay to Natal. But, as we know, before he could reach the seat of war the battle of Ulundi was won.

The fighting was now at an end; the Zulus expressed themselves beaten, and Cetchwayo, after an exciting chase, which space does not permit us to describe, was taken prisoner on the 28th of August. He was afterwards removed to Cape Town, and rooms were given him in the castle. Hostilities having happily terminated in Zululand, Sir Garnet Wolseley then started for Pretoria. He there finally set up the government of a Crown Colony with a nominative Executive Council and Legislative Assembly.

One of his first acts on reaching Pretoria was to issue a notable proclamation. It ran thus :—

“Whereas it appears, that notwithstanding repeated assurances of contrary effect given by her Majesty's representatives in this territory, uncertainty or misapprehension exists among some of her Majesty's subjects as to the intention of her Majesty's Government regarding the maintenance of British rule and sovereignty over the territory of the Transvaal: and whereas it is expedient that all grounds for such uncertainty or misapprehension should be removed once and for all beyond doubt or question: now therefore I do hereby proclaim and make known, in the name and on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, that it is the will and determination of her Majesty's Government that this Transvaal territory shall be, and shall continue to be for ever, an integral portion of her Majesty's dominions in South Africa.”

On the same subject Sir Bartle Frere, writing to England, said

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that he was very certain "that to give up the Transvaal is as little to be thought of as surrendering Ireland or India." In his opinion the Boer malcontents were few and inconsequential, most of the leaders and instigators being foreigners, who were personally interested in making themselves prominent, owing to the prevailing notion that the country would be given up. As to the effect of the abandonment of the Transvaal on the prospects of confederation he said: "To every colony concerned such a step would appear as a confession of weakness, of infirmity of purpose, and of disregard for solemn pledges and obligations, which would destroy all respect, all wish to belong to a Government which could so behave."

In writing to Sir M. Hicks Beach, in December 1879, Sir Bartle gave his personal impression of the feeling in Pretoria at the time of the annexation:—

"When our power of enforcing the law and upholding the authority of Government were at the lowest, in April last, . . . experienced men at Pretoria gave me, through Colonel Lanyon, the following estimate of the strength of parties in the malcontent camp. The educated and intelligent men of influence, who advocated the most extreme measures, or were prepared to acquiesce in them, were reckoned at not more than eight. Three, or perhaps four, were men of property in the Transvaal; the rest foreign adventurers, with no property and little weight beyond that due to their skill as political agitators. Their unflinching and uncompromising followers in the Boer camp were not reckoned at more than eighty. The disaffected waverers who, according to circumstances, would follow the majority either to acts of overt resistance to Government and lawless violence, or to grumble and disperse, 'accepting the inevitable,' were reckoned at about eight hundred at the outside. The rest of the camp, variously estimated as containing from sixteen hundred to four thousand in all, but probably never exceeding two thousand five hundred present at one time, were men brought to the camp by intimidation, compulsion, or curiosity, who would not willingly resist the authority of Government, and would, if assured of protection, prefer to side with it."

Viewed in the light of later events, these opinions are extremely interesting and cannot be disregarded.

Before passing on, it is necessary to state that during the period from 1878 to 1879, the native chief Sekukuni—Cetchwayo's dog, as the blacks called him—had become obstreperous. He had been engaged in raids into the Transvaal—raids of the same character as those which, as has been already mentioned, had helped to bring about the collapse of the Republic. Colonel Rowland's expedition, which started in November 1878 for the suppression of this ruffian, was baffled by fever and horse sickness. Colonel Lanyon in the following June returned to the attack, and was on the eve of success, when Sir Garnet Wolseley (who arrived late in that month) sent orders to cease operations. These orders he found, on reaching the

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Transvaal, to be a mistake. Sekukuni was not a person to be trifled with nor ignored, so the campaign began again in November, with the result that within a period of eight days the chief's stronghold was taken and himself made prisoner. About fifty Europeans and some five hundred Swazi allies were killed or wounded.

Here we see, within one year, how much was done for the protection of the Transvaal at the cost of British money and British blood. Looking back, it is easy to perceive that, but for our intervention, the South African Republic would have been slowly but effectually swallowed up. Cetchwayo and Sekukuni between them would have made a meal of the Transvaal.

The brilliant and complete success of Sir Garnet Wolseley was highly praised, and the names of Colonel Lanyon, Captain Clark, R.A., and Captain Carrington especially mentioned as deserving a share of the credit for the accurate information they had collected during the previous months.

So much having been done for the security of the Boers and for the maintenance of British prestige, it is no marvel that Sir Garnet Wolseley thought himself justified in expressing the trend of British policy in plain terms. At the dinner given at Pretoria on the 17th of December 1879 he took the opportunity of making the British programme well understood. He declared with emphasis that there could be no question of resigning the sovereignty of the country. "There is no Government," he said, "Whig or Tory, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, who would dare under any circumstances to give back this country. They would not dare, because the English people would not allow them!" At that time it was evident that Sir Garnet had never heard the story of the philanthropic Belarmine, an individual who gave himself to the she-bear to save her and her young ones from starvation. Or, if the tale was known to him, he probably took it for what it was worth, and never foresaw that the British Government would emulate the action of the self-sacrificing lunatic, and spend precious blood for the sole purpose of nourishing and resuscitating the powers of a languishing enemy.

MR. GLADSTONE OUT OF OFFICE AND IN OFFICE

But British speeches and proclamations had ceased to impress the Boers. They had had too many of them, and they began to think the British Government a somewhat knock-kneed institution whose joints had ceased to hold together. Sir Garnet Wolseley, however, with characteristic energy and determination, dealt with the malcontents one by one, converting them, and causing them to

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sensibly consider on which side their bread was buttered. Indeed, so diplomatically did he conduct his work, that a sop was given to the aggressive Pretorius, who, instead of being put in prison as he deserved, was offered a seat on the Executive Council, with a salary attached. This he was inclined to jump at, but, at the time, public feeling ran too high to allow of his making a decision. The fact was that the political speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone in the south of Scotland, during the months of November and December 1879, were putting a new complexion on affairs. They were reprinted all the world over, and they were profusely circulated among the Boers. The Boer leaders and obstructionists at once saw in this British statesman their saviour, and were convinced that, on the return of Mr. Gladstone to power, their independence would be assured. They therefore sent Messrs. Kruger and Joubert as a deputation to the Cape, and these two gentlemen persuaded the Cape Parliament to reject the Confederation Scheme then being proposed by Sir Bartle Frere. Selections from the attacks on the Government, from which the Boers then derived their encouragement and support, are here reprinted in order that the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's attitude may be examined.

Speaking in Edinburgh, he said of the Government :—

"They have annexed in Africa the Transvaal territory, inhabited by a free European, Christian, Republican community, which they have thought proper to bring within the limits of a Monarchy, although out of 8000 persons in that Republic qualified to vote upon the subject, we are told—and I have never seen the statement officially contradicted—that 6500 protested against it. These are the circumstances under which we undertake to transform Republicans into subjects of a Monarchy."

Now, Sir T. Shepstone's despatches show that the ground on which the Transvaal was annexed was because the State was drifting into anarchy, was bankrupt, and was about to be destroyed by native tribes. He said "that most thinking men in the country saw no other way out of the difficulty," and Carlyle has taught us what is the proportion between thinking men and the general public. He also said, in the fifteenth paragraph of his despatch to Lord Carnarvon of the 6th of March 1877, that petitions signed by 2500 people, representing every class of the community, out of a total adult male population of 8000, had been presented to the Government of the Republic, setting forth its difficulties and dangers, and praying it "to treat with me for their amelioration or removal." He likewise stated, and with perfect truth, that many more would have signed had it not been for the terrorism that was exercised, and that all the towns and villages in the country desired the change.

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Mr. Gladstone went on to say :—

“We have made war on the Zulus. We have thereby become responsible for their territory; and not only this, but we are now, as it appears from the latest advices, about to make war upon a chief lying to the northward of the Zulus; and Sir Bartle Frere, who was the great authority for the proceedings of the Government in Afghanistan, has announced in South Africa that it will be necessary for us to extend our dominions until we reach the Portuguese frontier to the north. So much for Africa.”

At Dalkeith he remarked :—

“If we cast our eyes to South Africa, what do we behold? That a nation whom we term savages have, in defence of their own land, offered their naked bodies to the terribly improved artillery and arms of modern European science, and have been mowed down by hundreds and by thousands, having committed no offence, but having, with rude and ignorant courage, done what were for them, and done faithfully and bravely what were for them the duties of patriotism. You may talk of glory, you may offer rewards,—and you are right to give rewards to the gallantry of your soldiers, who I think are entitled not only to our admiration for courage, but to our compassion for the nature of the duties they have been called to perform—but the grief and pain none the less remain.”

At Glasgow he continued in the same strain :—

“In Africa you have before you the memory of bloodshed, of military disaster, the record of 10,000 Zulus—such is the computation of Bishop Colenso—slain for no other offence than their attempt to defend against your artillery, with their naked bodies, their hearths and homes, their wives and families. You have the invasion of a free people in the Transvaal, and you have, I fear, in one quarter or another—I will not enter into details, which might be injurious to the public interest—prospects of further disturbance and shedding of blood.”

These speeches, as may be imagined, did an incalculable amount of mischief. Besides fanning the smouldering sparks of discontent, they served up catchwords wholesale for that section of the British public whose political machinery is largely fed by catchwords. But, as has been decided by axiom, “any stick will serve to beat a dog with,” and the Transvaal difficulty was a convenient weapon for the attack on the Government. The real feeling of the Boer community was an outside matter, and, as we shall presently see, had nothing to do with the case, though in March 1880 Mr. Gladstone had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from a committee of Boer malcontents, wherein “he was thanked for the great sympathy shown in their fate.” The thanks were a little premature. In April 1880 the elections took place, and Mr. Gladstone came into power

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with a large majority. Then he was asked the great question : Would he maintain his oft-repeated pledge to retain the Transvaal, or would he continue to take up the tone of his Midlothian denunciations ?

The riddle was shortly to be solved. In the debate on the Queen's Speech the Prime Minister thus expressed himself : " I do not know whether there is an absolute union of opinion on this side of the House as to the policy in which the assumption of the Transvaal originated. Undoubtedly, as far as I am myself concerned, I did not approve of that assumption. I took no part in questioning it nor in the attempt to condemn it, because, in my opinion, whether the assumption was wise or unwise, it having been done, no good but only mischief was to be done by the intervention of this House. But whatever our original opinions were on that policy—and the opinions of the majority of those who sit on this side of the House were decidedly adverse to it—we had to confront a state of facts ; and the main fact which met us was the existence of the large native population in the Transvaal, to whom, by the establishment of the Queen's supremacy, we hold ourselves to have given a pledge, That is the acceptance of facts, and that is the sense in which my right honourable friend, and all those who sit with him, may, if they think fit, say we accept the principles on which the late Government proceeded. It is quite possible to accept the consequences of a policy, and yet to retain the original difference of opinion with regard to the character of that policy as long as it was a matter of discussion."

And shortly after he wrote to Messrs. Kruger and Joubert :—

"It is undoubtedly matter for much regret that it should, since the annexation, have appeared that so large a number of the population of Dutch origin in the Transvaal are opposed to the annexation of that territory, but it is impossible to consider that question as if it were presented for the first time. We have to deal with a state of things which has existed for a considerable period, during which obligations have been contracted, especially, though not exclusively, towards the native population, which cannot be set aside.

"Looking to all the circumstances, both of the Transvaal and the rest of South Africa, and to the necessity of preventing a renewal of disorders, which might lead to disastrous consequences, not only to the Transvaal, but to the whole of South Africa, our judgment is, that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal, but, consistently with the maintenance of that sovereignty, we desire that the white inhabitants of the Transvaal should, without prejudice to the rest of the population, enjoy the fullest liberty to manage their local affairs. We believe that this liberty may be most easily and promptly conceded to the Transvaal as a member of a South African Confederation."

The Commencement of Rebellion

THE COMMENCEMENT OF REBELLION

When the Liberal Ministry came into power, it will be observed, Mr. Gladstone's attitude changed, and that he was compelled to abandon the sympathetic tone of his Midlothian speeches. How far he really meant to be bound by the promise made that "the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal" is not known, for later on, in June 1881, in a letter to the Transvaal loyalists, he explains that there was "no mention of the terms or date of this promise. If the reference be to my letter of the 8th of June 1880 to Messrs. Kruger and Joubert, I do not think the language of that letter justifies the description given. Nor am I sure in what manner, or to what degree, the fullest liberty to manage their local affairs, which I then said her Majesty's Government desired to confer on the white population of the Transvaal, differs from the settlement now about being made in its bearing on the interests of those whom your committee represents."

This letter was a masterpiece of one whose talent for ambiguity was becoming world famous, and a stone in shape of a loaf was thus hurled at the heads of the expectant loyalists.

But to return to the events of 1880. Finding that the Premier was no longer to be the mainstay of their hopes, the Boers began to renew their agitations. These agitations, it will be remembered, during the end of the Zulu war and Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrival in the Transvaal, were merely suppressed, because at that time British ascendancy throughout the country seemed to be established. An excellent opportunity for rebellion now suggested itself. The Cape Government was engaged with the Basuto war. Sir Owen Lanyon, who succeeded Sir T. Shepstone in March 1879, had supplied a body of 300 or more volunteers—mostly loyalists—to assist in the military operations, while the only regiment of cavalry had been sent elsewhere by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Big things have often small beginnings, and the Boer rebellion, that has brought so many complications in its train, commenced with a very small incident. A certain Bezeidenhout, having refused to pay his taxes, had, by order, some of his goods seized and put up to auction. This was the signal for the malcontents to attack the auctioneer and rescue the goods. So great became the uproar and confusion, the women aiding and abetting the men in their disobedience of the law, that military assistance was summoned. Major Thornhill, with a few companies of the 21st Regiment, was sent to support the Landrost in arresting the rioters, and special constables were enrolled to

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assist him in restoring order. But these united exertions were unavailing. All attempts to carry out the arrests were openly set at defiance. This scene occurred on the 11th of November 1880. On the 26th Sir George Colley—who had relieved Sir Garnet Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief—was applied to for more troops. Sir George, who was daily expecting an outbreak of Pondos, and a possible appeal for help from Cape Colony, merely suggested that the “authorities should be assisted by the loyal inhabitants.” This, it must be owned, was hard on the royalists, who from that time to this have had to pay dearly for their allegiance to the Crown. A mass meeting was held at Paade kraal, where Krugersdorp now stands, and the rioters unanimously decided to commit their cause to the Almighty, and to live or die in the struggle for independence. Thereupon Messrs. Kruger, Pretorius, and Joubert were elected a triumvirate to conduct the Government, and on the 16th of December 1880 (Dingaan’s Day) the Republic was formally proclaimed, and its flag again hoisted. The proclamation, dealing with the events of the preceding years, and offering terms to her Majesty’s Government, was forwarded to Sir Owen Lanyon. The Boer leaders therein expressed their willingness to enter into confederation and to guide their native policy by general rules adopted in concurrence “with the Colonies and States of South Africa,” and at the same time declared that they had no desire for war or the spilling of blood. “It lies,” they said, “in your hands to force us to appeal to arms in self-defence.”

On the very day of the proclamation, however, blood was shed. Commandant Cronjé, with a party of burghers, marched into Potchefstroom for the purpose of printing the proclamation. They promptly seized the printing-office, and Major Clarke, who thought it advisable to interfere, was refused admittance. Soon after a Boer patrol fired on our mounted infantry, who returned the compliment. That was the signal for the opening of hostilities. On this matter it may be urged that Boer reports differ from ours, but Boer veracity may be defined by the algebraic quantity x , and cannot be accepted. Lieutenant-Colonel Winsloe, of the 21st Regiment, who was commanding at a fort outside the village, signalled orders to Major Clarke to begin firing. This officer was fortified in the Landrost’s office with a small force of some twenty soldiers and twenty civilians, while the Boers occupied positions in the surrounding houses. The siege lasted two days (during the 17th and the morning of the 18th), and then when one officer (Captain Falls) and five men had been killed and the thatched roof fired, Major Clarke deemed it best to surrender. Colonel Winsloe held the camp throughout the war, surrendering only after an armistice was declared.

The Commencement of Rebellion

A still more terrible disaster was in store. Mr Rider Haggard, who is perhaps the best authority on the subject, describes it as a "most cruel and carefully planned massacre." Other writers, however, hold that the outrage could scarcely be called a massacre, since Colonel Anstruther had been fully warned of the risks he ran of Boer treachery and Boer artifice. It appears that Colonel Anstruther had received orders from Sir Owen Lanyon to concentrate his forces in Pretoria. Accordingly, he marched from Lydenburg—situated about 180 miles from Pretoria—with such troops as he had at his disposal. These were two companies of the 94th Regiment. They were accompanied by three women, two children, and a ponderous train of luggage-waggons. Their progress was necessarily slow, but the Colonel, in spite of having been warned of Boer ways and Boer tactics, evinced no anxiety. Indeed, from all accounts it appears that he followed the good old British habit of under-estimating the enemy's physical, while over-estimating his moral, qualities. For this reason he probably disregarded the precautions necessary after the warnings he had received on starting. Be this as it may, on the 20th of December he and his long waggon-train were nearing a point called Bronker's Spruit, about thirty-eight miles from Pretoria, when suddenly there appeared a huge crowd of some five hundred mounted Boers. From this crowd a man was seen approaching with a white flag. The column, about half a mile in length, halted; the band ceased; Colonel Anstruther advanced to the parley. The messenger then handed a letter. It was an intimation of the establishment of the South African Republic, and declared that till Sir Owen Lanyon's reply to the proclamation was received, and they were aware whether war was or was not declared, they could not allow the progress of troops. The Colonel's reply was plain. He was ordered to proceed to Pretoria, and proceed he would.

Then, before Colonel Anstruther had rejoined his column, a volley was poured in on them by the farmers, who, emerging from the cover of rocks and trees, had gradually closed round the troops. A vigorous but short resistance followed. The Boers, skilled by long practice in marking their most cherished enemies, picked off the officers one by one. Seven out of nine dropped to their guns, while a perpetual hailstorm of bullets beat over men, women, and waggons. In a few minutes so many were disabled that the Colonel, himself mortally wounded, had to surrender. Out of the party 56 were killed and 101 wounded. One of these was a woman.

A great deal was said at the time by British sympathisers of the kindness of the Boers to the prisoners and wounded of their antagonists; but the opinions of Mr. Rider Haggard and Sir Owen

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Lanyon are worth considering. The former, in writing of this engagement, says that "after the fight Conductor Egerton, with a sergeant, was allowed to walk into Pretoria to obtain medical assistance, the Boers refusing to give him a horse, or even allow him to use his own. . . . I may mention that a Zulu driver, who was with the rear-guard, and escaped into Natal, stated that the Boers shot all the wounded men who formed that body. His statement was to a certain extent borne out by the evidence of one of the survivors, who stated that all the bodies found in that part of the field, nearly three-quarters of a mile away from the head of the column, had a bullet-hole through the head or breast, in addition to their other wounds." The Administrator of the Transvaal in Council thus comments on the occurrence in an official minute: "The surrounding and gradual hemming in under a flag of truce of a force, and the selection of spots from which to direct their fire, as in the case of the unprovoked attack of the rebels upon Colonel Anstruther's force, is a proceeding of which very few like incidents can be mentioned in the annals of civilised warfare."

Sir Owen Lanyon, writing from the scene of action in Pretoria, says—"The Boers were very clever in being kind to our wounded soldiers, for they well knew that such action would obtain sympathy at home. But where it was impossible for their deeds to become known their conduct was far from creditable to them. Poor Clarke and Raaf were kept for two months in a dark room, and were only allowed out twice for exercise. Barlow was robbed of everything, and only left the clothes he stood in. A Hollander, who is secretary to Cronjé at Potchefstroom, is still wearing the rings of poor Captain Falls, who was shot. Englishmen have been murdered, flogged, and robbed of everything. The Boers at Potchefstroom forced the prisoners of war to dig their trenches, and some were shot from the Fort while so employed. Woite and Van der Linden were shot as spies, because they had been in the Boer camp and left it some days before they proclaimed the Republic. Carolus, a Cape boy, was shot by Boer court-martial because he left the Fort when food became scarce. A white man and nine natives were similarly shot without any trial. Explosive bullets were used, notwithstanding that Colonel Winsloe pointed out to the Boer leader in a letter that such was against the rules of war."

There is ample evidence that acts of treachery and barbarity similar to and worse than those mentioned by Colonel Lanyon were perpetrated by the insurgents.

The Fate of Captain Elliot

THE FATE OF CAPTAIN ELLIOT

The sole officer who escaped from the massacre at Bronker's Spruit was Captain Elliot, who was subsequently treacherously murdered while crossing the Vaal. The account of this tragedy was given by Major Lambart in a report to Sir George Colley, and should be read by all who wish to get a fair view of the events of that period, particularly by those who insist on our brother-relationship to the Boers :—

"SIR,—I have the honour to report, for the information of his Excellency, that as I was returning from the Orange Free State on December 18 (where I had been on duty buying horses to mount Commandant Ferreira's men for the Basuto war, and also remounts for my troop of Mounted Infantry and the Royal Artillery), when about thirty miles from Pretoria, on the road from Heidelberg, I was suddenly taken prisoner by a party of twenty or thirty Boers, who galloped down on me (all around), and, capturing the horses, was taken back to Heidelberg. After being there some six or eight days, I was joined by Captain and Paymaster Elliot, 94th Regiment (the only officer not wounded in the attack on the detachment of the 94th Regiment), who arrived with some forty prisoners of war of the 94th Regiment. On the following day (the 24th of December) we received a written communication from the Secretary of the Republican Government, to the effect 'that the members of the said Government would call on us at 3.30 that day,' which they did. The purport of their interview being 'That at a meeting of Council they had decided to give us one of two alternatives. (1) To remain prisoners of war during hostilities in the Transvaal. (2) To be released on *parole d'honneur*, that we would leave the Transvaal at once, cross into the Free State under escort, and not bear arms against the Republican Government during the war.' Time being given us for deliberation, Captain Elliot and myself decided to accept No. 2 alternative, and communicated the same to the Secretary of the South African Republic, who informed us, in the presence of the Commandant-General, P. Joubert, that we could leave next day, taking with us all our private property. The following days being respectively Christmas Day and Sunday, we were informed we could not start till Monday, on which day, having signed our *parole d'honneur*, my horses were harnessed, and we were provided with a duplicate of our parole or free pass, signed by Commandant-General, and escort of two men to show us the road to the nearest

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drift over the Vaal River, distant twenty-five miles, and by which P. Joubert personally told us both we should cross, as there was a punt there. We started about 1 P.M. from the Boer camp, passing through the town of Heidelberg. After going about six or eight miles I noticed we were not going the right road, and mentioned the fact to the escort, who said it was all right. Having been 'look-out' officer in the Transvaal, I knew the district well. I was certain we were going wrong, but we had to obey orders. At nightfall we found ourselves nowhere near the river drift; and were ordered to outspan for the night, and next morning the escort told us they would look for the drift. Inspanning at daybreak we again started, but after driving about for some hours across country, I told the escort we would stop where we were while they went to search for the drift. Shortly after they returned and said they had found it, and we must come, which we did, eventually arriving at the junction of two rivers (Vaal and Klip), where we found the river Vaal impassable, but which they said we must cross. I pointed out that it was impossible to get my carriage or horses over by it, and that it was not the punt the General said we were to cross. The escort replied it was to Pretorius' Punt that the General told them to take us, and we must cross; that we must leave the carriage behind and swim the horses, which we refused to do, as we should then have had no means of getting on. I asked them to show me their written instructions, which they did (written in Dutch), and I pointed out that the name of Pretorius was not in it. I then told them they must either take us back to the Boer camp again or on to the proper drift. We turned back, and after going a few miles the escort disappeared. Not knowing where we were, I proposed to Captain Elliot we should go to the banks of the Vaal and follow the river till we came to the proper punt. After travelling all Monday, Tuesday, and up till Wednesday about 1 P.M., when we found ourselves four hours, or twenty-five miles, from Spencer's Punt, we were suddenly stopped by two armed Boers who handed us an official letter, which was opened and found to be from the Secretary to the Republican Government, stating that the members were surprised that as officers and gentlemen we had broken our *parole d'honneur* and refused to leave the Transvaal; that if we did not do so immediately by the nearest drift, which the bearers would show us, we must return as prisoners of war; that as through our ignorance of the language of the country there might be some misunderstanding, they were loth to think we had willingly broken our promise. We explained that we should reply to the letter, and request them to take it to their Government, and were prepared to go with them at once. They took us back to a farm-



THE ORANGE RIVER AT NORVAL'S PONT.

Photo by Wilson, Alenchem.

The Fate of Captain Elliot

house, where we were told to wait till they fetched their Commandant, who arrived about 6 P.M., and repeated to us the same that was complained of in our letter of that day. We told him we were ready to explain matters, and requested him to take our answer back to camp. He then ordered us to start at once for the drift. I asked him, as it was then getting dark, if we could start early next morning, but he refused. So we started, he having said we should cross at Spencer's, being closest. As we left the farm-house, I pointed out to him that we were going in the wrong direction, but he said, 'Never mind, come on across a drift close at hand.' When we got opposite it, he kept straight on; I called to him, and said this was where we were to cross. His reply was, 'Come on.' I then said to Captain Elliot, 'They intend taking us back to Pretorius,' a distance of some forty miles. Suddenly the escort (which had all at once increased from two to eight men, which Captain Elliot pointed out to me, and I replied, 'I suppose they are determined we shall not escape, which they need not be afraid of, as we are too keen to get over the border') wheeled sharp down to the river, stopped, and pointing to the banks, said, 'There is the drift; cross.' Being pitch dark, with vivid lightning, the river roaring past, and as I knew impassable, I asked, 'Had we not better wait till morning, as we do not know the drift?' They replied, 'No; cross at once.' I drove my horses into the river, when they immediately fell; lifted them, and drove on about five or six yards, when we fell into a hole. Got them out with difficulty, and advanced another yard, when we got stuck against a rock. The current was now so strong, and drift deep, my cart was turned over on to its side, and water rushed over the seat. I called out to the Commandant on the bank that we were stuck, and to send assistance, or might we return? to which he replied, 'If you do we will shoot you.' I then tried, but failed to get the horses to move. Turning to Captain Elliot, who was sitting beside me, I said, 'We must swim for it,' and asked could he swim? to which he replied, 'Yes.' I said, 'If you can't, I will stick to you, for I can.' While we were holding this conversation, a volley from the bank, ten or fifteen yards off, was fired into us, the bullets passing through the tent of my cart, one of which must have mortally wounded poor Elliot, who only uttered the single word 'Oh!' and fell headlong into the river from the carriage. I immediately sprang in after him, but was swept down the river under the current some yards. On gaining the surface of the water, I could see nothing of Elliot; I called out his name twice, but received no reply. Immediately another volley was fired at me, making the water hiss around where the bullets struck. I

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now struck out for the opposite bank, which I reached with difficulty in about ten minutes ; but as it was deep, black mud, on landing I stuck fast, but eventually reached the top of the bank, and ran for about two thousand yards under a heavy fire the whole while. The night being pitch dark, but lit up every minute by vivid flashes of lightning, showed the enemy my whereabouts. I found myself now in the Free State, but where I could not tell, but knew my direction was south, while, though it was raining, hailing, and blowing hard, and bitterly cold, an occasional glimpse of the stars showed me I was going right. I walked all that night and next day till one o'clock, when I eventually crawled into a store kept by an Englishman called Mr. Groom, who did all in his power to help me. I had tasted no food since the previous morning at sunrise, and all the Dutch farmers refused me water, so without hat or coat (which I had left on banks of Vaal), and shoes worn through, I arrived exhausted at the above gentleman's place, who kindly drove me to Heilbron, where I took the post-cart to Maritzburg. I fear that Captain Elliot must have been killed instantly, as he never spoke, neither did I see him again. I have to mention that both Captain Elliot and myself, on being told by South African Republican Government that the soldiers who had been taken prisoners were to be released on the same conditions as ourselves, expressed a wish to be allowed to keep charge of them, which was refused, but we were told that waggons, food, and money should be supplied to take them down country. But when they reached Spencer's Punt over the Vaal were turned loose, without any of the above necessities, to find their way down country. They met an English transport rider named Mr. F. Wheeler, who was going to Pietermaritzburg with his waggon, which had been looted by the Boers, and who kindly gave them transport, provided them with food, and is bringing them to the city, which, as I passed them at the Drakensburg on Tuesday, they should reach on Sunday next—consisting of one sergeant and sixty-one men, all that remain of our Leydenburg detachment and headquarters of the 94th Regiment.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

“R. H. LAMBART,
Captain Royal Scots Fusiliers.”

Major Lambart's report speaks more eloquently than many descriptions as to the character of the “simple-minded Boer.” We discovered to our cost during the Indian Mutiny that the “gentle native” was not all our fancy painted him, and it may be as well to realise that our simple-minded and pious brother in the Transvaal is scarcely so righteous as we have been led to suppose.

Laing's Nek

LAING'S NEK

Since we have been tracing the causes of the Boer rebellion, it may be advisable to refer to a letter written on the 28th of December 1880 by Sir Bartle Frere to Mr. F. Greenwood, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*. He therein throws a most important light on the political position. He wrote: "In 1879, when I was among the Boers in the Transvaal, I found that the real wire-pullers of their Committee were foreigners of various nationalities, notably some Hollanders (not Africanders), imbued with German Socialist Republicanism, and an Irishman of the name of Aylward. I was told he was a man of great natural ability, educated as a solicitor, an ex-Fenian pardoned under another name (Murphy, I think), for turning Queen's evidence against others who had murdered the policeman at Manchester. Emigrating to the Diamond Fields, he was tried, convicted, and suffered imprisonment there for homicide. When he came out of prison he betook himself to the Transvaal and had a command of foreign free lances under Mr. Burgers, then President of the Transvaal Republic, in his unsuccessful attempt to take Seco-coeni's stronghold. After the annexation of the Transvaal he came to England and published one of the few readable books on the Transvaal, and went out to Natal during the darkest hours of our Zulu troubles, seeking employment; but he was an impossible man, and was urging the Boers to rise at the same time that he was offering his services to me and Lord Chelmsford. Finally he settled at Pietermaritzburg, where he was, when I last heard of him, as editor of the *Witness*, writing anti-English republicanism and sedition with much ability, especially when opposing the Cape Government and its governor, whom he never forgave for warning the Boers against following Fenian advice. When I was in the Transvaal and afterwards I found him always connected with any opposition to the English Government. He knew all the leaders of the simple-minded but very suspicious Boers, and had gained their ear, so that he had no difficulty in persuading them to reject any good advice I offered them—'Wait-a-bit' being always the most acceptable suggestion you can offer to a Boer.

"Directly I heard of the attack on our troops in the Transvaal, I felt assured that my old acquaintance was pulling the wires with a view to create a diversion in favour of his old colleagues in Ireland.

"The attack took place apparently near the farm of Solomon Prinsloo, one of the most bitter malcontent Boers, who was always a firebrand, and who, when I visited the Boer camp in 1879, was with difficulty held back by Pretorius and Kruger from directing an attack

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upon us in Pretoria. I very much doubt whether, without some such external instigation, the Boers would have broken out. . . .

"The facts I have mentioned and many more about Aylward are on record in Scotland Yard, and in the Colonial Office, and I am anxious you should know the truth and not attribute too much of the blame in this sad business to the unfortunate, misguided Boers, the victims of his bad advice, still less to any fault of Colonel Lanyon's administration."

Sir Bartle was right in his conjecture, for Aylward had joined the insurgents and was one of the acknowledged leaders of Joubert's staff.

Major-General Hope Crealock, in a letter to Sir Bartle, wrote (January 7, 1881): "A young Irishman named S——, who knew Aylward in Natal, and who was under my command in the Natal Pioneers, called on me to-night and told me Aylward formerly used to boast of being a Fenian, and vowed he would pay the English Government off for what he had got, by raising the Boers whenever Ireland was rising; and within the last few days has written to him saying he gloried in being one of the instigators of the present Boer revolt, &c., &c. He wrote from Utrecht. . . ."

It will be seen from these quotations that our relations with the Transvaal, hostile as they may have been, were scarcely true relations—that the real enmity and rancour, the bloodspilling and wretchedness that commenced at this period, and are at the moment of writing still continuing, were due, firstly, to party spirit in Great Britain, and secondly, to the machinations of adventurers, who, having no status elsewhere, put the ignorance of a race of farmers to their own vile uses.

To return to the events of the last chapter. When Sir Owen Lanyon heard of the misfortune that had befallen Colonel Anstruther's troops, he issued a proclamation placing the country under martial law, and Sir George Colley, dreading the results of bad blood raised between Boers and British soldiers by the affair at Bronker's Spruit, caused the following general order to be published:—

"HEADQUARTERS, PIETERMARITZBURG,
"December 28th, 1880.

"The Major-General Commanding regrets to inform the troops of his command, that a detachment of 250 men of the 94th Regiment, on its march from Leydenburg to Pretoria, was surprised and overwhelmed by the Boers—120 being killed and wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. The attack seems to have been made while the troops were crossing a spruit, and extended to guard a long convoy. The Major-General trusts to the courage, spirit, and discipline of the troops of his command, to enable him promptly to

Laing's Nek

retrieve this misfortune, and to vindicate the authority of her Majesty and the honour of the British arms. It is scarcely necessary to remind soldiers of the incalculable advantage which discipline, organisation, and trained skill give them over numerous but undisciplined forces. These advantages have been repeatedly proved, and have never failed to command success in the end against greater odds, and greater difficulties, than we are now called on to contend with. To all true soldiers the loss we have suffered will serve as an incentive and stimulus to greater exertions; and the Major-General knows well he can rely on the troops he has to command, to show that endurance and courage which are the proud inheritance of the British army. The stain cast on our arms must be quickly effaced, and rebellion must be put down; but the Major-General trusts that officers and men will not allow the soldierly spirit which prompts to gallant action to degenerate into a feeling of revenge. The task now forced on us by the unprovoked action of the Boers is a painful one under any circumstances, and the General calls on all ranks to assist him in his endeavours to mitigate the suffering it must entail. We must be careful to avoid punishing the innocent for the guilty, and must remember, that though misled and deluded, the Boers are in the main a brave and high-spirited people, and actuated by feelings that are entitled to our respect. In the operations now about to be undertaken, the General confidently trusts that the good behaviour of the men will give him as much cause for pride and satisfaction as their conduct and gallantry before the enemy, and that the result of their efforts will be a speedy and successful termination to the war."

The proclamation had a good effect, particularly among the Dutch, who, though loyal to the Crown, were much in sympathy with their kinsmen in the Transvaal. On the 23rd of January 1881, General Colley sent an ultimatum ordering the insurgents to disperse. Of this no notice was taken until General Joubert, from Laing's Nek on January the 29th, sent the following reply:—

" *To* SIR GEORGE P. COLLEY.

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 23rd. In reply, we beg to state that, in terms of the letter, we are unable to comply with your request, as long as your Excellency addresses us as insurgents, and insinuates that we, the leaders, are wickedly misleading a lot of ignorant men. It is nearly hopeless for us to attempt to find the proper words for reply; but before the Lord we would not be justified if we did not avail ourselves of this, perhaps the last, opportunity of speaking to you as the representative of her Majesty the Queen and people of England, for whom we feel deep respect. We must emphatically repeat, we are willing to comply with any wishes of the Imperial Government tending to the consolidation and confederation of South Africa; and, in order to

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make this offer from our side as clear and unequivocal as possible,—although we have explained this point fully in all our documents, and especially in paragraphs 36 to 38 of our first proclamation,—we declare that we would be satisfied with a rescinding of the annexation and restoration of the South African Republic under a protectorate of her Majesty the Queen, so that once a year the British Flag shall be hoisted, all in strict accordance with the above-mentioned clauses of our first proclamation. If your Excellency resolves to reject this, we have only to submit to our fate; but the Lord will provide."

Sir George Colley started on the 24th of January from Newcastle for the border. The road from Newcastle to Laing's Nek runs up a precipitous hill for three miles, and thence leads down the steep mountain of Skheyns Hoogte. The movement of the column was slow and laborious, the roads, if roads they could be called, were almost impassable owing to great ruts, mud-holes deep enough to bury a waggon up to the bed-planks, with boulders and other impediments thrown in.

Here, as Laing's Nek is so prominent a feature in our history, it may be well to give Mr. Carter's concise description of the geographical nature of the position:—

"Laing's Nek is the lowest point in an unbroken ridge which connects the Majuba Mountain with hills running right up to the banks of the Buffalo River. A slight cutting, not more than four or five feet deep, forms the waggon road over this ridge; from the waggon road on either side the ground runs up somewhat abruptly, and is stony and irregular. How gentle the rise is to the Nek from the level ground in front of it towards Newcastle (and along which the approach is by the main road), may be judged from the fact that a horse can canter easily up the slope, or for the matter of that, over the two miles of ground which lead to the foot of the slope. From the top of the ridge to the level ground at the base is not more than five hundred yards. The chain of hills, in the centre of which is the Nek, is semicircular, the horns of the crescent pointing towards Newcastle, and offering strong positions for any force intent on defending the only practicable approach to the Nek; but to occupy these flank positions a large body of men would be necessary, as the area from point to point is great. On the reverse, or Coldstream side of the Nek, the ground at the foot of the incline is broken and marshy, a regular drain for all the water running from the surrounding hills."

To return to the troops. While this column was advancing, the Boers were also advancing in a parallel line to the Nek. The following day, 25th, the British column reached the high ground overlooking the Ingogo River, where they encamped (here the engagement of the 8th of February took place). At dawn on

Laing's Nek

the 26th the column again laboriously mounted the terrible steeps leading to Mount Prospect, and fixed their camp about four miles from the Nek. Owing to the abominable state of the weather the nearing of the Nek was not attempted, and attack was postponed till the following day. The night was passed at Mount Prospect, and a laager made.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 28th the advance was sounded, and at 9.55 A.M. the guns began shelling the Nek. The



Boers were not yet ready. Some took shelter behind the walls of Laing's Farmhouse, while others kept on the heights above, covered by the ridge from shells. Those in Laing's kraals had a warm time when the Naval Brigade began to play on them with their guns, and they soon evacuated the place.

Those on the Nek, after being for twenty minutes under a hot fire, were beginning to think they had had enough of it, when our lines ceased firing, and the mounted squadron advanced to take

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a hillock—the most advanced spur of the Boer left flank position. The 58th also prepared to charge. The officers commanding the mounted squadron were Major Brownlow and Captain Hornby, while Colonel Deane, Major Essex (an officer with a charmed life, who survived Isandlwana and the engagement at the Ingogo heights), Major Poole, Lieutenant Elwes, and Lieutenant Inman were in front of the 58th. The leading companies of the 58th having got half-way up the rise—a heavy business considering the slipperiness of the slopes—the first troop of the mounted squadron charged the kopje, going to right and left of the lines taken by the 58th. No sooner were they within sight of the Boers than they were greeted by a heavy fire that emptied half their saddles. Still, those who were left mounted, reformed in a pouring shower of bullets, and again charged.

But gallantry was of no avail, for there was no reserve to back up the charge of mounted troops. Seventeen men were killed and wounded, and thirty-two horses killed.

The repulse of this charge took place just as the 58th gained sight of the foe, who, flushed with triumph, could now turn their attention from the mounted troops to the right flank of the 58th. The men, worn out with their sufficiently arduous task of climbing, crushed together, in consequence of their not having been ordered to deploy before making the ascent, dropped like nine-pins under the heavy fire of the Boers. Before the order to deploy could be carried out, volley after volley was delivered into their ranks, and an enfilading fire was opened by the Boers on their right flank with disastrous results. Meanwhile the Boers were well under cover behind their sheltered trenches, and it was impossible, while the 58th were coming to closer quarters with them, to fire from the plains below without risk to the assailants. As a natural consequence, therefore, the Boers, skilled as they are in marksmanship, were able at their leisure to pick off each man as he approached.

Seeing that the Boers were more than a match for him, Colonel Deane resorted to the bayonet. But, just as the order was being obeyed his horse was shot under him. Rising again on the instant, and crying "I am all right," to encourage his men, he rushed on, heading his regiment, and again fell, this time mortally wounded. Major Hingeston, who then took command, fell also, and his gallant brother officers, Major Poole and Lieutenant Dolphin, shared the same fate. They were at that time within some thirty yards of the enemy. So great was our loss that the charge could not be sustained, and many officers, who still persisted in emptying their revolvers on the enemy, were severely wounded. At last there was nothing for it but to fall back. The Boers, intoxicated with victory, now

Laing's Nek

boldly came out from cover, and poured volley after volley on the retiring men. But for the guns at the base of the hill, which were now able to play on the enemy, these must have been entirely swept away. So small was the margin between our men and the victors, that but for the nicety of this artillery practice many of the men of the 58th must have been accidentally killed. During the retreat Lieutenant Baillie, carrying the regimental colours, was mortally wounded. Such magnificent deeds of heroism took place on this occasion that of themselves they would form an inspiring volume. Lieutenant Hill of the 58th earned the Victoria Cross by his repeated deeds of valour in saving soldiers under heavy fire.

The whole force fell back towards the camp, the casualties amongst the 58th being seventy-three killed and one hundred wounded. A flag of truce was sent forward to the enemy, and both parties engaged in the sad work of burying their dead and removing the wounded.

Report says that on this occasion Kaffirs or Hottentots were seen to be fighting among the Boer ranks.

Very pathetic and very manly was the speech addressed by Sir George Colley to the camp on the evening after the fight:—"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men,—I have called you together this evening, being desirous of saying a few words to you. I wish every one present to understand that the entire blame of to-day's repulse rests entirely upon me, and not on any of you. I congratulate the 58th Regiment for the brave and noble manner in which they fought to-day. We have lost many gallant men, and amongst them my intimate friend, Colonel Deane. (Emotion.) I might say, however, that notwithstanding the loss of many troops to-day, we have not lost one atom of the prestige of England. It is my duty to congratulate Major Brownlow on the gallant charge he made this day. Owing to the loss we have suffered, I am compelled to await the arrival of reinforcements, but certainly we shall take possession of that hill eventually, and I sincerely hope that all those men who have so nobly done their duty to-day will be with me then. Good-night."

Of the mistakes that marked this attack it is unnecessary to write, for they have been freely discussed, and those who were responsible have laid down their lives in payment of whatever errors in judgment they may have committed.

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INGOGO

Life in camp continued as usual until the 7th of February, when an escort proceeding with the post from Newcastle to the General's camp, having encountered the enemy, been fired at, and forced to return, Sir George Colley thought a demonstration in force would be sufficient to deter the Boers from further interference with the line of communication. Consequently the next morning, the 8th of February, he marched with five companies of the second battalion of the 60th Regiment, four guns and thirty-eight men of the Mounted Squadron. The force crossed the river Ingogo, then only knee-deep, and gained a plateau in shape like an inverted L, the base being the side nearest Newcastle. On arrival here an orderly suddenly reported that the enemy, concealed among boulders and large blocks of granite, was waiting in great force. Almost immediately afterwards about a hundred mounted Boers became visible on the right. The order was given to prepare for action, and, just as the guns were on the point of firing, the Boers wheeled round and went off. They galloped away to the bottom of the ravine, followed by a shell which, unfortunately, burst beyond them. The Rifles were also firing, but unsuccessfully, at the retreating riders. Soon it became apparent, however, that the British party was surrounded on all sides by the enemy, who were comfortably screened by the tall tambookee grass and the immense boulders that were to be found in clumps all round the position. Our men were also hiding behind rocks and boulders, and firing whenever a Boer head became visible. Soon after, the engagement opened in earnest. A hot fire was kept up by the 9-pounder in charge of Lieutenant Parsons, R.A., to which the enemy replied, directly the gun was discharged, by a hail of bullets aimed at the gunners while they reloaded.

In order to rout the Boers from their cover, an order was given to the mounted men to charge. At that moment the Boers fired a heavy volley, which incapacitated most of the horses and forced Major Brownlow to retire to the plateau. Fortunately only one of the men was wounded. The artillerymen now suffered considerably, having no shelter but the doubtful shelter of their guns, which afforded a convenient mark for the Boers. As soon as the General, who was going from point to point with his usual coolness, saw the state of affairs—ammunition and even gunners having run short—he sent to Mount Prospect camp for reinforcements. Still the fight continued. The Boers now steadily and surely crept to close quarters, while the British columns became momentarily thinner

Ingogo

and thinner. Yet every man continued to hold his ground till hopelessly struck down. Hopelessly is a word used advisedly, for many who were struck down rose several times and continued to fire till mortally wounded.

Of the splendid gallantry of the force it is impossible to say enough. The fighting continued for six terrible hours through rain that fell literally in torrents, in an arena where wounded and dying lay thick, their despairing cries mingling with the continued growl of thunder interspersed with the roar of artillery. Then a white flag was displayed by the Boers. But, when the Rev. Mr. Ritchie in return displayed the British white flag, he was instantly fired upon. The object of the use of the white flag on the part of the Boers was to enable them to take advantage of the temporary inaction to make rushes to cover nearer to the British lines than that they had previously occupied! The fighting began, and, for the small body of British troops, continued disastrously. At last, when darkness came on, both sides were forced to cease firing. Now and then, only when a flash of lightning lit up the terrible scene, the firing of bullets demonstrated that the Boers were still thoroughly on the alert.

The darkness descended, and in the middle of the pouring rain and the murky obscurity the noble British dead were counted. The wounded were also tended as well as it was possible to tend them when water and restoratives were wanting, and the only relieving moisture had to be sucked from the storm-drenched grass. Finally, the General, viewing the deplorable state of the men, decided to withdraw the force from the field. It was plain that any renewal of attack on the morrow by the reinforced Boers could but mean annihilation or surrender. So the remnants of the force started on their return journey. This was now a terrible task, the Ingogo, which had been crossed at knee-depth, had swollen dangerously; the gentle stream had become a torrent. The bed of the river being full of holes, it was in some places some ten to twelve feet deep.

Of the perils by field and flood it would be impossible to speak at length. Mr. Carter, who was present at the melancholy fight and a witness of all connected with the reverse, gives in his wonderful narrative of the Boer war an interesting description of the misery of that return march:—

“Knowing that moments were precious in the then state of the river, I went ahead with the advance guard and crossed the stream; it was then nearly up to my armpits, and running very swiftly. By holding my rifle aloft, I managed to keep it dry, but every cartridge in my pockets was under water. Only with the greatest care, and thanks to a knowledge of the whereabouts of the treacherous hole

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in the drift, did I manage to keep on my legs. On gaining the opposite bank, I scooped up and drained off a helmetful of the precious fluid, and then urging on through the next ford—an insignificant one compared to the first—gained admission at Fermistone's hotel, after being duly cross-questioned through the keyhole of the door. Some hot tea and whisky was recommended by the host, and palatable it was. In a short time the other "Correspondent" arrived, *minus* his rifle. He had been carried down the stream like a cork, and only saved from drowning by being washed against some reeds at a bend of the river. He decided that he had had enough of the march for that night, and elected to go to bed. Next came in the General, and a gentleman who claimed to be a surgeon (a Transvaal surgeon) escaped from the Boer lines. He had been allowed free access to the camp at Mount Prospect, and had accompanied the Ingogo expedition, but not as a surgeon. From the General I learnt that there had been some men washed down the stream in spite of the precaution adopted of joining hands."

The return to camp was still more trying. The roads were slippery as glass, and men and horses, thoroughly worn out, dropped exhausted by the way. But it is needless to dwell on this melancholy event—an event rendered so much more melancholy by regret for sublime effort wasted in the support of a Government that was at that very moment entertaining the proposals for craven surrender.

MAJUBA

On Sunday, the 27th of February, Sir George Colley made his last move. During the afternoon of the previous day the General, who was a great theorist, had been cogitating some scheme which he only communicated to Colonel Stewart, and to one or two others. No sooner had "lights out" been sounded, than an order was passed round for detachments of the 58th, third battalion of the 60th Rifles, Naval Brigade, and Highlanders, to parade with three days' rations. Then the order came that the force was to form up by the redoubt nearest the main road on their left. At ten a start was made, the General and staff riding in front, with the 58th leading, followed by the 60th, and the Naval Brigade in the rear. The direction taken was straight up the Inguela Mountain. Arrived on a plateau about half-way up, the troops proceeded by a path, narrow almost as a sheep path, which winds across the steepest part of the mountain. Great boulders edged the hillside, and masses of rock hung perpendicularly above the surface of the ground. One false step and the climber would have been hurled down some thirty feet,

Majuba

to be dashed to pieces against the stones, or entangled in the bush. This march was conducted in strict silence, no voice being raised, and indeed not a breath more than was required for climbing expended. Men and officers, all were bent on the one great feat of mounting and gaining the summit. The march continued over loose stones, and boulders and obstacles multifarious—sometimes round wrong tracks, owing to mistakes of the guide, and sometimes over grass and glassy slopes, where a man could make progress merely by means of hands and knees. Thus the force stealthily ascended, creeping up in ones and twos, the General and staff leading the way in ever-increasing darkness and silence.

So heavy was the work of ascent that, when at last they reached the top, the troops almost dropped from exhaustion. It was this exhaustion that is said by some to have influenced the General's plans, but others declare that he was not likely so to be influenced. Instead of attempting at once to throw up a rough entrenchment, he refused to permit it, declaring that the men were already over fatigued. A slight entrenchment might have made all the difference in the sad history of Majuba, but the General gave no orders to entrench, and thus the troops were left open to the enemy.

At early dawn, on looking towards the Nek, it was obvious that a large Boer force was there congregated, while at the base of the mountain was the right flank of the Dutch camp. Gazing down from the great height which had been so perseveringly gained, all hearts warmed with a glow of triumph and of anticipation. The rocket tubes and Gatlings would soon arrive, and then those below would be awakened to the tune of the guns! From their point of vantage it seemed as though the British had the Boers at their mercy.

The hilltop of Majuba was hollowed out basinwise, and there seemed only a necessity to line the rim of it in the event of a rush from the enemy. But the suspicion that the Boers would creep from ridge to ridge, and mount the crest, never dawned on any one. In the dense darkness it was impossible to become acquainted with the nature of all sides of the hill, and the troops imagined them all to be equally impregnable.

Mr. Carter, who was there, says that at this time some twenty Highlanders stood on the ridge watching the lights of the enemy, and pointing to the camp below them, and laughingly repeating their challenge, "Come up here, you beggars." They never imagined it would be possible for them indeed to come! He further states his belief that the reason why no entrenchments were attempted was that every staff officer on Majuba felt certain "that the Boers would never face the hill—entrenchments or no entrenchments on the summit—as long as the British soldier was there." For this

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almost fatuous belief in their own security these gallant soldiers were destined to pay heavily.

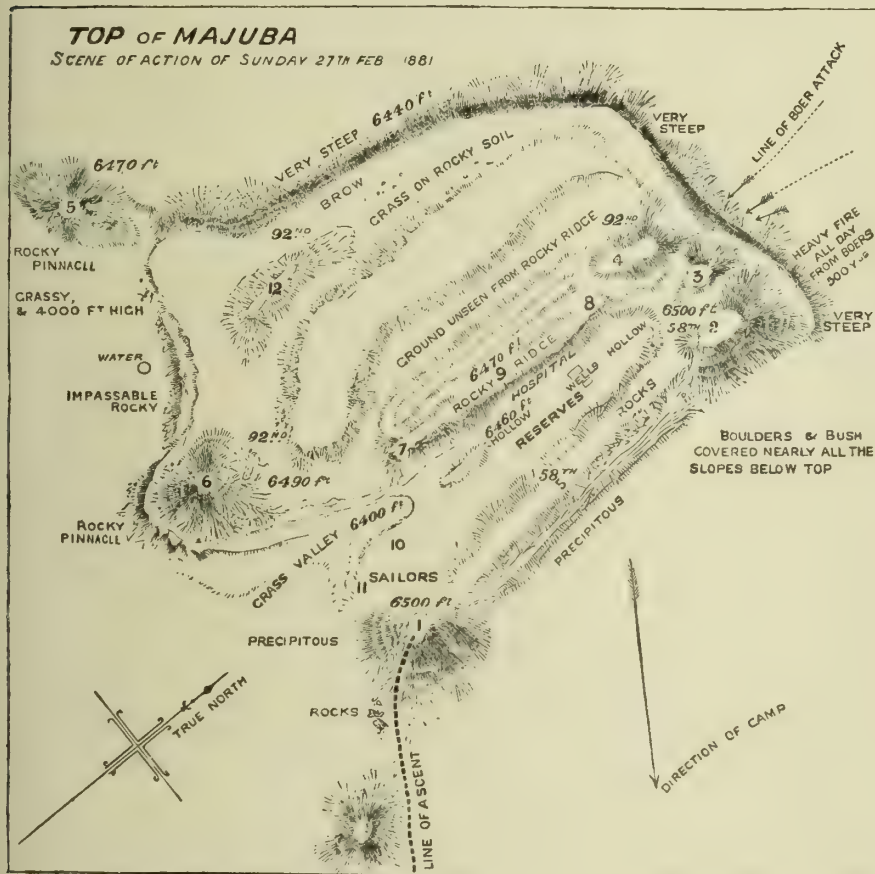
So soon as daylight served to show our troops standing against the sky-line, the enemy began to advance at the base of the mountain. The first shot on that eventful day was fired at a Boer scout by Lieutenant Lucy of the 58th, but the General, hearing it, sent word to "stop that firing." Silence again reigned. But in the meantime the Boers were crawling cautiously up the hill after leaving their horses safely under cover. About 6 A.M. they opened a steady fire, to which the British troops responded cordially. The Boer bullets, though doubling those of the British, did little damage, as the troops were partially sheltered within the basin of the hilltop. Thus the fight continued till nine, none of the officers at that time even suspecting that the enemy would venture to "rush" their stronghold. No one was wounded, and nothing was to be seen on any side of the hill, as the Boers kept closely under cover. At this juncture many men, worn out and fatigued, laid themselves down to sleep. Suddenly Lieutenant Lucy appeared asking for reinforcements, and saying that the fire was "warming up" in his direction. Some minutes later the General, who was perpetually moving round the line, cool, collected, and calculating as ever, flashed a message to Mount Prospect camp, ordering the 60th Rifles to be sent from Newcastle to his support.

Later the General espied two Boers within 600 yards or so of him mounting the ravine, and pointed them out. He had scarcely done this when Commander Romilly fell. This gallant sailor was deservedly popular, and gloom suddenly spread over the hitherto cheerful force. Still, no one dreamed that the Boers would really get to close quarters. The first awakening came when the firing, which had been till then in single shots, poured upwards in volleys. From the sound it was evident that the enemy was much nearer than had been supposed. The Highlanders, who were facing this unexpected fusillade, were soon reinforced by the reserves which had been ordered to their assistance.

The 58th, 92nd, and Naval Brigade disappeared over the ridge to meet the enemy, and vigorously returned their fire. For one moment that of the Boers appeared to slacken; then suddenly there came a precipitate retreat of our men, the officers shouting, "Rally on the right! rally on the right!" This order was obeyed, the troops describing a semicircle and coming back to the ridge to a point at left of that from which they had been so suddenly driven. But the momentary retreat had been demoralising. At this standpoint the men had become hopelessly mixed up—sailors, Highlanders, and 58th men all in a wild *melée*. Over this hetero-

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geneous mass the officers had lost their personal influence. While order was being restored the Boer firing ceased. The pause was just sufficient to allow breathing time, for they almost instantaneously reopened with redoubled vigour. Their shooting was scarcely successful, but a hail of lead from the upturned muzzles of rifles continued to traverse the thirty yards which now separated the foes.



The enemy numbered only about 200, but they hoped by rapidity of fire to hold the British in check till their comrades should come to the rescue. Mr. Carter thus graphically describes what was really the last despairing effort of our men :—

"The order was given in our lines, 'Fix bayonets,' and immediately the steel rang from the scabbard of every man, and flashed in the bright sunlight the next second on the muzzle of every rifle.

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‘That’s right!’ cheerily called Major Fraser. ‘Now, men of the 92nd, don’t forget your bayonets!’ he added, with marked emphasis on the word bayonets. It was the bayonet or nothing now, and the officer’s words sent quite a pleasant thrill through all. Colonel Stewart immediately added, ‘And the men of the 58th!’ ‘And the Naval Brigade!’ sang out another officer, Captain MacGregor, I think. ‘Show them the cold steel, men! that will check them,’ continued Fraser, whilst volley after volley came pouring in, and volley after volley went in the direction of the enemy. But why this delay? The time we were at this point I cannot judge, except by personally recalling incidents in succession. When the bayonets rang into the rifle-sockets simultaneously with the reopening of the Boers’ volleys, I felt convinced that in two minutes that murderous fire would be silenced, and our men driving the foe helter-skelter down hill. After the bayonets had been drawn and fixed, and remained fixed, our men still firing for at least four or five minutes, and no order came to ‘charge,’ I changed my opinion suddenly.”

Here we may imagine the agony—hope, doubt, suspense—that passed like a lightning flash through the minds of all who were present.

The uproar at this time grew appalling. Commands of the officers, the crash of shot, the shrieks of the wounded, all helped to aggravate the din. Boers were fast climbing the mountain sides, and the troops, worn out and almost expended, were beginning to lose the spirit of discipline that hitherto had sustained them. The officers stepped forward boldly, sword in one hand and revolver in the other, but to no purpose. Only an insignificant number of men now responded to the command.

Mr. Carter declares that when Lieutenant Hamilton of the 92nd asked Sir George Colley’s permission to charge with the bayonet, he replied, “Wait a while.” Such humanity was almost inhumanity, for waiting placed at stake many lives that might have been saved. The correspondent says:—

“Evidently Sir George Colley allowed his feelings of humanity to stand in the way of the request of the young officer. We were forty yards at the farthest from the enemy’s main attacking party. In traversing these forty yards our men would have been terribly mauled, no doubt, by the first volley, but the ground sloped gently to the edge of the terrace along which the enemy were lying, and the intervening space would be covered in twenty seconds—at all events, so rapidly by the survivors of the first volley, that the Boers, mostly armed with the Westley-Richards cap rifle, would not have had time to reload before our men were on them. I am not sure that the first rush of the infantry would not have demoralised the



THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, from Notes supplied by Officers present.

The officer to the left, with the glass in his hand, is General Colley, who, to facilitate his ascent of the hill, took off his boots, and, during the engagement, wore only socks and slippers. He, with others, is urging the soldiers to maintain their position. The Highlander with the bandages on his face was wounded, but bravely continued to fight. The Highlander on the right, apparently asleep, was shot dead while taking forward on the extreme left of the picture is the Special Correspondent of the *Standard* newspaper.

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enemy, and that their volley would have been less destructive than some imagined. If only a score of our men had thrust home, the enemy must have been routed. At a close-quarter conflict, what use would their empty rifles have been against the bayonets of our men, who would have had the additional advantage of the higher ground? If the bayonet charge was impracticable at that moment, then, as an offensive weapon, the bayonet is a useless one, and the sooner it is discarded as unnecessary lumber to a soldier's equipment the better. It was our last chance now, though a desperate one, because these withering volleys were laying our men prostrate; slowly in comparison with the number of shots fired, but surely, despite our shelter. Some out of the hail of bullets found exposed victims. In a few seconds our left flank, now practically undefended, and perfectly open to the Boers scaling the side of the mountain in that direction, would be attacked with the same fury as our front.

"Looking to the spot Cameron had indicated as the one where the General stood, I saw his Excellency standing within ten paces directing some men to extend to the right. It was the last time I saw him alive."

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the tragic events of that unlucky battle. After midday our troops retreated, and the retreat soon became a rout. At this time Sir George Colley was shot. Dismay seized all hearts, followed by panic. The British soldiers rushed helter-skelter down the precipitous steeps they had so cheerfully climbed the night before, many of them losing their lives in their efforts to escape from the ceaseless fire of the now triumphant enemy.

Before leaving this sad subject, it may be interesting to note a Boer account of the day's doings which is related by Mr. Rider Haggard in his useful book on "The Last Boer War":—

"A couple of months after the storming of Majuba, I, together with a friend, had a conversation with a Boer, a volunteer from the Free State in the late war, and one of the detachment that stormed Majuba, who gave us a circumstantial account of the attack with the greatest willingness. He said that when it was discovered that the English had possession of the mountain, he thought that the game was up, but after a while bolder counsels prevailed, and volunteers were called for to storm the hill. Only seventy men could be found to perform the duty, of whom he was one. They started up the mountain in fear and trembling, but soon found that every shot passed over their heads, and went on with greater boldness. Only three men, he declared, were hit on the Boer side; one was killed, one was hit in the arm, and he himself was the third, getting his

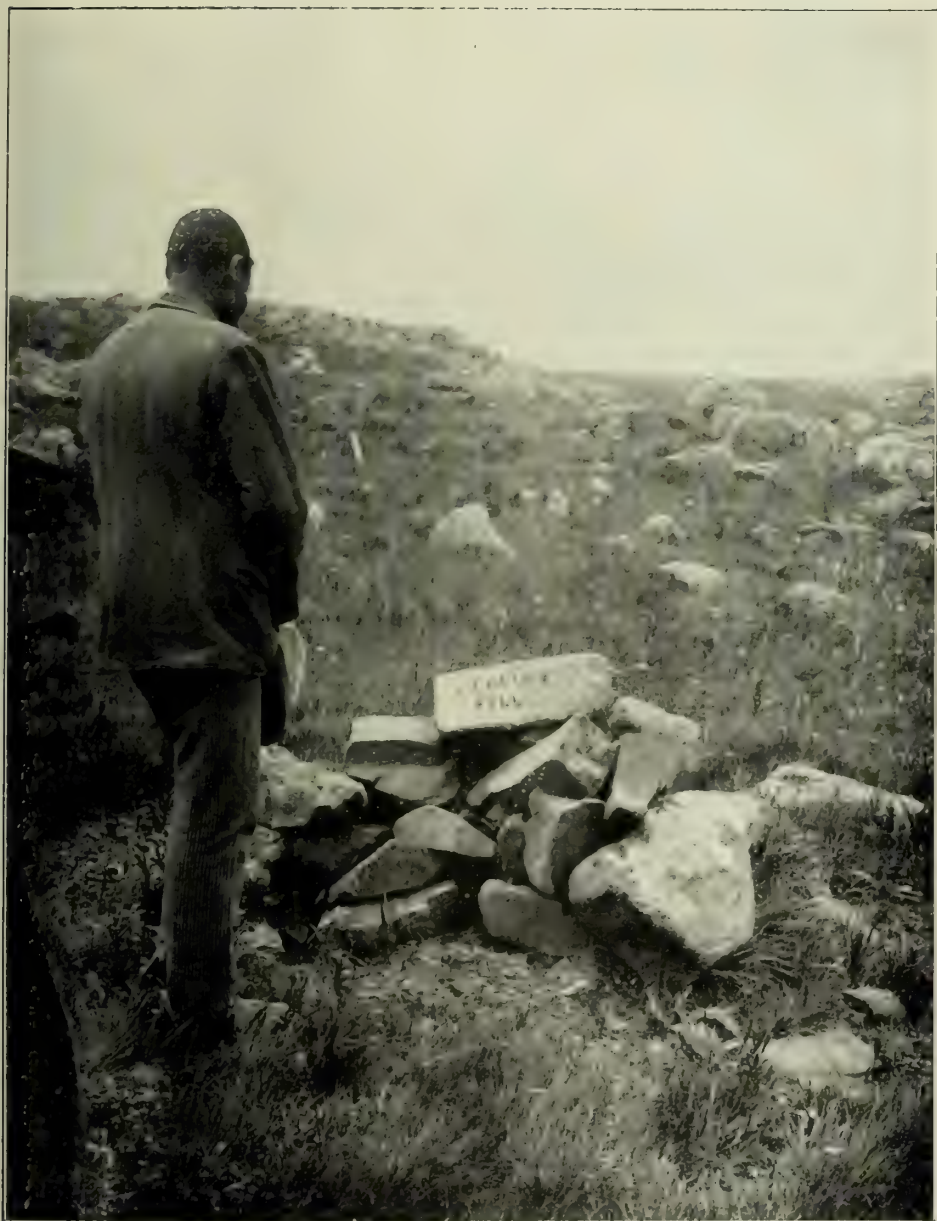
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face grazed by a bullet, of which he showed us the scar. He stated that the first to reach the top ridge was a boy of twelve, and that as soon as the troops saw them they fled, when, he said, he paid them out for having nearly killed him, knocking them over one after another 'like bucks' as they ran down the hill, adding that it was 'alter lecker' (very nice)."

A complete and reliable narrative of affairs on that fateful day in the ridge below Majuba was given in the *Army and Navy Gazette*. It is here reproduced, as it shows the finale from the point of view of an eye-witness of one of the most lamentable fights known in British history. The correspondent says:—

"As our mysterious march on the night of the 26th February began, two companies of the 60th Rifles, under the command of Captains C. H. Smith and R. Henley, were detached from General Colley's small column, and left on the Imquela Mountain. These companies received *no orders*, beyond that they were to remain there. The rest of the column then marched into the dark night on their unknown mission, our destination being guessed at, but not announced. The road was rough, and at some places little better than a beaten track, and the men found it hard to pick their steps among the loose stones and earth mounds. But all were cheerful and ready for their work. The ridge at the foot of the heights was reached at about midnight, and here the column made a brief halt, to allow of one company of the 92nd (which had lost its touch) coming up. Here one company of the 92nd Highlanders, under Captain P. F. Robertson, was detailed to proceed with Major Fraser, R.E., to a spot about one hundred yards distant, General Colley himself giving the order that they were to remain there, 'to dig as good a trench as time would permit of,' and further to select a good position to afford cover for the horses and ammunition, &c., that were to be left in charge of the detachment. They were also desired to throw out sentries in the direction of the camp, also a patrol of four men, with a non-commissioned officer, to watch the beaten track along which we had just come, and to act as guides for a company of the 60th Rifles expected from camp to reinforce the Highlanders on the ridge. These orders having been given, the column again moved off, leaving the Highlanders to make their arrangements.

"The men had a brief rest after their walk, and then, assisted by their officers—Captain P. F. Robertson and Lieutenant G. Staunton—began the work of making their entrenchments. At about 5 A.M. the expected company of the 60th Rifles arrived, under the command of Captain E. Thurlow and Second Lieutenants C. B. Pigott and H. G. L. Howard. Surgeon-Major Cornish also accompanied this detachment, with some mules laden with hospital requirements. Captain Thurlow, who had received *no orders*, and who had brought out his men without either their greatcoats or their rations, joined the Highlanders in their entrenchments. They had to work hard, so as to complete their work rapidly, and consequently the men had little or no rest that night. At about 6 A.M. we were visited by Commissariat-General J. W. Elmes, who was returning to the camp, and promised to send out the 60th their rations. Shortly afterwards a conductor named Field arrived with a led mule, laden with stores, &c., for the staff. He was hurrying on to try and



WHERE COLLEY FELL.
ROUGH CAIRN OF STONES ON MAJUBA HILL.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

Majuba

reach the summit of the hill before day. Doubts were expressed as to the advisability of his going on alone; but he had his orders, he said (about the only man who had that day!), and so he went on his way. About an hour afterwards a shot was heard, and we afterwards learnt that the conductor had been wounded, and he and his mule taken prisoners! By this time the day had quite broken, the heavy curtain of the night had rolled away, and disclosed before us the rugged and precipitous ascent to the Majuba Mountain, which stood directly in front of us, about 1400 yards distant. It stood out in bold relief against a blue-grey sky, and on the summit, and against the sky, the figures of men could be distinctly seen passing to and fro. These were only discernible with the aid of field-glasses, and at that time no great certainty was felt as to their being our own men.

"Away to the south of us, in the direction of the camp, sloped the Imquela Mountain. The glasses were brought to bear on this spot also, where a man was detected signalling with a flag. The officer commanding our party (Captain Robertson, 92nd) then signalled the question, 'Who are you?' and the answer returned was, 'We are two companies of the 60th Rifles, who have been left here all night.' A second message was then sent, asking what their orders were, and the reply returned was, 'None.' Their position was consequently much the same as ours. All the morning our sentries heard occasional shots, and from time to time were seen small bodies of mounted Boers galloping to and fro near our entrenchments, seemingly to reconnoitre our position. At about eleven o'clock we were joined by a troop of the 15th Hussars, who had just come from the camp, bringing with them the rations for the 60th Rifles. This troop was commanded by Captain G. D. F. Sullivan, and accompanied by Second Lieutenant Pocklington and Lieutenant H. C. Hopkins, 9th Lancers, attached. Captain Sullivan, having received no orders, remained with our party, dismounting his men, and placing them under cover on the slope, just in rear of our entrenchment. For an hour or two afterwards all remained perfectly quiet. The distant figures on the summit of the Majuba Hill could still be seen passing and repassing against the grey sky. We had come to the definite conclusion that they were our own men, entrenching themselves on the top of the mountain. They had gained by strategy a strong position; but could they hold it? Even then the question was mooted. All at once, while we were quietly waiting, a continuous and heavy firing broke out on the mountain. We saw the blue smoke rolling across the still sky; we saw an evident stir and excitement among the party on the hill. What was it? Were they attacked, or attacking? Volley after volley rolled forth; it was a heavy and continuous fire, never ceasing for a moment. All glasses were brought to bear on the mountain, and every eye was strained to catch a sight of what was going on. After a few minutes the figure of a man hurrying down towards us was visible—a wounded man, no doubt—and a mounted Hussar was sent out to bring him in. He proved to be a wounded man of the 58th, and from him we learnt something of the disaster which had befallen our column. The General was dead, lying on his back, with a bullet through his head. Our men were nearly all either wounded or taken prisoners. The hilltop was covered with the bodies of the brave fellows, who had fought to the last. Even while he spoke we could see the desperate retreat had begun, and a few desperate figures were seen struggling down among the stones and boulders. Our men were flying, there was no doubt about that now. In a few minutes the enemy would be upon us, but we were prepared for them. I never saw men steadier or more

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prepared to fight, although, as I glanced round, I felt how hopeless such a fight would be. My fear, however, did not seem to be participated in by either officers or men, for Captain Robertson (the officer in command) at once began his preparation for a determined resistance. The ammunition boxes were opened, and placed at equal convenient distances all round the entrenchment. Half the entrenchment was manned by the Highlanders, and the other half by Rifles. These preparations were quietly and promptly made. The men were silent, but steady. Looking round, every face was set with a grave determination 'to do,' and there was not a word audible as the orders were spoken and the commands obeyed. The low (and to an experienced eye) fragile turf walls that were to offer shelter seemed but poor defences, now that they were to be tried. They were only about four feet high by two feet thick, with one exit at the rear, and could never have stood before a fire such as was even now pouring down the slope of Majuba. The wounded were now being brought in rapidly by our mounted Hussars, who did their work steadily. Some of the poor fellows were terribly wounded, and though Surgeon-Major Cornish did his best for them unassisted, many had to lie unattended to in their suffering. All brought the same bitter news of defeat and annihilation, not very reassuring to our little force, which was now about to take its part in the day's engagement. As suddenly as it began, the firing as suddenly ceased; and we knew that the dreadful task of clearing the heights was done, and our resistance about to begin. We could see the Boers clustering like a swarm of bees at the edge of our ridge. Every moment we expected a rush and an attack. But they hesitated. They were waiting — waiting for the party of some 600 or 700 mounted Boers, who presently appeared upon our left flank. Our entrenchment was now almost surrounded. The mounted Boers were the first to attack us on our left flank, and their fire was spiritedly replied to by the Rifles. At this moment, and while we were actually engaging our enemy, the order came from the camp desiring Captain Robertson to retreat his force without delay. No such easy matter now, for the order came almost too late; the Boers were within easy range of us, and determined to attack. Nevertheless, in the same orderly and steady manner in which the preparations for defence had been made, the preparations for retreat were begun. Much credit is due to Captains Robertson and Thurlow for the energetic manner in which they helped to load the mules, securing a safe retreat for the ammunition and stores, and then assisting Surgeon-Major Cornish to get off the wounded. All this time we were under fire, and it was while retreating that poor Cornish was killed. When our little entrenchment had been cleared of its stores, the real retreat began, made under a murderous fire, which followed us as we hurried down the steep slope into the ravine below. Captain Sullivan, with his troop of Hussars, was placed on the right flank to try and cover the retreat in that direction. By this time the Boers had partially occupied our entrenchment, having broken down its defences easily enough. And we had scarcely retreated down the steep slope and into the ravine before they occupied the ridge above us in hundreds, sending volley after volley after our retreating men. It was a case now of *sauve qui peut*, and to me the only marvel is how we lost so few under the circumstances. Our casualties were four killed (including Surgeon-Major Cornish), eleven wounded, and twenty-two prisoners. The Highlanders suffered the most. The officers were the last to leave the ridge. I saw Captain Robertson standing on the crest of the slope giving some final directions just a moment before the ridge was entirely covered by the Boers, and

The Siege of Pretoria

his escape consequently was almost a miraculous one. I was in the ravine before I heard our artillery open fire upon the Boers. Second-Lieutenant Staunton, 92nd Highlanders, was taken prisoner. We were never joined by the two companies of the Rifles who were left on the Imquela Mountain the night before, nor did I see them under fire at any part of the day. Thus ended our brief battle, and only those who took part in it can tell the bitterness of having to retreat, utterly routed and defeated as we were."

THE SIEGE OF PRETORIA

As may be remembered, Sir Owen Lanyon's proclamation announcing martial law was read, and the town handed over to the military government. Colonel Gildea (introduced by Colonel Bellairs) acted as Commandant of the Garrison, Major F. Mesurier, R.E., was in charge of the Infantry Volunteers, and Captain Campbell, 94th Regiment, filled the post of Provost-Marshal. Sympathisers with the Boers were ordered to leave the place on pain of being handed over to the Provost-Marshal to be dealt with by military law.

It was decided to evacuate the town, and form two laagers, one at the camp, and one between the Roman Catholic church and the jail. In the camp the women and children were to be placed, while the Infantry Volunteers garrisoned the convent laager. Within the convent, women and children were packed tightly as sardines, while the nuns turned out on errands of mercy. All night and all day, scarcely stopping to eat a mouthful, men worked, sandbagging windows and doors—building barricades and defences of various kinds. Waggon's were sent round to gather all families within the shelter of the camp. Rich and poor, good and bad, some 4000 souls, were herded together in tents for their protection. Here they remained for three months, enduring hardships of the most variegated and worrying kind, and loyally waiting for the relieving column that never came.

Descriptions of the rations served out to each man daily are not appetising: Bread, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb., or biscuit, 1 lb.; coffee, $\frac{2}{3}$ oz.; sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; meat, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; tea, $\frac{1}{6}$ oz.; and salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. These were reduced as the siege proceeded. The meat was *trek* beef, a leathery substitute for steak, and the biscuits were veterans, having "served" in the Zulu and Sekukuni campaigns, and now being nothing better than a swarm of weevils. Life in Pretoria was enlivened by occasional sorties against the Boer laagers, where the enemy was supposed to number some 800 strong. The laagers were distributed at distances of four and eight miles from the town, and were connected by a system of patrolling, which rendered communication from within or without almost impossible. A few messengers (natives) occasionally came

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into the town, but these were mostly charged with the delivery of delusive messages invented for special purposes by the Boers. There was an ever-present difficulty—that of keeping the natives in check. Many examples of Boer cruelty to these poor blacks are recorded, and they naturally shuddered at the prospect of once more being delivered over to the rule of the sjambok.

Mr. H. Shepstone, the Secretary for native affairs, took immense pains to keep things quiet among the various chiefs. He said he had but to lift his little finger, and the Boers would not hold the field for a couple of days. Almost every native he knew would be in arms, and by sheer weight of numbers would overpower the Boers. Several of the chiefs sheltered refugees, and Montsiwe gathered his force in the hope that he would be allowed to come to the relief of Potchefstroom. Government reports regarding the loyalty of the natives were numerous, and the natives' longing to come to the assistance of the British in fighting their ancient oppressors was obvious. The subsequent desertion of these people whom Great Britain had taken under her wing, is one of the most grievous of the many grievous things that accrued from the exercise of British "magnanimity." Sir Morrison Barlow and Sir Evelyn Wood both agreed that the natives were "British to a man!" They were thoroughly sick of Boer cruelty, and the Kaffirs and Basutos had learnt to look to Great Britain for a reign of peace. Rather than again be ruled by the Boer despots, they were ready to spill the last drop of their blood, and only the high principled, almost quixotic action of the British officials prevented the utilisation in extremity of this massive and effective weapon of defence. Besides the garrison in Pretoria there were other forts defended by soldiers and loyalists, forts which were none of them taken by the enemy. These were Potchefstroom, Rustenburg, Sydenburg, Marabastad, and Wakkerstroom. The fort of Potchefstroom was surrendered during the armistice by fraudulent representations on the part of the Boers.

The absorbing topic of the time was naturally the future of the Transvaal. Hope warmed all hearts and helped every one to keep up a fictitious air of cheerfulness. All thought that the rebellion would serve to strengthen the British in their determination to establish an effectual Government in the country and promote an enduring peace. The suspicion that the territory would be given back would have come on these hoping, waiting, and longing sufferers like a blast from the pole. Fortunately it was not given to them to foresee the humiliating end of their staunch endurance. Anathemas long and deep were sounded at the mention of Dr. Jorissen, who was looked upon as the fuse which set alight the rebellious temper of the Boers.



General Sir EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., V.C.

Photo by Maull & Fox, London.

The Siege of Pretoria

The enemy, however, never directly attacked the town. They contented themselves with attempting to steal cattle and skirmishing, and generally harassing those within. Such fights as these were mainly due to British initiative, and these were not fraught with success to us. Of this period it is pitiful to write. British valour and endurance were exhibited to the uttermost, and many gallant actions at different sorties might be recorded. So also might be given, did space allow, many instances of Boer cunning and Boer treachery—notably the acts of firing on the flag of truce, and on ambulance waggons. There can be no doubt that the firing on the flag of truce by the Boers was intentional. Their own explanation of the cause of this uncivilised proceeding may be taken for what it is worth. It appears that their troops were divided in opinion—that one party wished to continue fighting while another wished to surrender. Hence the exhibition of double-dealing which had so confounding an effect on their enemies, and so convenient a one for themselves. The Boers on the Majuba Hill fired on a flag of truce, the attack at Bronker's Spruit was made under cover of the white flag, and delay at Ingogo, to cover their movement from shelter, was gained by means of the same vile expedient.

When the news of the British reverses at Laing's Nek and Majuba reached Pretoria there was general consternation. But, as yet, none knew of the crushing blow that was still in store. On the 28th, 102 days after the hoisting of the Republican flag at Heidelberg, there came the almost incredible news that a peace had been concluded involving the surrender of the Transvaal to the Boers. At first it seemed impossible that the British Government could have consented to leave its loyal supporters in the terrible position in which they now found themselves. All who had sat patiently through trouble and trial, working with might and main, suffering from endless ills, in peril of their lives, and deprived of property and home, now joined in one heartrending wail of woe and disappointment. The consternation that followed the announcement of the ignoble surrender is thus described by Mr. Nixon, who was an eye-witness and sharer of the general grief and humiliation:—

“The scene which ensued baffles description. The men hoisted the colours half-mast high. The Union Jack was pulled down and dragged through the mud. The distinctive ribbons worn round the hats of the men as badges were pulled off and trampled underfoot. I saw men crying like children with shame and despair. Some went raving up and down that they were Englishmen no longer; others, with flushed and indignant faces, sat contemplating their impending ruin, ‘refusing to be comforted.’ It was a painful, distressing, and humiliating scene, and such as I hope never to witness again. While

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I write, the remembrance of it comes vividly before me; and as I recall to mind the weeping men and women, the infuriated volunteers, and the despairing farmers and storekeepers, half crazy with the sense of wounded national honour, and the prospect of loss and ruin before them, my blood boils within me, and I cannot trust myself to commit to paper what I think. The lapse of two years has but deepened the feeling which I then experienced. The subject may perhaps be only unpleasant to people at home, but to me personally, who have seen the ruin and dismay brought upon the too credulous loyalists, the recollections it stirs up are more bitterly mortifying than words can describe."

Mr. Rider Haggard, who at this time was at Newcastle, has also recorded his experiences on the unhappy occasion. He says:—"Every hotel and bar was crowded with refugees who were trying to relieve their feelings by cursing the name of Gladstone with a vigour, originality, and earnestness that I have never heard equalled; and declaring in ironical terms how proud they were to be citizens of England—a country that always kept its word. Then they set to work with many demonstrations of contempt to burn the effigy of the right honourable gentleman at the head of her Majesty's Government, an example, by the way, that was followed throughout South Africa." Talking of the loyal inhabitants in the Transvaal on whom the news burst 'like a thunderbolt,' he explains that they did not say much—because there was nothing to be said! They simply packed up their portable goods and chattels, and made haste to leave the country, "which they well knew would henceforth be utterly untenable for Englishmen and English sympathisers." Here was another great trek—a pathetic exodus of British loyalists whom Great Britain had betrayed. Away they went, these poor believing and deceived people, to try and make new homes and new fortunes, for as soon as the Queen's sovereignty was withdrawn houses and land were not worth a song, and their chances of earning a living were now entirely over, on account of their mistaken loyalty.

The condition of the town is thus described in a journal of the period:—

"The streets grown over with rank vegetation; the water-furrows unclean and unattended, emitting offensive and unhealthy stench; the houses showing evident signs of dilapidation and decay; the side paths, in many places, dangerous to pedestrians—in fact, everything the eye can rest upon indicates the downfall which has overtaken this once prosperous city. The visitor can, if he be so minded, betake himself to the outskirts and suburbs, where he will perceive the same sad evidences of neglect, public grounds unattended, roads uncared for, mills and other public works

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crumbling into ruin. These palpable signs of decay most strongly impress him. A blight seems to have come over this lately fair and prosperous town. Rapidly it is becoming a 'deserted village,' a 'city of the dead.'"

RETROCESSION

The Government, through the medium of the Queen's Speech, had announced its intention of vindicating her Majesty's authority in the Transvaal. This was in January 1881. About that time President Brand, of the Orange Free State, formed himself into a species of Board of Arbitration between the contending parties—Boers and British. The reason for this intervention was threefold—first, he genuinely desired to avoid further bloodshed; second, he as genuinely hoped, under a mask of neutrality, to advance the Dutch cause throughout South Africa; and third, he amicably wished to put himself in the good graces of the British Government. Prior to General Colley's death Mr. Brand had urged him to allow peace to be made, and to guarantee the Boers not being treated as rebels if they submitted. General Colley was no quibbler with words. He would give no such assurance. He proposed, in a telegram to the Colonial Secretary, to publish an amnesty on entering the Transvaal to all peaceable persons—excepting one or two prominent rebels. On the 8th of February (the day of the battle of the Ingogo), a telegram was received from home, promising a settlement upon the Boers ceasing from armed opposition. This showed that the Government had early begun to put their foot on the first rung of the ladder of disgrace—it can be called by no other term—and that the "climb-down" policy was already coming into practice. An unfortunate game at cross-purposes seems to have been going on, for Mr. Brand was proposing to Lord Kimberley that Sir H. de Villiers—the Chief-Justice of the Cape, should be appointed as Commissioner to go to the Transvaal to arrange matters, while at the same time Sir George Colley was telegraphing a plan to be adopted on entering the Transvaal, a plan which should grant a complete amnesty only to Boers who would sign a declaration of loyalty.

Lord Kimberley welcomed the suggestion of Mr. Brand, and agreed, if only the Boers would disperse, to appoint a Commission with power to "develop the permanent friendly scheme"; and "that, if this proposal is accepted, you now are authorised to agree to suspension of hostilities on our part." At the same time the War Office informed General Colley that the Government did not bind his discretion, but was anxious to avoid effusion of blood. Lord

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Kimberley's telegram was forwarded to Colley and to Joubert. Colley was dumfounded. He telegraphed back: "There can be no hostilities if no resistance is made; but am I to leave Laing's Nek in Natal territory in Boer occupation, and our garrisons isolated and short of provisions—or occupy former and relieve latter?"

Lord Kimberley's reply was characteristically ambiguous. The garrisons were to be left free to provision themselves, but Sir George was not to march to the relief of garrisons or occupy Laing's Nek if an arrangement were proceeding.

Meanwhile President Brand and Lord Kimberley held an unctuous telegraphic palaver, which may diplomatically be viewed as the beginning of the end. This humiliating end was hastened by the fiasco of Majuba on the 27th of February, though before it came to pass Sir Frederick Roberts was despatched with reinforcements to Natal. Sir Evelyn Wood assumed temporary command of the forces after Colley's death. Colonel Wood was asked by Lord Kimberley to obtain from Kruger a reply to a letter General Colley had forwarded before Majuba, requesting a reply in forty-eight hours. The reply, an ingenuous one, came on the 7th of March. Kruger was glad to hear that her Majesty's Government were inclined to cease hostilities, and suggested a meeting on both sides. On the 12th of March Lord Kimberley telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Wood, saying that if the Boers would desist from armed opposition, a Commission would be appointed to give the Transvaal complete internal self-government under British suzerainty, with a British Resident to look after the natives.

The Boers at the same time made a communication. They refused to negotiate on the basis of Lord Kimberley's telegram of the 8th, as it would be tantamount to an admission that they were in the wrong. They would accept nothing short of the restoration of the Republic with a British protectorate. This the Home Government accepted, and thus the "climb down" was complete.

On the 23rd of March 1881, Sir Evelyn Wood, under orders from the Ministry, signed a treaty on behalf of the British, while the Boer leaders did the same on behalf of their constituents. By it, the Boers engaged to accept her Majesty as Suzerain "of the Transvaal, with a British Resident in the capital, but to allow the Republic complete self-government, to operate in six months' time. The Suzerain was to have control over the foreign relations of the Transvaal, and a Royal Commission for the protection of the natives and the decision of the boundary of the Republic would be appointed. Persons guilty of acts contrary to laws of civilised warfare were to be punished; and property captured by either party was to be returned." In conclusion, it was arranged that all arms taken by the

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British Government when they annexed the country were to be handed back.

The Commission appointed by her Majesty's Government consisted of Sir Hercules Robinson, who replaced Sir Bartle Frere at the Cape; Sir Henry de Villiers, now Chief-Justice of Cape Colony; and Sir Evelyn Wood; President Brand was present in a neutral capacity. Though nominally under the control of the British Government, its actions were pro-Boer. In justice to Sir Evelyn Wood, it is necessary to state that he did no more than obey orders laid down by his Government. Indeed it is said that when he was required to make the disgraceful peace, he called his officers around him, and asked them to witness that he was merely obeying orders, so that in days to come he might not submit a tarnished name to posterity.

Sir Frederick Roberts, on his arrival at Cape Town, was therefore informed that his services were no longer needed. Sir Evelyn Wood retained a force of 12,000 men in Natal, but the Government had decided on peace at any price, and peace was therefore restored.

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Of the sufferings of the loyalists we must say little. Suffice it to picture the breaking up of homes gathered together with much patience after years of steady labour; the insults daily endured from a people who now held Great Britain in contempt; the disappointment and indignation, the wretchedness and despair caused to all who had faithfully adhered to the Crown.

A petition was drafted to the House of Commons, but signatures were comparatively few. Many had no hope of redress from Great Britain, others naturally feared further Boer oppression. Some passages of the petition ran thus:—

“That your petitioners believe that the annexation was acquiesced in by a majority of the inhabitants, and was looked upon as an act calculated to create confidence and credit to the country, a belief which is borne out by the fact that almost all the old officials appointed by the former Government, or elected by the people, remained in office under the new Government; and your petitioners further believe, that if the promises expressed and implied in the annexation proclamation had been carried out fully in the spirit of the proclamation, the whole of the inhabitants would, in time, have become loyal subjects of her Majesty.

“That the annexation was followed by an immediate accession of confidence, and it marked the commencement of an era of progress

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and advancement, which has steadily increased up to the present time, despite the numerous drawbacks and disadvantages to which the country has been subjected, and some of which have been the result of Imperial action.

“That, notwithstanding the promises expressed and implied in the annexation proclamation, the country has been governed as a Crown Colony, and no opportunity has been afforded to the inhabitants of controlling the policy which has regulated its administration, and your petitioners are in no way responsible for the late lamentable war, or for the disgraceful peace which has concluded it.

“That the value of property increased at least threefold during the English occupation, and that the increase progressed in a ratio corresponding with the reliance placed on the promises of English officials. Indeed, some of your petitioners are prepared to state, on oath if required, that they invested money immediately after or in direct consequence of a statement by a Governor of the Transvaal or a Minister of the British Crown.

“That the towns are almost exclusively inhabited by loyal subjects, and English farmers and traders are scattered all over the country.

“That most of the loyal inhabitants intend to realise their property, even at a sacrifice, and to leave the country, but that those who are compelled by force of circumstances to remain in it will be deprived of the protection and security afforded by English rule, and they respectfully submit they have a right to ask that the fullest and most substantial pledges be exacted from the contemplated Boer Government for their safety, and for the exercise of their privileges as British subjects.”

In reference to the unfortunate natives, and the humiliating peace, Mr. Rider Haggard, who had been Shepstone's private secretary, wrote pathetically to Sir Bartle Frere from Newcastle, Natal:—

“June 6, 1881.

“I do not believe that more than half of those engaged in the late rebellion were free agents, though, once forced into committing themselves, they fought as hard as the real malcontents. . . . The natives are the real heirs to the soil, and should surely have some protection and consideration, some voice in the settlement of their fate. They outnumbered the Boers by twenty-five to one, taking their numbers at a million and those of the Boers at forty thousand,

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a fair estimate, I believe. . . . As the lash and the bullet have been the lot of the wretched Transvaal Kaffir in the past, so they will be his lot in the future. . . . After leading those hundreds of thousands of men and women to believe that they were once and for ever the subjects of her Majesty, safe from all violence, cruelty, and oppression, we have handed them over without a word of warning to the tender mercies of one, where natives are concerned, of the cruellest white races in the world.

"Then comes the case of the loyal Boers, men who believed us and fought for us, and are now, as a reward for their loyalty, left to the vengeance of their countrymen—a vengeance that will most certainly be wreaked, let the Royal Commission try to temper it as they will.

"Lastly, there are the unfortunate English inhabitants, three thousand of whom were gathered during the siege in Pretoria alone, losing their lives in a forsaken cause. I can assure you, sir, that you must see these people to learn how complete is their ruin. They have been pouring through here, many of those who were well-to-do a few months since, hardly knowing how to find food for their families."

On this subject Colonel Lanyon, who since the first outbreak had been shut up in Pretoria, also wrote tragically :—

" March 29, 1881.

"Last night the saddest news I ever received in my life came in the shape of a letter from Wood. . . . After three Secretaries of State, three High Commissioners, and two Houses of Commons had said that the country should not be given back, it seems a terrible want of good faith to the loyalists that this decision should have been arrived at. The scene this morning was a heart-breaking one ; the women, who have behaved splendidly all through the siege, were crying and wringing their hands in their great grief ; the children were hushed as if in a chamber of death ; and the men were completely bowed down in their sorrow. Well they might, for the news brought home ruin to many, and great loss to all. I am ashamed to walk about, for I hear nothing but reproaches and utterances from heretofore loyal men which cut one to the very quick. . . . How I am to tell the natives I know not, for they have trusted so implicitly to our promises and assurances. . . . One man who has been most loyal to us (an Englishman) told me to-day, 'Thank God my children are Afrikanders, and need not be ashamed of their country!'"

The feelings described by Sir Owen were openly echoed by all sensible men who knew anything of the country : they were certain

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that it was not within the power of Boer comprehension to understand "magnanimity" in an opponent. To the Boer, as to many an Englishman, this long-sounding word seemed more neatly to be interpreted by the more ugly but concise term "funk."

Sir Bartle Frere, writing of Sir George Colley in a letter to a friend, expressed his opinion roundly :—

" March 31, 1881.

" Let no one ever say that England lost prestige through Sir George Colley. I do not like the word so much as 'character' or 'conduct' which create it. But no country ever lost real prestige through defeat. Nelson, wounded and repulsed at Teneriffe; Grenvil, overpowered and dying on the deck of the *Revenge*, did as much for England's prestige as Marlborough at Blenheim or Wellington at Waterloo. Sir George Colley miscalculated his own and his enemy's strength, but he had nothing to do with disgraceful surrender, and I am sure had rather be where he now rests than sign a disgraceful peace, which is the only thing that can injure England's prestige."

Mr. R. W. Murray, of the *Cape Times*, writing to Sir Bartle Frere, thought bitterly indeed.

" Ask your English statesmen," he wrote, " if, in the history of the world, there was ever such a cruel desertion of a dependency by the parent State. How can England hope for loyalty from South Africans? The moral of the Gladstone lesson is, that you may be anything in South Africa but loyal Englishmen."

These letters, taken haphazard from volumes of correspondence on the melancholy event of the time, serve better than the words of an outsider to show the terrible position in which the "magnanimity" of the British Ministers had placed their countrymen. One more extract and we must pass on.

Colonel Lanyon, writing again to Sir Bartle Frere, said :—

" April 26, 1881.

" The Boers are practically dictators, and have been ruling the country in a manner which is simply humiliating to Englishmen. Active persecution is going on everywhere, and consequently all that can are leaving the country. Thirty families have left Pretoria alone; B—— and M—— have left, having been frequently threatened because of their having been members of the Executive, and those two poor fellows J—— and H—— are completely ostracised for the

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same reason. They are both ruined men, practically speaking, and all because they trusted to England's assurances and good faith. . . .

"But hard as these cases are, I feel that the natives have had the cruellest measure meted out to them, and they feel it acutely. The most touching and heart-breaking appeals have come from some of the chiefs who live near enough to have heard the news. They ask why they have been thrown over after showing their loyalty by paying their taxes and resisting the demands made upon them by the Boers during hostilities. They point out that we stopped them from helping us, and that, had we not done so, the Boers would have been easily put down. They say that, as we so hindered their action, it is a cruel wrong for us now to hand them back to the care of a race which is more embittered against them than ever, and who have already begun to harass them because of their loyalty. These points are unanswerable, and I do not see how we can reply to them."

CHAPTER IV

THE CONVENTIONS

AS may be remembered, Sir Evelyn Wood was ordered to conclude an armistice, whereby the troops that had garrisoned the Transvaal might evacuate it. In the case of Potchefstroom, the execution of this design was treacherously prevented by Commandant Cronjé. This officer, after the armistice had been arranged, withheld the news from the garrison, and prevented supplies from reaching the fort. As a natural consequence, he became a national hero, and led the burghers against Dr. Jameson in 1895 and the forces on the Western frontier in 1899.

The armistice was concluded in March 1881, and in August the Convention of Pretoria was signed. Some form of inquiry was held into the conduct of persons who had been guilty of acts contrary to the rules of civilised warfare, but the whole thing proved to be a mere farce; and, as a matter of fact, not one of the perpetrators of murder and other crimes during the course of the war was brought to justice. The Commission insisted on a definite agreement for the purpose of securing British persons from oppressive legislation, but, as we know, Boer promises were as completely pie-crust as Boer contracts were mere waste paper.

At the beginning of June Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter in answer to that received from the loyal inhabitants. In this he said:—

“Her Majesty’s Government willingly and thankfully acknowledge the loyal co-operation which her Majesty’s forces received at Pretoria and elsewhere by the inhabitants, and we sympathise with the privations and sufferings which they endured. I must, however, observe that so great was the preponderance of the Boers who rose in arms against the Queen’s authority that the whole country, except the posts occupied by the British troops, fell at once practically into their hands. Again, the memorialists themselves only estimate the proportion of settlers not Transvaal Boers at one-seventh. Nearly, though not quite, the whole of the Boers have appeared to be united in sentiment, and her Majesty’s Government could not deem it their duty to set aside the will of so large a majority by the only possible means, namely, the permanent maintenance of a powerful military

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force in the country. Such a course would have been inconsistent alike with the spirit of the Treaty of 1852, with the grounds on which the annexation was sanctioned, and with the general interests of South Africa, which especially require that harmony should prevail between the white races.

“On the other hand, in the settlement which is now in progress, every care will be taken to secure to the settlers, of whatever origin, the full enjoyment of their property, and of all civil rights.”

The pledges conveyed in the last sentence received such fulfilment as they were to have by the insertion in the Convention of the following clauses :—

“Article XII.—All persons holding property in the said State, on the 8th day of August 1881, will continue to enjoy the rights of property which they have enjoyed since the annexation. No person who has remained loyal to her Majesty during the recent hostilities shall suffer any molestation by reason of his loyalty, or be liable to any criminal prosecution or civil action for any part taken in connection with such hostilities, and all such persons will have full liberty to reside in the country, with enjoyment of all civil rights, and protection for their persons and property.

“Article XXVI.—All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the Transvaal State (*a*) will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the Transvaal State; (*b*) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and premises; (*c*) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; (*d*) they will not be subject, in respect of their persons and property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon Transvaal citizens.”

The Convention itself is now well known, but brief allusion to it may not be out of place. The preamble is important, and runs as follows :—

“Her Majesty’s Commissioners for the settlement of the Transvaal territory, duly appointed as such by a Commission passed under the Royal Sign Manual and Signet, bearing date the 5th April 1881, do hereby undertake and guarantee, on behalf of her Majesty, that from and after the 8th day of August 1881 complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, upon the following terms and conditions, and subject to the following reservations and limitations. . . .”

The new State was to be styled “The Transvaal State.” A British Resident was appointed, and the right to move British troops

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through the State guaranteed. External relations were to be under British control, and intercourse with foreign Powers to be carried on through her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers. The independence of Swaziland was guaranteed. Article 4 of the Sand River Convention, forbidding slavery, was reaffirmed in Article 16. Natives were to be allowed to acquire land, and to move about the country "as freely as may be consistent with the requirements of public order." Complete freedom of religion was established. Protection to loyalists was guaranteed by the Triumvirate. The British Resident was given wide authority in native affairs; was, in fact, constituted as an official protector of natives. The boundaries of the State were defined, and it engaged not to transgress them.

The government of the country was handed over to the Triumvirate, who engaged to summon a Volksraad as soon as possible. The Volksraad when it assembled, however, was disinclined to ratify the Pretoria Convention. The burghers wanted the Old Republic of the Sand River Convention, and fretted at the idea that they should have agreed to acknowledge British suzerainty. This acknowledgment was made a condition of the grant of autonomy, and the British Resident in Pretoria was to have large powers in the direction of native affairs. The position of the post of British Resident was to be similar to that held by a British Resident in one of the Native States of India. "Africanus," in his useful book on "The Transvaal Boers," thus describes the practical difference between the status of the two officials: "A Resident in an Indian State, though sometimes exposed to the risk of assassination, or of a general mutiny, is known by the inhabitants to have behind him the enormous military force of the Indian Empire, whereas the unhappy Resident at Pretoria was given no means of enforcing any protests which he might be called upon to make. His only course was to report disobedience to the High Commissioner; and if the disobedience was not of such a character as to force the Imperial Government to undertake military measures, it was sure to be overlooked. Thus the Resident, so far from controlling the policy of the Transvaal, was reduced to the position of counsel holding 'a watching brief.'"

As will be seen, the interests of the Uitlanders were protected, but no provision was made by the Convention for future immigrants. Mr. Kruger, whose assurances at the time were believed to be sound, had promised to place them on equal footing with the burghers as regards freedom of trade. His words were: "We make no difference as far as burgher rights are concerned. There may, perhaps, be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has come into the country," but the term "young

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person," it was afterwards explained, had no reference to age, but to time of residence in the country.

Mr. Kruger, as leader of the reactionary section of the Boers, finally became the President. The rival of Mr. Kruger was Mr. Joubert, otherwise known as "Slim Piet," on account of his wily ways, and between them from that day up to the present time considerable jealousy existed. They were always of one accord, however, in struggling to slip or squeeze out of any Conventions with the British. The first contravention of treaty engagements was the return of the State to the old title of South African Republic. The Home Government feebly remonstrated—it was too sunk in the slough of "magnanimity" to do more. As a natural result the Boers snapped their fingers at such remonstrances. After taking an inch they helped themselves to an ell! They had engaged to respect boundaries, but soon they began to lap over into Zululand and Bechuanaland.

The Boer process of expansion is simple and time-honoured. A case of spirits is exchanged for the right to graze on land belonging to an independent chief. The cattle graze, the master locates himself. If the intrusion is resented, a campaign follows, and the stronger ousts the weaker. Sometimes the Boer lends his services in warfare to a petty chief, and those services are rewarded with a grant of land.

When the British annexed the Transvaal and conquered Sekukuni, the other chiefs submitted to the British Government. On the resumption of Boer rule, however, the chiefs were inclined to defy their authority. The territories of the Mapoch, Malaboch, and Mpefu were assigned to the Boers by the Convention of 1881, and consequently quarrels began. In 1883 Mapoch broke out against authority, and there was a campaign to subdue him. Malaboch became obstreperous in 1894, and Mpefu followed his example in 1898. Most of the campaigns arose over the refusal to pay the hut tax. Before the Mapoch campaign in 1883 the Volksraad made a change in the terms of the franchise. It may be remembered that for burgher rights a residence of one year in the country and an oath of allegiance were necessary conditions. It was arranged that in future all candidates for citizenship must have resided and been registered in the Field Cornet's lists for five years, and must pay the sum of £25.

About this time Messrs. Kruger, Du Toit, and Smith travelled to England to agitate for a new Convention. The Transvaal Government had "broken the spirit, and even the letter," of the old Convention, and Lord Derby in the House of Lords expressed his opinion that "it would be an easy thing to find a *casus belli* in what

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had taken place." In spite of all this, Mr. Gladstone in 1884 obligingly agreed to a new Convention. By examination of its terms, it will be seen how far and how ignobly the Government went on the road to concession. By this Convention the British Resident was replaced by a diplomatic agent; the old title of South African Republic was restored; the Republic was allowed to negotiate on its own account with foreign Powers, limitations on treaty-making alone being imposed. Complete freedom of religion was promised, and the Republic agreed to "do its utmost" to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the boundaries laid down. Article 14 will be seen to be verbally similar to Article 26 of the Pretoria Convention of 1881, only the words *South African Republic* being substituted for *Transvaal State*. Nothing was said about the preamble to the Pretoria Convention or the question of British "suzerainty." The word was omitted from the new text; but it was supposed to be operative as before. Over this matter there has been so much argument that, unless we can devote a volume to solving the Convention riddle, it is best left alone. We must allow that the ambiguity of an already ambiguous Ministry had here reached its climax! Certain it is that the Transvaal representatives returned to inform the Raad that the suzerainty had been abolished, and that statement they were allowed to maintain without contradiction! As a natural consequence of this indecision and weakness on the part of the then Government, subsequent Governments have been placed in an unenviable quandary. The Boers contend that the omission of the word "suzerainty" in 1884 was intentional, and designed to permit the State to style itself an independent Republic, while all level-headed persons are fully aware that no Republic could have been granted complete independence while under a weight of debt for money and blood spent for years and years to save it from collapse and annihilation. Moreover, the guarantee of independence of the Transvaal was so unmistakably a result of suzerainty that the repetition of the word was unnecessary.

MR. KRUGER

Of the man who now began to play so prominent a part on the political stage, the world at that time knew but little. Even now opinions regarding him are many and varied, and it may be interesting to read, in close juxtaposition, sketches of his character and ways which have from time to time been drawn by those who have come in contact with him.

Mr. Kruger

Perhaps no more impartial sketch can be presented than that of Mr. Distant, a naturalist, who visited the Transvaal about eight years ago. He said:—"President Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger was born on the 10th October 1825, in the district of Colesburg in the Cape Colony, and is without doubt the greatest and most representative man that the Boers have yet produced. Uneducated, or self-educated, he possesses a very large amount of that natural wisdom so often denied to men of great learning and of literary cultivation. With many prejudices, he is fearless, stubborn, and resolute, and he really understands Englishmen little better than they understand him. In his earlier days he has been a somewhat ardent sportsman and a good shot. He has been engaged and honourably mentioned in most of the Kaffir fights of his time. . . . Socially, he has always lived in a somewhat humble position, and it is to the credit of his nature as a man that he bears not the slightest trace of the *parvenu*. Plain and undistinguished in appearance, he combines the advantages of a prodigious memory with a remarkable aptitude for reading his fellow-man, and this last quality would be more valuable were it not leavened by a weakness in resisting flattery and adulation. He is very pious and self-reliant, which is provocative of bigotry and hot temper; and surrounded and approached on all sides by clever and often unscrupulous financiers and speculators, his scutcheon has worn wonderfully well, and his character and reputation passed through many fiery ordeals. He is also a rough diplomatist of no mean rank."

The picture is distinctly interesting, but it does Mr. Kruger an injustice. Mr. Distant says that "he understands Englishmen little better than they understand him." Surely this remark is an insult to Mr. Kruger's great sagacity. He long ago "took the measure" of the Englishman, and he has enjoyed himself immensely in seeing how far it was possible—vulgarily speaking—to "try it on" with the British nation. If Mr. Kruger could be induced to write a book entitled "My Life and Games with the British Government for the last Twenty Years," he might afford our politicians some useful and instructive entertainment.

To Mr. Distant's portrait of the President of the South African Republic another and a later one may be appended. It is drawn by the able pen of Mr. Fitzpatrick, the author of "The Transvaal from Within." "In the history of South Africa the figure of the grim old President will loom large and striking—picturesque, as the figure of one who, by his character and will, made and held his people; magnificent, as one who, in the face of the blackest fortune, never wavered from his aim or faltered in his effort; who, with a courage that seemed and still seems fatuous, but which may well be

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called heroic, stood up against the might of the greatest empire in the world. And, it may be, pathetic too, as one whose limitations were great, one whose training and associations, whose very successes, had narrowed and embittered and hardened him; as one who, when the greatness of success was his to take and hold, turned his back on the supreme opportunity and used his strength and qualities to fight against the spirit of progress and all that the enlightenment of the age pronounces to be fitting and necessary to good government and a healthy State.

"To an English nobleman who, in the course of an interview, remarked, 'My father was a Minister of England and twice Viceroy of Ireland,' the old Dutchman answered, 'And my father was a shepherd!' It was not pride rebuking pride; it was the ever-present fact which would not have been worth mentioning but for the suggestion of the antithesis. He, too, was a shepherd, and is—a peasant. It may be that he knows what would be right and good for his people, and it may be not; but it is sure that he realises that to educate would be to emancipate; to broaden their views would be to break down the defences of their prejudices; to let in the new leaven would be to spoil the old bread; to give unto all men the rights of men would be to swamp for ever the party which is to him greater than the State. When one thinks of the one-century history of this people, much is seen that accounts for their extraordinary love of isolation, and their ingrained and passionate aversion to control; much, too, that draws to them a world of sympathy. And when one realises the old Dopper President hemmed in once more by the hurrying tide of civilisation, from which his people have fled for generations—trying to fight both Fate and Nature, standing up to stem a tide as resistless as the eternal sea—one sees the pathos of the picture. But this is as another generation may see it. To-day we are too close, so close that the meaner details, the blots and flaws, are all most plainly visible: the corruption, the insincerity, the injustice, the barbarity—all the unlovely touches that will by-and-by be forgotten, sponged away by the gentle hand of Time, when only the picturesque will remain."

Mr. Fitzpatrick speaks somewhat more plainly in another place:—

"Outside the Transvaal Mr. Kruger has the reputation of being free from taint of corruption from which so many of his colleagues suffer. Yet within the Republic and among his own people one of the gravest of the charges levelled against him is, that by his example and connivance he has made himself responsible for much of the plundering that goes on. There are numbers of cases in which the President's nearest relations have been proved to be concerned in the most flagrant jobs, only to be screened by his influence; such



PAUL KRUGER
President of the Transvaal Republic.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

Mr. Kruger

cases, for instance, as that of the Vaal River Water Supply Concession, in which Mr. Kruger's son-in-law 'hawked' about for the highest bid the vote of the Executive Council on a matter which had not yet come before it, and, moreover, sold and duly delivered the afore-said vote. There is the famous libel case in which Mr. Eugene Marais, the editor of the Dutch paper *Land en Volk*, successfully sustained his allegation that the President had defrauded the State by charging heavy travelling expenses for a certain trip on which he was actually the guest of the Cape Colonial Government."

The light thus thrown on the dealings of Mr. Kruger is not a solitary gleam. It may be remembered that during the period of British rule in the Transvaal he had an appointment under Government. The terms of his letter of dismissal can be found on page 135 of Blue-Book, c. 144, and involving as they do a serious charge of misrepresentation in money matters, are useful when viewed in line with the above quotation.

Mrs. Lionel Phillips imagines that every one must by this time have gauged the nature of the President, as she herself has done. She says:—

"Paul Kruger is so well known from the many portraits and caricatures that have appeared in recent years, as well as descriptions of him, that one from me seems superfluous. His clumsy features, and small cunning eyes, set high in his face, with great puffy rings beneath them, his lank straight locks, worn longer than is usual, the fringe of beard framing his face, even his greasy frock-coat and antiquated tall hat have been pourtrayed times without number. He is a man of quite 75 years of age now, and his big massive frame is bent, but in his youth he possessed enormous strength, and many extraordinary feats are told of him. Once seen he is not easily forgotten. He has a certain natural dignity of bearing, and I think his character is clearly to be read in his face—strength of will and cunning, with the dulness of expression one sees in peasants' faces. 'Manners none, and customs beastly,' might have been a life-like description of Kruger. The habit of constantly expectorating, which so many Boers have, he has never lost. He is quite ignorant of conversation in the ordinary acceptance of the word; he is an autocrat in all his ways, and has a habit of almost throwing short, jerky sentences at you generally allegorical in form, or partaking largely of scriptural quotations—or misquotations quite as often. Like most of the Boers, the Bible is his only literature—that book he certainly studies a good deal, and his religion is a very large part of his being, but somehow he misses the true spirit of Christianity, in that he leaves out the rudimentary qualities of charity and truth."

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GERMANS AND UITLANDERS

It appears that a German traveller, Herr Ernest Von Weber, as long ago as 1875, had cast a loving eye on the Transvaal. He wrote:—"What would not such a country, full of such inexhaustible natural treasures, become, if in course of time it was filled with German immigrants? A constant mass of German immigrants would gradually bring about a decided numerical preponderance of Germans over the Dutch population, and of itself would by degrees affect the Germanisation of the country in a peaceful manner. Besides all its own natural and subterraneous treasures, the Transvaal offers to the European power which possesses it an easy access to the immensely rich tracts of country which lie between the Limpopo, the Central African lakes and the Congo (the territory saved for England by Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company). It was this free unlimited room for annexation in the North, this open access to the heart of Africa, which principally impressed me with the idea, not more than four years ago, that Germany should try, by the acquisition of Delagoa Bay, and the subsequent continual influx of German immigrants to the Transvaal, to secure the future dominion over this country, and so pave the way for a German African Empire of the future. There is, at the same time, the most assured prospect that the European power, who would bring these territories under its rule, would found one of the largest and most valuable empires of the globe; and it is, therefore, on this account truly to be regretted that Germany should have quietly, and without protest, allowed the annexation of the Transvaal Republic to England, because the splendid country, taken possession of and cultivated by a German race, ought to be entirely won for Germany; and would, moreover, have been easily acquired, and thereby the beginning made and foundation laid of a mighty and ultimately rich Germany in the southern hemisphere. Germany ought at any price to get possession of some points on the East as well as the West Coast of Africa." Part of Mr. Von Weber's ambition was subsequently realised.

In 1884 the introduction of Germany upon the political scene was successfully accomplished. The hoisting of the German flag at Angra Peguena was due to the unscrupulous and clever machinations of Prince Bismarck. The new German Colony comprised Damaraland and Great Namaqualand, and between it and the Boer Republic lay the Kalari Desert and Bechuanaland.

Now, the Bechuana chiefs were old enemies of the Boers. A

Germans and Uitlanders

good deal of border fighting took place, and at last the Boers established their authority over a district which they christened "The New Republic," and which was annexed to the Transvaal in 1888. They endeavoured to capture in the same way Stellaland and Vryburg, but on this subject the British Government had something to say, and for once they said it definitely. Sir Charles Warren with a military force took these districts under British protection. This expedition was resented by the Cape Dutch and their English friends, Messrs. Spriggs and Upington, who hastened to Bechuanaland to effect a settlement before the arrival of Sir Charles Warren's force. Owing to the firmness and decision of Sir Charles Warren and his supporters, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Mackenzie, their anti-Imperialistic efforts fortunately failed!

It must be remembered that in Cape Colony the Dutch sympathies had, for the most part, been given to the Boers. Racial ties in Africa are strong, and at the time of the war many people, not thoroughly disloyal, felt that there had been aggression on the freedom of the Republicans, and were inclined to admire the efforts of the Boers to repel that aggression. There were others, too, who believed that, owing to fear of rebellion on the part of the Cape subjects, Great Britain had been forced into chicken-hearted surrender, and this belief naturally encouraged the Cape Dutch to assume that, on emergency, the policy of the Empire might be directed by threats of rebellion.

Much of the bad feeling was due merely to political agitation. The association known as the *Africander Bond* was started as a species of political nursery wherein to expand the ideas of the budding Boer, and "coach" him in his duties as a free-born subject. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," as we all are aware, and it seems to have been the object of this organisation to implant just sufficient knowledge in the mind of the ignorant farmer to foster his hostility to Great Britain, without encouraging him to progress sufficiently to gauge the advantages to himself of peace and goodwill with a sovereign power. Before the existence of this organisation he was contented to choose as his Parliamentary representative some sound and respectable citizen, a British subject, or some colonist who, well versed in the British tongue, could understand the laws at first hand. But machinating politicians conceived the notion that the dissatisfied Boer might be made to dance marionette-wise while they pulled the strings, and they promptly went to work to pretend he could think for himself, and proceeded to inflate his mind with so vast an idea of his own political importance that he even began to conjure up dreams of an entirely Dutch South Africa on an *Africander*

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basis, with the Vierkleur in place of the Union Jack floating bravely over his head!

For his benefit the Cape *patois* was promoted to the rank of a language. Parliament expressed itself both in English and so-called Dutch, while Blue-Books and official papers were printed in bi-lingual fashion, for the convenience of farmer members, who, for the most part, could neither read, write, nor speak the language of the Netherlands!

The battle-cry of the Bond was "Africa for the Africander" and the "Elimination of the Imperial factor." The Colonists naturally grew to imagine that, as Great Britain was powerless to govern, government on their own behalf would be advantageous. In justice it must be said that the Eastern Province and Natal adhered to the Crown, though the Western Province was led by the nose by the Bond.

From this time Mr. Hofmeyr—a man of great ability, and generally devoted to the Africander cause—became an important factor in the political caucus. Mr. Rhodes also was conspicuous. At that date he was inclined to lean toward Africander principles, but, like all great men on seeing the error of their judgments, he re-adjusted his theories—with the results we all know.

The expedition of Sir Charles Warren was entirely successful. As has been said, a Protectorate was established over Bechuanaland.

The country south of the Molopopo River, whose chief towns are Mafeking and Vryburg, became a Crown Colony. It was afterwards transferred to the Cape. The territories of Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen still form an Imperial Protectorate.

When gold was first discovered, the fable of "the dog in the manger" began to be enacted in the Transvaal. The Boers were quite incompetent to start mining operations on their own account, and yet were intolerant of the presence of outsiders who were willing to expend their energies in the business. Gradually, however, they agreed to admit foreigners on terms which on the surface were fairly liberal, and became indirectly almost extortionate.

These foreigners—British, Americans, Germans, and Poles—were the antithesis of all that Boer traditions held dear. To begin with, they were progressive; they were also energetic and commercial, and their motto, instead of being "God will provide," was the practical one of "*Carpe diem*." The dawn of the "golden age" has been described, and there is no reason, therefore, to dwell on the attractions which converted the Transvaal, for many, from a fortune-hunter's goal to a permanent home. Unfortunately these Uitlanders were not bound up in Transvaal politics. The ways of the stolid and the ignorant, the narrow and the bigoted, were not

Germans and Uitlanders

their ways; they had no sympathy for "masterly inaction," and this the Boers knew.

In 1887, to protect themselves from the outsider, the Republicans arranged that invaders could not be admitted to burgher rights under fifteen years. The Uitlanders agitated for increased privileges, and in 1890 a "Second Raad" was created. For this Chamber it was necessary to take the oath of allegiance, to reside two years in the State before being entitled to vote, and another two before becoming eligible for election.

Upon the scene now came Dr. Leyds, a Hollander of certain ability, a cosmopolitan schemer, and as such naturally opposed to the prestige of Great Britain. He had his ideal of a great Africander Confederation! On the other hand, there was Mr. Rhodes, who had also his ideal—that of a Confederated South Africa stretching to the Zambesi. Fortunately, with Mr. Rhodes went the Cape Dutch. And here we may break off to consider the Colossus, as he has been called. His enemies were many. By some it was asserted that Mr. Rhodes was at heart no Imperialist; by others he was declared to be merely an unscrupulous adventurer. But, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so must any criticism of this marvellous man be confined to results.

CHAPTER V

MR. RHODES

OF the chief personage in the political and financial history of South Africa it is desirable we should know something definite, though space does not allow of any long appreciation of all he has accomplished for the advancement of the empire. The Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes was born in 1853. He was the fourth son of the late Rev. Francis W. Rhodes, Rector of Bishop Stortford. In 1871 he went to South Africa, there to join his brother Herbert, who was engaged in cotton-growing in Natal. His constitution was delicate, and it was believed that a journey to the Cape would be beneficial to him. In 1872 he returned in much better health to England, and entered Oriel College, Oxford. While there he contracted a chill, and found himself again under orders to return to South Africa. At that time Herbert Rhodes had forsaken cotton-growing, and had become fascinated by the prospect of wealth offered by the diamond fields in the locality now known as Kimberley. The two youths joined hands, and in 1873 we find the elder brother leaving his claim in charge of the younger, the hard-working, astute, and masterful Cecil, whose name has become almost a household word. The young man, who took his degree at Oxford in the interval of his work, brought to every task he attempted an educated mind and a certain dogged obstinacy, which caused him to surmount all difficulties. He prospered amazingly. But money, instead of numbing his activities, only sharpened them, and he soon began to formulate his ideal—the Utopian dream of an entirely British Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi!

His most conspicuous financial work was the De Beers Company, of which we have treated elsewhere. From one big venture he went to others more gigantic still. The famous Chartered Company and the splendid province of Rhodesia came virtually into existence as the result of his magnificent foresight. In 1881, in Basutoland, Mr. Rhodes, the newly-elected member for Barkly West, had the good fortune to meet General Gordon, who was



THE MATABELE WAR—DEFENDING A LAAGER.

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.

Mr. Rhodes

struck at once by the immense ability of the young man. In character, it seems, they were the extremes that meet! These two men, of equally strong personality, had an antagonism of character which, clashing, gave forth a resonance that was vastly inspiring.

Gordon and Rhodes would take long walks together, and discuss the affairs of nations. The General, who was as dictatorial as his associate, on several occasions severely criticised the opinions of young Rhodes. "You always contradict me," he declared. "I never met such a man for his own opinion. You think your views are always right, and every one else's wrong. You are," he went on to say, "the sort of man who never approves of anything unless you have had the organising of it yourself."

It was a new edition of the pot calling the kettle black, and afforded much amusement to onlookers.

On another occasion Gordon begged him to remain in Basutoland and work with him, but Rhodes refused. He demonstrated that his work lay in Kimberley, and there he would remain. "There are very few men in the world," argued Gordon, "to whom I would make such an offer. Very few men, I can tell you; but, of course, you *will* have your own way."

Once, when they were together, Gordon related to Rhodes the story of an offer of a room full of gold which had been made to him by the Chinese Government, after the suppression of the Tai-Ping revolt. "What did you do?" asked Rhodes. "Refused it, of course. What would you have done?" said Gordon. "I would have taken it," answered Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

When Gordon went to Khartoum he invited Rhodes to accompany him, but Rhodes refused. He accepted the offer made by the same post of the Treasurer-Generalship in the Scanlin Ministry. In 1884 he became Deputy-Commissioner for Bechuanaland, which, as the key to South Africa, he determined to keep under his watchful eye. He was at the same time Treasurer-General of Cape Colony. In 1889 he became Director of the British South Africa Company and Chairman till the fiasco of 1896, at which time he was Premier of Cape Colony. In addition to holding these posts, his activities have been unending. He has been the moving spirit in every enterprise for the expansion and development of South Africa. He has gained the esteem of the loyal Dutch, and has succeeded in making himself feared if not beloved by the disloyal. His great work of attempting to weld together the two races into one united people is for the nonce suspended, but should life be spared him he

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will doubtless see the realisation of his dream. In addition to his other labours Mr. Rhodes was Commissioner of the Crown Lands in 1890-94, Minister of Native Affairs 1894-95, and served in Matabeleland in 1896.

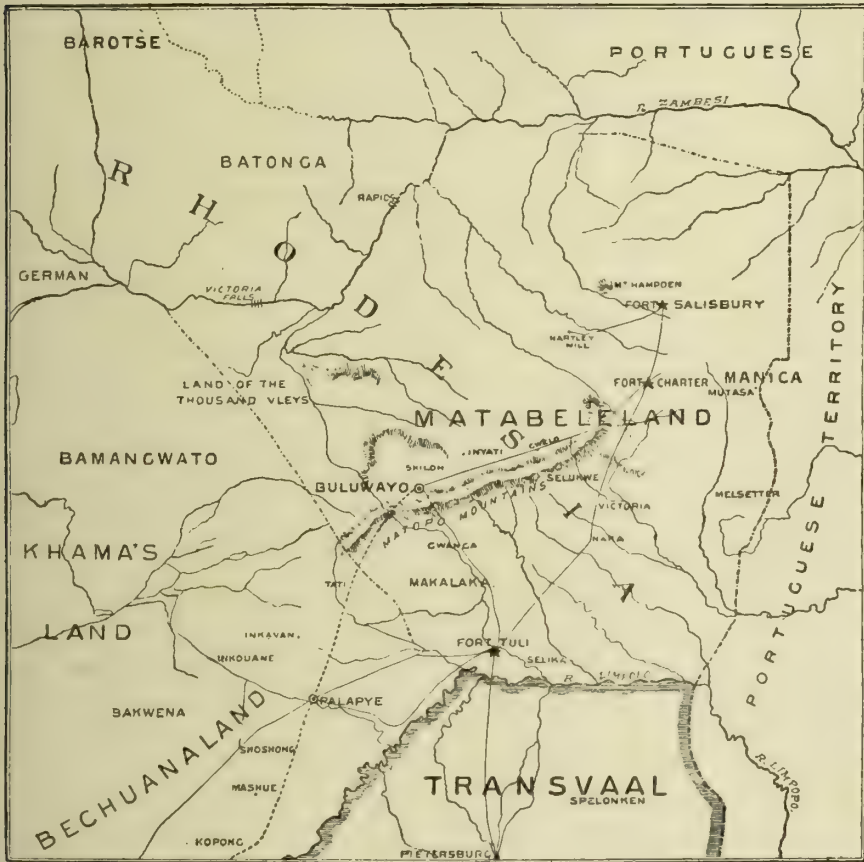
RHODESIA—UNCIVILISED

In sketching the history of Rhodesia it is necessary to go at least as far back as our friend Chaka, the great chieftain of the Zulus, whose military prowess has been described. In the days of this warlike personage, Matshobane, who governed the Matabele tribe on the north-west of Zululand, preferred to submit to Chaka rather than to be "eaten up." Matshobane was the grandfather of Lobengula, who is intimately associated with the infant history of this promising country. His son Mosilikatze, however, was not so amenable to Zulu discipline. He broke out, annihilated all men, women, and children who happened to come in his way, and betook himself finally to remote regions where he had no masters save the lions. Later on, in 1837, he conceived the ingenious notion of exterminating all the white men north of the Orange River; but the white men were too much for him, and so he promptly retired to fresh fields and pastures new—in fact, to the country now known as Matabeleland. Its inhabitants were then settled between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. Here he again carried on his fell work of extermination. Of the horrors of his triumphant progress nothing need be said. They are best left to the imagination. It is enough to explain that the tribes of the Makalas, Mashonas, and others that happened to be in the way, were speedily wiped out. The Matabele, reigning in this vast now almost desolate region, soon became the terror of other tribes. The ravagers continued their fiendish operations, and finally set up military kraals and installed their chief in the principal of these at Buluwayo.

How long this state of things would have endured it is difficult to say. Fortunately there appeared on the scene a man—The Man—who conceived in his mighty brain a way to clear this Augean stable and transform it into a comparative fairyland. Mr. Cecil Rhodes came—he saw—and he conquered in all senses of the word. He decided that British civilisation must be extended to this "hinterland"—as the Boers called it—and, being a keen man of the world and no sentimentalist, he argued, moreover, that British civilisation might be made to pay its way! The idea that Mr. Rhodes is "the walking embodiment of an ideal," without personal ambition in his schemes, is as absolutely absurd as are the reverse pictures

Rhodesia—Uncivilised

that have been painted of him. He is no angel and no ogre. Mr. Rhodes is one of Nature's sovereigns, who, conscious of his power and the limitations of human life, uses every minute at his disposal to write his name large in the records of his country. And, since his name is large, he wants as a natural consequence a large and clear area to write it in, and that area he means to have!



MATABELELAND.

Now, Mr. Rhodes had decided that the British were the best administrators of South Africa, and that if the British shirked the task it would be undertaken by some other nation. He saw the key to South Africa in his hands—he saw the Boer overspreading his borders, he saw Germans and Portuguese intriguing for footholds—there was but one course open, and he followed it. On the 30th

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of November 1888, Lobengula, the chief of the Matabele, signed a document giving the British the right to search for and extract minerals in his territory. Upon that the British South Africa Company was started. In 1889 a charter was granted by the Imperial Government. The Company was created with a capital of one million sterling. There were eight directors, three appointed by the Crown, and five elected by the shareholders. Mr. Cecil Rhodes occupied the position of managing director. In a brief space of time the wildernesses and the forests were traversed, roads were made, and a strong protective force installed in the country. Dr. Jameson was appointed administrator at Salisbury. A railroad was planned and forts were built. These were occupied by the Company's police.

While the pioneers were at work prospecting for gold, and improving the country in all manner of ways, Lobengula became cantankerous. It must be remembered that he suffered from gout, for which he was treated by Dr. Jameson. Now, Lobengula without gout was sufficiently savage to cause much apprehension; with it, it is impossible to describe the nature of the alarm he must have occasioned. He fell out first with the Mashonas for trivial reasons, and murders were committed. Dr. Jameson then came to the conclusion that, if the place was to be held at all, Lobengula must be crushed. More commotions followed. The Matabeles and Mashona tribes between them contrived to render the country uninhabitable. The peaceable Europeans would stand it no longer. The Matabele war ensued.

The High Commissioner gave Dr. Jameson permission to protect the country, and the forces advanced in two columns upon Bulawayo. Major Patrick Forbes acted as commander-in-chief, with Major Alan Wilson as next in command. This column, with guns, baggage, and attendant blacks (who assisted as camp-followers), kept as much as possible to open country to avoid surprise. They marched from the Iron-mine Hill, at the source of the Tokwe River.

The second column, commanded by Colonel Goold Adams, was composed in equal numbers of Bechuanaland police and South Africa Company's mounted men. In all they numbered about 450. It was accompanied by some 1800 Bemangwats under their chief.

With Major Forbes's column were Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, and Bishop Knight Bruce. The advance was carefully managed. The column destroyed all military kraals in its line of march, skirmishing at times, but cautiously providing against attacks of the enemy. One of these attacks took place while the force was in laager, on the 25th of October. A Matabele army, 5000 strong,

Rhodesia—Uncivilised

made three savage onslaughts, but were driven back on each occasion with heavy loss.

The column still continued to advance, and Lobengula, hearing of its victory and approach, sent forth to meet it a company of pure Zulus, the flower of his army.

The Imbezu and Ingubo in front of the Matabele army then approached the laager that was being formed near the source of the Imbembesi River. They advanced with all their accustomed dash, and a warlike intrepidity worthy of Chaka, their renowned ancestor.

But they could make no stand against the Maxim and machine guns, and in a few hours all was over. Lobengula's day was practically done!

On hearing of the victory he set fire to his kraal himself, and fled towards the Zambesi, leaving his magazine, whenever the flames should reach it, to explode with ferocious uproar.

In November 1893 the Chartered Company's force came into possession of the smoking, deserted region. Messengers were sent in search of the chief. Lobengula was courteously advised to surrender. His personal safety was assured to him by Dr. Jameson, but he refused to listen. Efforts were then made to capture him. After a long and fatiguing march, news was brought in that Lobengula's waggons had been seen on the road the day before.

Major Wilson, with a well-mounted party, went off to follow the spoor, being advised to return before dark. This he did not do. He remained for the night beyond the Shangani River, and by daylight reached the waggons of the chief.

Lobengula's followers immediately attacked the small company of thirty-four Europeans, which was speedily annihilated. Some of these might have escaped, but they preferred, though largely outnumbered, to fight side by side with their comrades till the last!

Very little remains to be told. Lobengula endeavoured to arrange terms with the British force, but his messengers and money never reached their destination. Babyane and four other indunas—followed after a few days by others—came to inquire what terms of peace would be granted. They were required to surrender their arms before returning to their kraals, which they did with alacrity. Most of the natives followed their example, being well satisfied with British rule. The death of Lobengula, of fever and gout, in January 1894 put an end to further complications.

South Africa

RHODESIA—CIVILISED

So far we have seen the establishment of the British in a hitherto absolutely savage arena. It may be interesting to hear what travellers have had to say regarding the region that has recently become our own. Its present aspect, and its prospects for the future, are best learnt from authorities who have personally inspected the place. Mr. Charles Boyd discourses thus on the subject :—

“When you have got out of the train before the corrugated iron building which stands on the edge of the illimitable grey, green veldt, to mark where the great station of the future is to arise, there is one feature of Buluwayo which is making ready to seize hold upon you. It is not, perhaps, the most important feature, but it is conspicuous enough to entitle it to a first place in any jotting of local impressions. It is what a logician might call the *differentia* of Buluwayo. Put it bluntly it comes to this, that you have arrived in a community of gentlemen. A stranger making his way about the brown streets, neat brick and corrugated iron buildings set down on red earth, and divided into alternate avenues and streets—‘little New York,’ said a policeman complacently—a stranger pauses to ask himself if he dreams, or if the Household Brigade, the Bachelors’ Club, and the Foreign Office have depleted themselves of their members, and sent them, disguised in broad-brimmed hats and riding-breeches, to hold the capital of Matabeleland. Young men of the most eligible sort are everywhere. Some of them are manifestly youthful, others are well on in the thirties, there is even a sprinkling of men of years ; but the mass of the population presents the same aspect of physical fitness, that indefinable something besides, which is perhaps not to be expressed save under the single head of ‘race.’” In fact, our authority asserts that nowhere can be found a healthier, shrewder, or friendlier set of men. He believes in them, and in the discipline that has toughened them to meet the real needs of life, and kept them alive to a sense of their political and social importance. He says—

“Buluwayo now possesses a population of 5000, a mayor and corporation, daily and weekly papers, and several public buildings, including banks, clubs, and an hospital built as a memorial to Major Wilson.

“The rapid increase in the value of land at Buluwayo is shown by the fact that whilst in 1894 the average price of a town stand was £103, in 1897 it had advanced to £345. By the opening of the railway, in November 1897, it is placed in direct communication with



"TO THE MEMORY OF BRAVE MEN."

THE LAST STAND OF MAJOR WILSON ON THE SHANGANI RIVER, 1893.

Painting by Allan Stewart.

Reproduced by special arrangement with the Fine Art Society, London.

Rhodesia—Civilised

Cape Town, and a still greater increase in value may be anticipated."

Things in Rhodesia are as yet expensive, but Mr. Boyd thinks that railroads will have a cheapening influence. He quotes some present prices, which would make the hair of a Londoner stand on end! Imagine the feelings of the comfortable cockney who found himself face to face with a breakfast bill for nine shillings! For this modest sum Mr. Boyd was supplied with tea, ham, eggs, marmalade, and toast, in fact, the little commonplace things that we have come to consider as the natural fixtures of the metropolitan table!

Of the library, whose foundation-stone was laid by Sir Alfred Milner, he speaks in highly favourable terms. He says that in laying the foundation-stone no one seemed more keenly impressed than the High Commissioner himself. He prophesied the foundation of a rich university at Buluwayo to replace that other and easy one which a library is avowed to supply. At this some one smiled. But Sir Alfred rebuked him for the frivolity. He had seen enough, Sir Alfred declared, of the temper of this place, to believe a university at Buluwayo to be a consummation neither fanciful nor impossible. In regard to the agrestic qualities of this new district, Mr. H. Marshall Hole has spoken at some length in an article which appeared in an issue of *Colonia*, a magazine published by the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay, Suffolk. He declares that "the great advantage of Rhodesia as an agricultural country is the facility with which irrigation can be carried on; the conformation of the land is undulating, and even the so-called 'flats' are intersected in all directions by valleys, each of which possesses its watercourse, so that by the simple expedient of throwing a dam across these valleys, water may be stored and led on to the adjacent fields as required. The soil is in all parts naturally fertile, but the farmer sometimes has great difficulty in reducing it to a proper state for cultivation, owing to the roots and growth which must be exterminated before the seed is sown. The strongest ploughs and the most careful harrowing are required for this work, otherwise the settler will have to face the annoyance and delay of broken ploughshares, and the disaster of a crop choked by tangle-grass and weeds. The crops to which farmers have hitherto most devoted themselves in Rhodesia are mealies (maize) and forage (oat hay). These find a ready market at all times, as they form the staple food of horses. The next most popular crop is potatoes, which do well, are not liable to disease, and are in so great request that they sometimes fetch 1s. 6d., and seldom fall below 3d. per pound in the market. All kinds of English vegetables prosper with very little trouble, beyond careful watering in dry weather, and weeding during the rains; but, for some unexplained

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reason, vegetable culture is left almost entirely to the coolies or Indians, who, despite their very primitive methods of irrigation and tillage, make immense profits thereby."

Further on he says that farms of about 3000 acres may be bought at from £250 to £2000, according to their situation as regards neighbouring towns, or the extent of cultivation done on them; and while the farmer will not derive much more than a bare subsistence for the first year or two, he may, by combining dairy-farming and timber-cutting with his more extensive operations, make both ends meet at any rate, and enhance the value of his land without being out of pocket. One with a small capital has, of course, a better chance of immediate profit, and such an one would do well to join some established and experienced man in partnership, or as a pupil, in order to learn something of the business before entering it finally. His advice to adventurous youth is, "By all means go, if you can manage to put together enough money to pay your passage and to keep yourself for two or three months after your arrival."

Of the towns he speaks appreciatively. "We have buildings of a very substantial type, built for the most part of brick. There are blocks of rooms which form bachelor 'diggings' for single men, and small but comfortable suburban houses for families, while the railways on the east and west afford facilities for the importation of excellent furniture. Eight years ago it was so difficult to obtain furniture that every little packing case was carefully treasured, its nails drawn out and straightened, and its boards converted into tables, stools, and shelves. To-day it is no uncommon thing to find pianos and billiard tables in private houses in Buluwayo, and even in Salisbury, which has not yet been reached by the railway, while the club-houses at both places are models of comfort and luxury."

A writer, who signs himself "W. E. L.," in *British Africa* says of Rhodesia, "That the soil is mostly very fertile; in Matabeleland alone 6000 square miles are suitable for cultivation without any artificial irrigation, or other extensive preliminary work. In 1891, a commission of Cape Colony farmers visited the country, and reported favourably on the land from an agricultural standpoint. Mr. Lionel Deale said, 'I am the first traveller who has crossed Africa from the Cape to Uganda, and I must say the British South Africa Company may certainly boast of possessing the pick of Central Africa on both sides of the Zambesi.'

"Teak forests cover 2000 square miles in North-West Matabeleland; and Mashonaland is very well timbered, mostly with trees of the acacia family.

"The native crops are rice, tobacco, cotton, and india-rubber. All European vegetables can be grown to perfection, especially

Gold

cabbages, lettuces, beetroot, turnips, carrots, and onions. There were in 1897 over eighty market gardens in the neighbourhood of Buluwayo, and for the half-year ending September 1897, the value of the produce sold was £9630.

"Fruit orchards are being planted, and nearly all fruit appears to flourish, especially grapes, figs, oranges, peaches, almonds, walnuts, lemons, bananas, quinces, apricots, pomegranates, and apples. All kinds of European cereals can be grown, and maize does well.

"The average rainfall is 30 to 35 inches, 90 per cent. of which falls during the wet season—November to March.

"The temperature rarely touches freezing point, except on the highlands round Salisbury and Fort Charter, and owing to the great elevation (4000 to 5000 feet) of most of the country, rarely exceeds 90° in the shade. In the low-lying Zambesi valley, however, it is very hot from December to March."

Of the mineral wealth, it seems as yet dangerous to prognosticate. Prophecies are many, and there is every reason to believe that the mines will be prolific as those of the Transvaal. In regard to this matter, however, time alone can show.

GOLD

It may be remembered that in and after 1854, the Boers commenced to block up the path of travellers, and in some cases to cause expulsion of visitors across the Vaal. Doubtless this policy of expulsion originated in the nefarious traffic in "apprentices," which they wished to carry on uninterruptedly, but there was also another reason for their precautions. Stray discoveries of gold had been made from time to time, and gold prospectors began to take an uncomfortable interest in the district. Now the Boers had no desire to open up their country to the mining population, or to run any risks which might interfere with their hardly won independence. After the discoveries of the German explorer Manch, however, they were unable entirely to resist invasion. The ears of the public were tickled. The hint of nuggets in the Transvaal naturally drew thither a horde of adventurous Europeans who would not be denied. The first immigrants betook themselves to Barberton, and some three or four years later to the Witwatersrandt. These appear mostly to have been Scotsmen, for President Burgers christened the earliest goldfields Mac Mac, in consequence of the names of the invaders. Miners and speculators of all kinds commenced to pour into those districts, some to make a fortune as quickly as possible, and rush off

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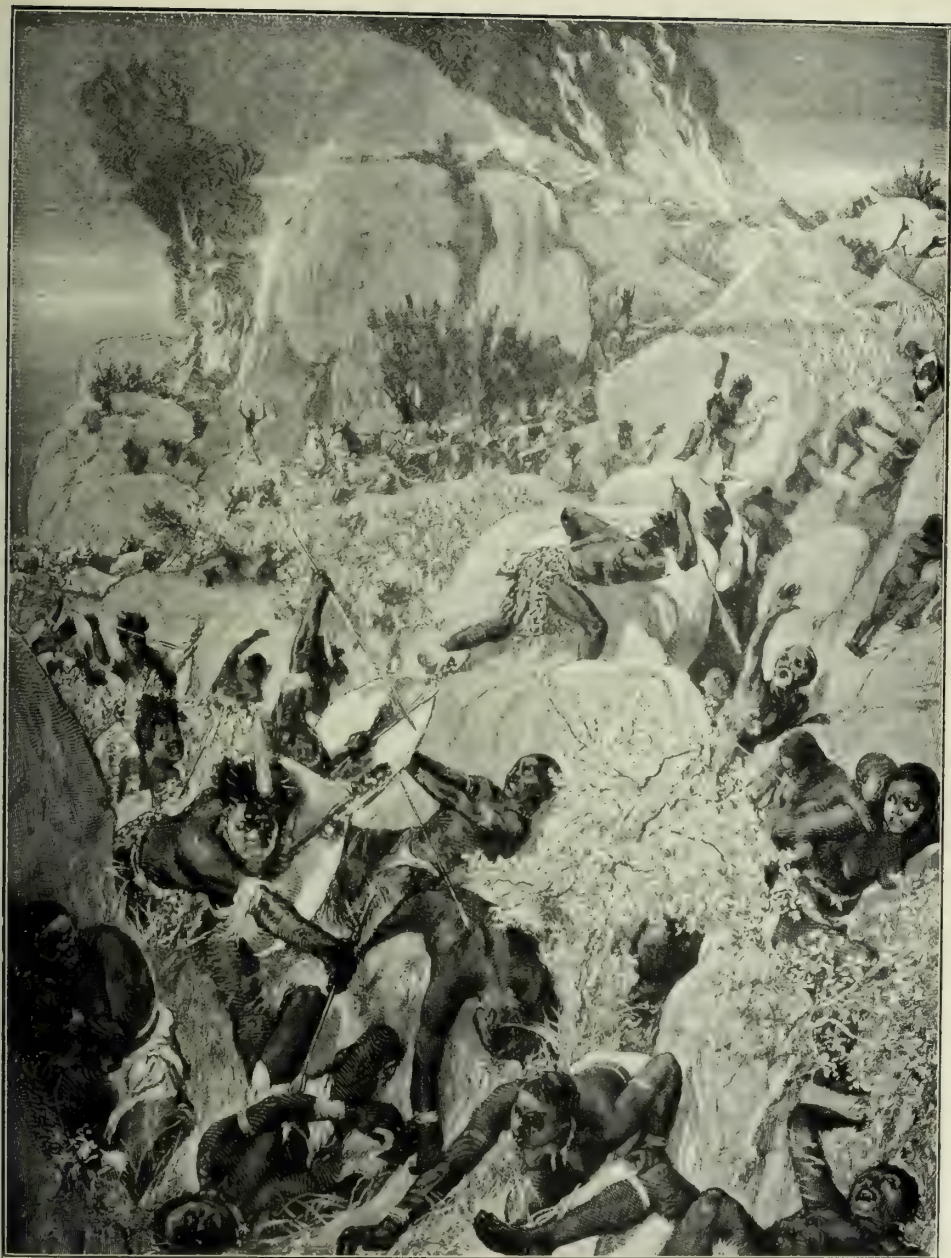
to spend it elsewhere, others to settle themselves in the country and develop schemes for financial outlay, profitable alike to themselves and to the land of their adoption. Now these permanent visitors were scarcely appreciated by the Boers. They foresaw the alien transformed into the citizen, and objected to him. The power which they had acquired, both by long years of hardship and long hours of scheming, they wished to keep entirely in their own hands. With the arrival of further settlers they feared this independence would be materially weakened. In order that further possible citizens might not be attracted to the Transvaal, the Volksraad passed a law calculated to damp their ardour. This law imposed on all candidates for the franchise a residence of five years, to be accompanied by register on the Field Cornet's books, and a payment of £25 on admission to the rights of citizenship.

The first discoverers of the great goldfield are reported to be the Brothers Struben, owing to whose perseverance and patience the Witwatersrandt became the Eldorado of speculators' dreams. In 1886 this locality was declared a public goldfield by formal proclamation, and the South African golden age began.

In a little while the regions north of the Limpopo began to be investigated, and each in their turn to yield up their treasures. In 1888 a concession to work mineral upon his territory was obtained from Lobengula, the Matabele king. A year later the British South Africa Company was founded. The Company having obtained its charter, no time was lost. In 1890, we find the now noted pioneer expedition plying its activities in Mashonaland.

Mr. Basil Worsfold, in a most instructive article in the *Fortnightly Review*, affords an excellent insight into the energy that characterised the Company's proceedings:—"In the space of three months, a road 400 miles in length was cut through jungle and swamp, and a series of forts was erected and garrisoned by the Company's forces. After the Matabele war, which occupied the closing months of 1893, the prospecting and mining for gold was commenced in Matabele, as well as in Mashonaland, and at the present time Buluwayo, Lobengula's kraal, has become the chief centre of the industry. These operations were checked by the revolt of the Matabele and Mashona in 1896, but since that period gold mining has been steadily progressing. The Buluwayo yield for December 1898 amounted to 6258 oz.: while that of the four last months—September to December—of the same year was 18,084 oz., of the value of about £70,000!"

The other fields which yield gold are the Transvaal, Lydenberg, and De Kaap fields, and the Klerksdorp and Potchefstroom fields. The output of these fields continues to grow apace, but how much



A MATABELE RAID IN MASHONALAND.

Drawn by W. Small, from Sketches by A. R. Colquhoun, First Administrator of Mashonaland.

Gold

longer the growth will be maintained is uncertain. The opinion of Mr. Hamilton Smith, who wrote to the *Times* on the subject in 1895, is worth consideration. He says, "In 1894 the value of the Randt gold bullion was £7,000,000, and this without any increase from the new deep-level mines; these latter will become fairly productive in 1897, so for that year a produce of fully £10,000,000 can be fairly expected. Judging from present appearances, the maximum product of the Randt will be reached about the end of the present century, when it will probably exceed £12,500,000 per annum."

It is interesting to find that Mr. Smith's maximum figure was already exceeded in the year 1898, when the total yield of gold was 4,295,602 oz., valued at £15,250,000!

The following table, based on Mr. H. Smith's and Dr. Soetbeer's estimates, affords us an opportunity for comparing the South African output with that of other countries, and the world's present supply with that of former years:—

GOLD OUTPUT FOR 1894.				WORLD'S OUTPUT.			
				From		Average annual value.	
Value.							
United States	.	.	£9,000,000	1700 to 1850	.	.	£2,000,000
Australasia	.	.	8,000,000	1850 to 1875	.	.	25,000,000
South Africa	.	.	7,000,000	1875 to 1890	.	.	20,000,000
Russia (1892)	.	.	4,000,000	1894 (one year only)	.	.	36,000,000

Of the stimulus given to railway construction by the establishment of the gold industry Mr. Worsfold speaks with authority. He says, "To-day, Johannesburg—built on land which in 1886 was part of an absolutely barren waste—is approached by three distinct lines, which connect it directly with the four chief ports of South Africa—Delagoa Bay, Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town. Of these lines the earliest, which traverses the Free State from end to end, and links the Randt with the Cape Colony, was not opened until July 1892. The Pretoria-Delagoa Bay line was completed in the autumn of 1894; and the extension of the Randt railway to Charles-town, the connecting-point with the Natal line, was not effected until the following year. These, together with some subsidiary lines, represent a total of 1000 miles of railway constructed mainly under the stimulus of the gold industry in the Transvaal. To this total two considerable pieces of railway construction, accomplished in the interest of the gold industry in the Chartered Company's territories, must be added. Of these, the first extended the main trunk line of Africa from Kimberley successively to Vryburg and Mafeking, in 1890 and 1894, and then finally to Buluwayo in 1897,

South Africa

and the second, the Beira line, by securing a rapid passage through the 'fly country,' brought Salisbury into easy communication with the East Coast of Africa at the port so named. Taken together, they measure 930 miles. It should be added also that arrangements are already in progress for the extension of the trunk line from Buluwayo to Tanganyika—a distance of about 750 miles. This will form a new and important link in Mr. Rhodes' great scheme of connecting Cape Town with Cairo."

The telegraph advanced more speedily even than railroads, and the population has kept pace with wire and rail. Johannesburg has a population of 120,800 souls, and Buluwayo, a savage desert not long ago, has now an European society of over 5000 persons. It is therefore somewhat questionable if Mr. Froude is justified in his opinion that diamonds and gold are not the stuff of which nations are made. Nations, if they are to expand, must be fed, and while diamond and gold mines give up of their wealth, we are assured of sufficient food to foster expansion. That done, it remains merely with the Government of the flourishing nation to decide whether its work shall be little or large.

It is curious to note that in spite of the disturbance in the Transvaal the mines continued to maintain their position, with the result that the gold output from the Randt for July shows a considerable increase upon previous months. According to the official figures received from the Chamber of Mines, the returns were as follows:—

456,474 ozs. for the Witwatersrandt district
22,019 ozs. for the outside district

478,493 ozs.

The production in June 1899 was:—

445,763 ozs. for the Witwatersrandt district
21,508 ozs. for the outside district

In all 467,271 ozs.

And in July 1898:—

359,343 ozs. for the Witwatersrandt district
22,663 ozs. for the outside district

In all 382,006 ozs.

This table shows that during the twelve months since July 1898 the production of gold on the Randt has increased by 100,000 ozs. a month—equivalent to 1,200,000 ozs. a year. It will be found that, if these returns are compared with the estimates made by competent

Diamonds

authorities, the actual output is far in excess of all estimates. The following is the gold output table, Transvaal, to July 1899 :—

MONTH.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.	TOTAL TO DATE.
	Ozs.	Ozs.	Ozs.	Ozs.	Ozs.	Ozs.
January . . .	177,463	148,178	209,832	336,577	431,010	369,557—1889
February . .	169,296	167,019	211,000	321,238	425,166	42,000—'87-8-9
March . . .	184,945	173,952	232,067	347,643	464,036	494,817—1890
April . . .	186,323	176,003	235,698	353,243	460,349	729,238—1891
May . . .	194,580	195,009	248,305	365,016	466,452	1,210,867—1892
June . . .	200,942	193,640	251,529	365,091	467,271	1,478,473—1893
July . . .	199,453	203,874	242,479	382,006	478,493	2,024,163—1894
August . . .	203,573	213,418	259,603	398,285	...	2,277,640—1895
September .	194,765	202,562	262,150	408,502	...	2,281,175—1896
October . .	192,652	199,890	274,175	423,217	...	3,034,674—1897
November .	195,219	201,113	297,124	413,517	...	4,555,009—1898
December .	178,429	206,517	310,712	440,674	...	3,193,777—1899
Total . .	2,277,640	2,281,175	3,034,674	4,555,009	3,193,777	21,899,562 ozs.

Government Returns ; some additions to be made for Rhodesia.

DIAMONDS

The discovery of diamonds in South Africa was made by a curious accident. One day a trader travelling along in the neighbourhood north of Cape Colony happened to stop at a farm. While there, he was interested in a small child who was toying with a bright and singularly lustrous pebble. His curiosity was aroused, and he suggested that the thing might be rare enough to be of some value. Thereupon the stone was sent to an expert in Grahamstown, who declared it to be a diamond. The stone weighed twenty-one carats and was valued at £500. From that date search was made in and around the locality, and more diamonds, smaller and of inferior quality, were found. During the years 1867–68 nothing very active was done, though now and again these precious stones were discovered near the Vaal River.

In the month of March, 1869, the world was startled and began to open its eyes. The diamond known as “the Star of Africa,” weighing some eighty-three carats in its raw state, was obtained from a Hottentot. This individual had been in possession of the valuable property for some time, and had kept it solely on account of its rarity as a charm. The stone was eventually sold for the sum of £11,000.

The north bank of the Vaal where the discoveries were made was, at that time, a species of “No-Man’s-Land.” The southern bank

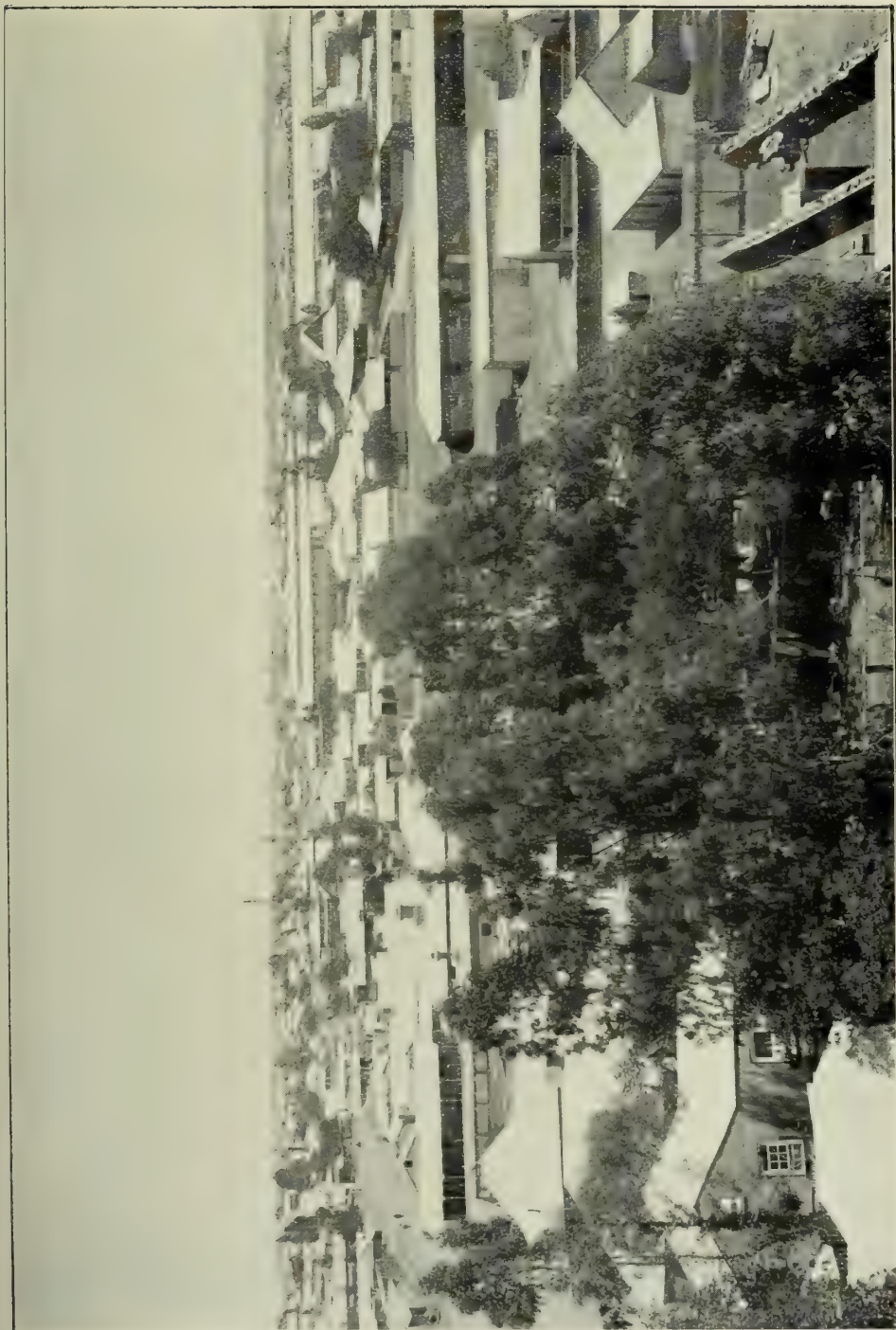
South Africa

belonged to the Free State, but for the other side there were many claimants, none of whom could prove a title to it. The community of miners which there gathered was consequently lawless and ruffianly, and its mode of government was distinctly primitive.

The various claimants, notably the Griqua Captain, Nicholas Waterboer, commenced disputes regarding the valuable portion of the Free State territory, and finally it was decided to submit to British arbitration. President Brand refused the offer, but President M. W. Pretorius of the South African Republic, who had grievances against the Barolong, Batlapin, and Griqua tribes, agreed. A Court was appointed, the Governor of Natal acting as umpire. The interests involved were many, and on the subject of their rights the various claimants seemed somewhat hazy. The Free State was not represented, and the umpire, acting on the evidence of Mr. Arnot (the agent of Nicholas Waterboer) gave judgment against the South African Republic, and allowed the claim of the Griqua Captain, including in the award the tract claimed by him in the Free State. The complicated situation is thus described by Mr. Bryce in his "Impressions of South Africa":—

"As Waterboer had before the award offered his territory to the British Government, the country was forthwith erected into a Crown Colony, under the name of Griqualand West. This was in 1871. The Free State, whose case had not been stated, much less argued, before the umpire, protested, and was after a time able to appeal to a judgment delivered by a British Court, which found that Waterboer had never enjoyed any right to the territory. However, the new Colony had by this time been set up, and the British flag displayed. The British Government, without either admitting or denying the Free State title, declared that a district in which it was difficult to keep order amid a turbulent and shifting population ought to be under the control of a strong power, and offered the Free State a sum of £90,000 in settlement of whatever claim it might possess. The acceptance by the Free State, in 1876, of this sum closed the controversy, though a sense of injustice continued to rankle in the breasts of some of the citizens of the Republic. Amicable relations have subsisted ever since between it and Cape Colony, and the control of the British Government over the Basutos has secured for it peace in the quarter which was formerly most disturbed.

"These two cases show how various are the causes, and how mixed the motives, which press a great power forward even against the wishes of its statesmen. The Basutos were declared British subjects, partly out of a sympathetic wish to rescue and protect them, partly because policy required the acquisition of a country naturally



KIMBERLEY, AS SEEN FROM THE ROCK SHAFT.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

Diamonds

strong, and holding an important strategical position. Griqualand West, taken in the belief that Waterboer had a good title to it, was retained after this belief had been dispelled, partly perhaps because a population had crowded into it which consisted mainly of British subjects, and was not easily controllable by a small State, but mainly because Colonial feeling refused to part with a region of such exceptional mineral wealth. And the retention of Griqualand West caused, before long, the acquisition of Bechuanaland, which in its turn naturally led to that northward extension of British influence which has carried the Union Jack to the shores of Lake Tanganyika."

Griqualand West, whose capital is the salubrious Kimberley, was settled in 1833 by the Griquas or Baastards, a tribe of Dutch Hottentot half-breeds. As we have seen, the territory was claimed by the chief, Waterboer, and his claim was allowed by the Governor of Natal. When he subsequently ceded his rights, the province was annexed to Cape Colony, but with independent jurisdiction. In 1881 it became an integral part of Cape Colony. Griqualand East comprises No-Man's-Land, the Gatberg and St. John's River territory, under eight subordinate magistrates.

A word, before passing on, of Kimberley. This town, hitherto known as the City of Diamonds, has now the distinction of being the casket where Mr. Rhodes, with the price of £5000 on his head, was incarcerated. Its real birth dates from 1869-70, when all the world rushed out to win fortune from its soil. Happily at that time Mr. Cecil Rhodes happened to be in the neighbourhood. With his usual gift of foresight, he recognised that some process of amalgamating the various conflicting claims and interests, and merging them in one huge whole, would be necessary if the value of diamonds was to be kept up. He invented a scheme, and succeeded—the great corporation, the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company, limited the output of diamonds to an annual amount such as Europe and the United States were able to take at a price high enough to leave an adequate profit. This arrangement has, in a measure, had the effect of depopulating the place. At least it has thinned it of the crowd of adventurers who previously infested the region and struggled to maintain an independent existence there. In the absence of these loafers the town is civilised, and comparatively refined. There are groves of gum-trees to promote shade, and thickets of prickly pear, which have ever a rural, though touch-me-not aspect. The low-storeyed houses, built bungalow-wise, have an air of capaciousness and ease; and further out, in Kenilworth, there are comfortable dwellings, surrounded with trees, and suggestive of a certain suburban picturesqueness. This region owes its cheerful and well-ordered aspect entirely to Mr. Rhodes, who is

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at the same time the parent and the apostle of all progress in South Africa.

The diamonds have their home in beds of clay, which are usually covered with calcareous rock. These beds are the remains of mud pits, due to volcanic action. Mr. Bryce, in his "Impressions of South Africa," says:—

"Some of the mines are worked to the depth of 1200 feet by shafts and subterranean galleries. Some are open, and these, particularly that called the Wesselton Mine, are an interesting sight. This deep hollow, one-third of a mile in circumference and 100 feet deep, enclosed by a strong fence of barbed wire, is filled by a swarm of active Kaffir workmen, cleaving the 'hard blue' with pickaxes, piling it up on barrows, and carrying it off to the wide fields, where it is left exposed to the sun, and, during three months, to the rain. Having been thus subjected to a natural decomposition, it is the more readily brought by the pickaxe into smaller fragments before being sent to the mills, where it is crushed, pulverised, and finally washed to get at the stones. Nowhere in the world does the hidden wealth of the soil and the element of chance in its discovery strike one so forcibly as here, where you are shown a piece of ground a few acres in extent, and are told, 'Out of this pit diamonds of the value of £12,000,000 have been taken.' Twenty-six years ago the ground might have been bought for £50."

To encourage honesty in the miner good wages are given, and ten per cent. is allowed to finders of valuable stones who voluntarily deliver these to the overseer. Apropos of this subject, Mr. Bryce relates an amusing tale, which, if not true, is certainly *ben trovato*: "I heard from a missionary an anecdote of a Basuto who, after his return from Kimberley, was describing how, on one occasion, his eye fell on a valuable diamond in the clay he was breaking into fragments. While he was endeavouring to pick it up he perceived the overseer approaching, and, having it by this time in his hand, was for a moment terribly frightened, the punishment for theft being very severe. The overseer, however, passed on. 'And then,' said the Basuto, 'I knew that there was indeed a God, for He had preserved me.'"

Before leaving the subject of diamonds, it may be interesting to note the material increase of the products of the mines year by year. The following is a table of statistics of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, since its formation, 1st April 1888:—

TABLE OF STATISTICS.

Year ending	Number of Loads of Blue Hoisted.	Number of Loads of Blue Washed.	Number of Carats of Diamonds Found.	Amount Realised by Sale of Diamonds.		Number of Carats per Load of Blue.	Amount Realised per Carat Sold.	Amount Realised per Load.		Cost of Production per Load.	Number of Loads of Blue on Floors at Close of Year, exclusive of Lumps.	DIVIDENDS PAID.	
				£	s. d.			£	s. d.			Amount.	Equal to
March 31, 1889, prior to consolidation.	944,706	712,263	914,121	901,818	0 5	1.283	19 8½	25 3½	9 10½	s. d.	476,403	£ 188,329 10 0	5 per cent.
March 31, 1890	2,192,226	1,251,245	1,450,605	2,330,179	16 3	1.15	32 6½	37 2½	8 10½		1,576,821	789,682 0 0	20 "
March 31, 1891	1,978,153	2,029,588	2,020,515	2,974,670	9 0	.99	29 6	29 3½	8 8		1,525,386	789,791 0 0	20 "
* June 30, 1892	3,338,553	3,239,134	3,035,481	3,931,542	11 1	.92	25 6	23 5	7 4.3		1,624,805	1,382,134 5 0	35 "
June 30, 1893	3,090,183	2,108,626	2,229,805	3,239,389	8 6	1.05	29 0.6	30 6	6 11.6		2,606,362	987,238 15 0	25 "
June 30, 1894	2,999,431	2,577,460	2,308,463½	2,820,172	3 9	.89	24 5.2	21 10.6	6 6.8		3,028,333	987,238 15 0	25 "
June 30, 1895	2,525,717	2,854,817	2,435,541½	3,105,957	15 8	.85	25 6	21 8	6 10.8		2,699,233	987,238 15 0	25 "
June 30, 1896	2,698,109	2,597,026	2,363,437½	3,165,382	1 4	.91	26 9.4	24 4.5	7 0.1		2,800,316	1,579,582 0 0	40 "
June 30, 1897	2,515,889	3,011,288	2,769,422½	3,722,099	3 3	.92	26 10.6	24 8.6	7 4.3		2,304,917	1,579,582 0 0	40 "
June 30, 1897	271,777		271,777
De Beers and Kimberley Mines	3,332,688	3,259,692	2,603,250	3,451,214	15 3	.80	26 6.2	21 2.1	6 7.4		2,377,913	1,579,582 0 0	40 per cent.
Premier Mine	1,146,984	691,722	189,356½	196,659	18 8	.27	20 9.3	5 8.2	2 7.1		727,039		

* These figures are for a period of fifteen months. Add 10 per cent. for other products.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRANSVAAL OF TO-DAY

WE have dealt with the exodus of the trekkers, and with the land that subsequently became the Transvaal. It behoves us now to discuss the difference between that primitive pastoral region of the early century and the busy country that may, for distinction sake, be styled the Transvaal of to-day.

Modern geographers apply the name of the Transvaal to the tract of country between the Limpopo River on the north, and the Vaal River on the south. It is bounded on the east by the Lobombo, and the Drakenberg Mountains, which run parallel to the Natal coast, and on the west by British Bechuanaland. On the east lie Portuguese Territory and British Zululand, on the north Rhodesia, on the west British Bechuanaland, and on the south the Orange Free State and Natal. The important rivers are the Limpopo or Crocodile River, so named in compliment to its reptile inhabitants, and the Vaal, a tributary of the Orange River. This rises among the Drakenberg Mountains, and, curving, flows west as a boundary between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The Limpopo rises between Johannesburg and Pretoria, and sprays out north-east, north-west, east, and south-east, reaching the sea in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay. After leaving the Transvaal, owing to the presence of a cataract, it is however unsuitable for purposes of navigation. The district of the Transvaal varies in height from 2000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The Hooge Veld, the uplands of the Drakenberg Mountains, rises from 4000 to 8000 feet above the sea, and between them and the outer slopes of the Lobombo range is a vast tract of some 20,000 square miles of arable land, called the Banken Veld. It furnishes a splendid grazing ground, and corn grows in profusion. The Bosch Veld or Bush Country comprises the centre of the country, and runs west into Bechuanaland. This district is largely infested with the tsetse fly, an insect whose sting means death to almost all domestic animals. Besides this, it is the home of malaria and other fevers. The Hooge Veld, which has a drier, colder, and more healthy climate, is

The Transvaal of To-day

largely used for breeding cattle, and as a grazing ground for sheep and oxen. It is here that, in later days, the gold-mining activity proceeds, as almost everywhere there are believed to be rich auriferous deposits. Its mineral deposits have been the attraction of the Transvaal, for the coal-fields invited the attention of some of the first speculators. In fact, the first railway line of the district ran between Johannesburg and a colliery.

Besides coal may be found silver, copper, and lead. But the great attraction, GOLD, has for the last ten years lured all the money from the pockets of the enterprising. Other metals, such as cinabar, iron, and tin are, for the nonce, like Gray's violet, "born to blush unseen," until some ingenious person discovers in them a subtle attraction.

To show the financial changes which have come over the country within the last ten years, Mr. Campbell, late Vice-President of the Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg, has written a valuable article. In it he gives us the following agrarian position in the Transvaal of the present by areas and by values :—

AREAS.								Per cent.
Boers' own land	65
British	35
								<hr/> 100

But land is valuable not by area merely, but by intrinsic value, and the Boers have sold much of their best land, and taken British gold for it, and when we come to the figures in the Government Dues Office at Pretoria, we have—

VALUE.								Per cent.
Boers'	33
British	67
								<hr/> 100

The net deductions in the Dues Offices are, that the whole of the farms and private lands in the Transvaal, under the mere Boer occupancy, are valued by the outside world at £933,200, whereas to-day, by the addition of the British buyer and holder, they are now valued by the world at ten millions sterling! In figures given above, all land occupied for mining or town sites is excluded.

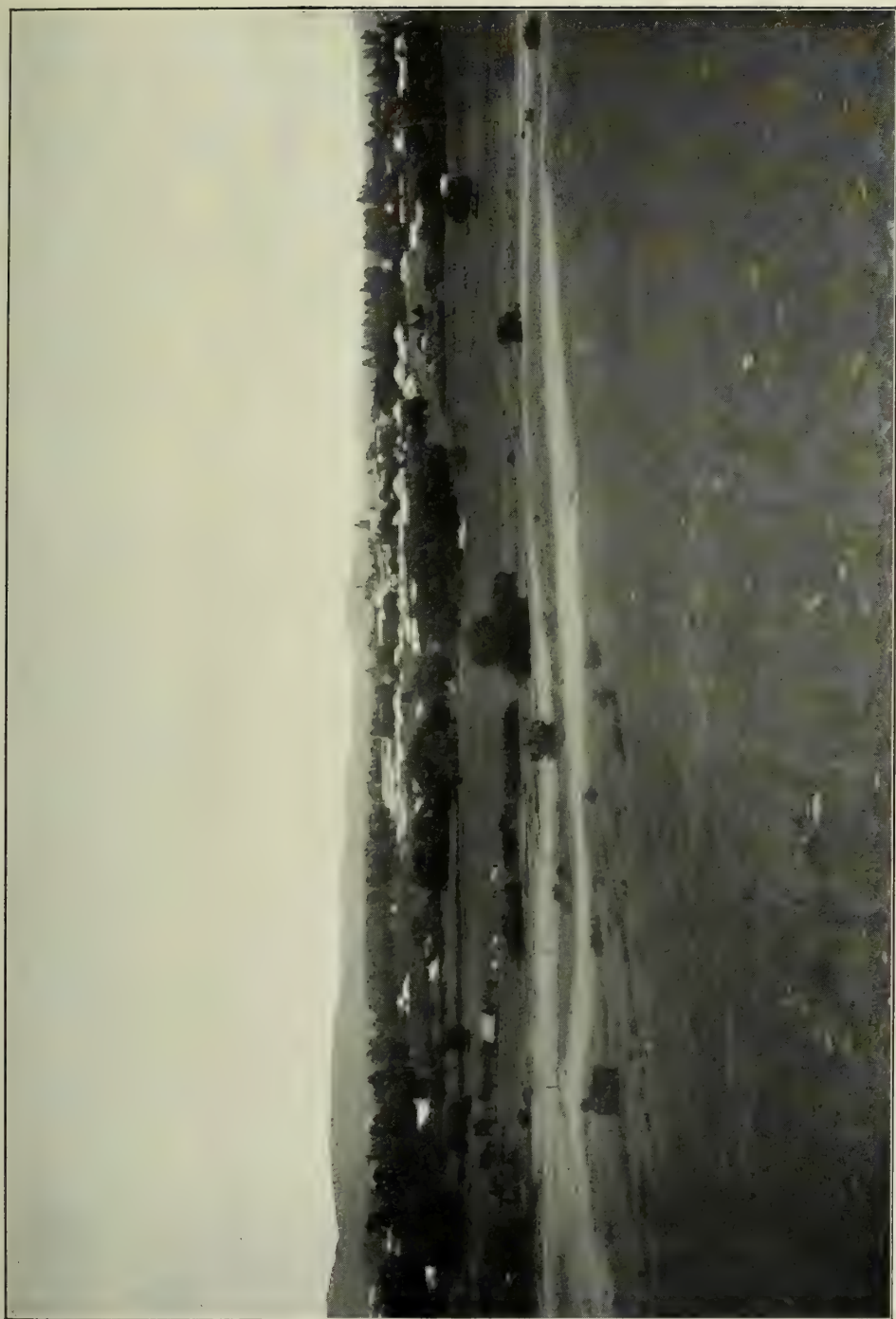
The current yield of gold is computed at the rate of seventeen and a half millions sterling per annum. This is the vitalising source of African trade and African progress. It pays the interest

South Africa

on nearly all South African Railways, is responsible for a large portion of the costs of Government in the Cape Colony, Orange States, Natal as well as Pretoria. And yet the working bees—the white British community of Johannesburg—who have helped to enrich the hive containing the whole of South African interests, have been neglected, if not betrayed, by the Mother Country. They have been deprived of arms, of liberties,—they have suffered insult and disdain, and Great Britain, until forced to do so, has moved not a finger in their defence. The Transvaal, one of the richest districts of the world, merely wants good and sustained government—a government that will grant to all respectable white men free and equal rights. When this shall come to pass, its splendid resources will be developed. The Indian Ocean trade will be supplied with steam coal. The country will sustain itself, and will also export food stuffs, and trade in iron, hide, wool, tin, and quantities of other things, whose value has hitherto been ignored. All that is needed is a dignified acceptance of British responsibilities. South Africa was bought by the paramount Power nearly an hundred years ago, and has since then been administered—if not entirely wisely and well—at least administered, by that Power. British sweat has rained on the country, British muscle has toiled in the country, British blood has flowed in streams over its face, and British bones are mixed with the shifting grains of its sand. It now remains for British sovereignty to wield its sceptre and make its presence felt.

ACCUMULATED AGGRAVATIONS

Since it is impossible to enter into all the intricacies of foreign political relations with the Transvaal, we will return to the Uitlanders. They became more and more unwelcome as their numbers increased. Many Acts were passed, each serving to render more impossible their chances of obtaining the franchise. The fact was that Mr. Kruger, having brought his State to a condition of bankruptcy almost identical with that which existed when Sir T. Shepstone annexed the Transvaal, was struggling to carry on a divided scheme, that of grabbing with both hands from the Uitlander financialists, while endeavouring to maintain with close-fisted obstinacy the exclusiveness, irresponsibility, and bigotry of the primitive trekker. He knew that if he granted full political rights to the outsiders he would no longer be master of his own misguided house. He said as much, and pointed out that were he to do so there would be no alternative but to haul down his flag. This being the case, there was no resource but to transform



PRETORIA FROM THE EAST.

Photo by Wilson, Aertich.

Accumulated Aggravations

the so-called free Republic into an absolute oligarchy. Much has been said of the "Russian despot," but this century can present no more complete spectacle of despotism than that of Mr. Kruger. The Emperor of Russia, autocrat as he is, is guided by the traditions of his empire and the machinations of his ministers, but Mr. Kruger has allowed himself to be reasoned with and influenced by none, and his word has been in reality the only form of law or justice on which the Uitlanders have had to rely. Such system of government as there was was corrupt. Smuggling flourished under the very eye of the officials, and the Field Cornets, whose business it was to act as petty justices, collect taxes, and register arrivals of new-comers, kept their books in a manner more in accord with their personal convenience than with accuracy. Hence, when it came to the question of the naturalisation of the Uitlanders, the books which should have recorded their registration were either withheld or missing. Settlers in the Transvaal between the years 1882 and 1890, owing to this irregularity, were debarred from proving their registration as the law required. Speaking of this period, Mr. Fitzpatrick, in "The Transvaal from Within," says:—

"In the country districts justice was not a commodity intended for the Britisher. Many cases of gross abuse, and several of actual murder occurred, and in 1885 the case of Mr. Jas. Donaldson, then residing on a farm in Lydenburg—lately one of the Reform prisoners—was mentioned in the House of Commons, and became the subject of a demand by the Imperial Government for reparation and punishment. He had been ordered by two Boers (one of whom was in the habit of boasting that he had shot an unarmed Englishman in Lydenburg since the war, and would shoot others) to abstain from collecting hut taxes on his own farm; and on refusing had been attacked by them. After beating them off single-handed, he was later on again attacked by his former assailants, reinforced by three others. They bound him with reims (thongs), kicked and beat him with sjamboks (raw-hide whips) and clubs, stoned him, and left him unconscious and so disfigured that he was thought to be dead when found some hours later. On receipt of the Imperial Government's representations, the men were arrested, tried, and fined. The fines were stated to have been remitted at once by Government, but in the civil action which followed Mr. Donaldson received £500 damages. The incident had a distinctly beneficial effect, and nothing more was heard of the maltreatment of defenceless men simply because they were Britishers."

Nevertheless the hostility between the two races was growing apace, and every ambition of the Uitlanders was promptly nipped in the bud.

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Reforms were at first mildly suggested. Bridges and roads were required, also a remission of certain taxes, but suggestions, even agitations, were in vain. In regard to the franchise question—the crying question of the decade—Mr. Kruger turned an ear more and more deaf. There are none so deaf as those whose ears are stopped up with the cotton-wool of their own bigotry. This bigotry it is almost impossible for enlightened persons to understand. As an instance of the almost fanatical ignorance and prejudice with which the Uitlanders had to contend, we may quote the letter of Mr. Kruger when requested to allow his name to be used as a patron of a ball to be given in honour of her Majesty's birthday. He replied:—

"SIR,—In reply to your favour of the 12th inst., requesting me to ask his Honour the State President to consent to his name being used as a patron of a ball to be given at Johannesburg on the 26th inst., I have been instructed to inform you that his Honour considers a ball as Baal's service, for which reason the Lord ordered Moses to kill all offenders; and as it is therefore contrary to his Honour's principles, his Honour cannot consent to the misuse of his name in such connection.—I have, &c.,

"F. ELOFF,
Private Secretary."

On another occasion, when the question of locust extermination came before the first Raad, the worthies to whom the conduct of the State was confided showed a condition of benighted simplicity that can scarcely be credited.

"*July 21.*—Mr. Roos said locusts were a plague, as in the days of King Pharaoh, sent by God, and the country would assuredly be loaded with shame and obloquy if it tried to raise its hand against the mighty hand of the Almighty.

"Messrs. Declerq and Steenkamp spoke in the same strain, quoting largely from the Scriptures.

"The Chairman related a true story of a man whose farm was always spared by the locusts, until one day he caused some to be killed. His farm was then devastated.

"Mr. Stoop conjured the members not to constitute themselves terrestrial gods, and oppose the Almighty.

"Mr. Lucas Meyer raised a storm by ridiculing the arguments of the former speakers, and comparing the locusts to beasts of prey, which they destroyed.

"Mr. Labuschagne was violent. He said the locusts were different from beasts of prey. They were a special plague sent by God for their sinfulness."

Accumulated Aggravations

Their deliberate unenlightenment, had it not been so tragic for those who suffered in consequence of it, must have been almost comical. On one occasion the question of firing at the clouds to bring down rain was discussed, and declared to be impious.

"August 5.—A memorial was read from Krugersdorp, praying that the Raad would pass a law to prohibit the sending up of bombs into the clouds to bring down rain, as it was a defiance of God, and would most likely bring down a visitation from the Almighty.

"The Memorial Committee reported that they disapproved of such a thing, but at the same time they did not consider that they could make a law on the subject.

"Mr. A. D. Wolmarans said he was astonished at the advice, and he expected better from the Commission. If one of their children fired towards the clouds with a revolver they would thrash him. Why should they permit people to mock at the Almighty in this manner? It was terrible to contemplate. He hoped that the Raad would take steps to prevent such things happening.

"The Chairman (who is also a member of the Memorial Commission) said the Commission thought that such things were only done for a wager.

"Mr. Erasmus said they were not done for a wager, but in real earnest. People at Johannesburg actually thought that they could bring down the rain from the clouds by firing cannons at them."

These quotations are not offered in the spirit of ridicule. The Uitlander question is too serious for joking. They are reproduced to enable those who have no knowledge of the Boer—his petty tyrannies and annoying and irritating habits, and the vexatious regulations from which the Uitlander continually suffered—to form an idea of the terrible mental gulf which existed between oppressor and oppressed. As the constant dropping of water will wear away stone, so the constant fret of Boer treatment wore out the patience of their victims!

It soon became very difficult for even sons of Uitlanders born in the country to obtain the franchise. The naturalised subject resigned his own nationality, and acquired the duties of the citizen and the liability to be called on for military service, only to find out that he could not even then enjoy the rights of the citizen. He felt much as the dog in the fable, which let drop his piece of meat for the sake of a reflection in the water. New laws and regulations continually came into force for the ostensible purpose of improving the state of the Uitlander—laws which in reality were created to bamboozle him still further. What chicanery failed to accomplish the remissness of officials successfully brought about, and the discomfort of the foreign inhabitants was complete. Beside domestic

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there were economic grievances. The position in a nutshell is given by one of the unfortunates:—

“The one thing which we must have—not for its own sake, but for the security it offers for obtaining and retaining other reforms—is the franchise. No promise of reform, no reform itself will be worth an hour’s purchase unless we have the status of voters to make our influence felt. But, if you want the chief economic grievances, they are—the Netherland Railway concession, the dynamite monopoly, the liquor traffic, and native labour, which, together, constitute an unwarrantable burden of indirect taxation on the industry of *over two and a half millions sterling annually*. We petitioned until we were jeered at; we agitated until we—well—came here (Pretoria Gaol); and we know that we shall get no remedy until we have the vote to enforce it. We are not a political but a working community, and if we were honestly and capably governed, the majority of us would be content to wait for the franchise for a considerable time yet in recognition of the peculiar circumstances and of the feelings of the older inhabitants.”

Mrs. Lionel Phillips, as the wife of an Uitlander, has also written her plaint. She says:—

“To show that the grievances of the Uitlanders are indeed real, let me call your attention to a few facts. What would women residing in peaceful England say to the fact that one cannot take a walk out of sight of one’s own house in the suburbs of Johannesburg with safety? The Kaffirs, who in other parts of South Africa treat a white woman with almost servile respect, there make it a most unpleasant ordeal to pass them, and in a lonely part absolutely dangerous.

“Even little girls of the tenderest age are not safe from these monsters. This is, of course, owing to the utterly inadequate police protection afforded by the Government, the ridiculously lenient sentences passed on horrible crimes, and to the adulterated drink sold by licensed publicans to the Kaffirs on all sides. What would be said if, when insulted by a cab-driver, it was found that the nearest policeman was the owner of the cab in question, and refused to render any assistance or listen to any complaint?

“The educational grievance has been so widely circulated that it is needless to mention it now; but what is to be expected of a Government composed of men barely able to write their own names?

“Of course I, as a woman, do not wish to enter into the larger questions of franchise, monopolies, taxation, &c., but being myself an Africander, and well able to recognise the many good qualities of the Boers, you will quite understand that I do not take a pre-

Monopolies and Abuses

judiced view of the situation, and I am in a position better than that of most people to understand the grave reality of the Uitlanders' grievances."

MONOPOLIES AND ABUSES

Of the scandals leading out of the Netherlands Railway concession and the dynamite monopoly it is needless to speak. These monopolies were little more than schemes having for object the diversion of money from the pockets of the British into those either of the Boers or their trusty satellites in the Hollander-German clique. As an instance of the *modus operandi*, an article relative to the railway monopoly in the *Johannesburg Mining Journal* may be quoted :

"RAILWAY MONOPOLY

"This is another carefully designed burden upon the mines and country. The issued capital and loans of the Netherlands Company now total about £7,000,000, upon which an average interest of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—guaranteed by the State—is paid, equal to £370,000 per annum. Naturally the bonds are at a high premium. The company and its liabilities can be taken over by the State at a year's notice, and the necessary funds for this purpose can be raised at three per cent. An offer was recently made to the Government to consolidate this and other liabilities, but the National Bank, which is another concession, has the monopoly of all State loan business, and this circumstance effectually disposed of the proposal. At three per cent. a saving of £160,000 per annum would be made in this monopoly in interest alone. The value represented by the custom dues on the Portuguese border we are not in a position to estimate, but roughly these collections and the fifteen per cent. of the profits paid to the management and shareholders must, with other leakages, represent at least another £100,000 per annum which should be saved the country. As the revenue of the corporation now exceeds £2,000,000 a year, of which only half is expended in working costs, the estimate we have taken does not err upon the side of extravagance. By its neglect of its duties towards the commercial and mining community enormous losses are involved. Thus in the coal traffic the rate, which is now to be somewhat reduced, has been 3d. per ton per mile. According to the returns of the Chamber of Mines, the coal production of the Transvaal for 1895 was 1,045,121 tons. This is carried an average distance of nearly thirty miles, but taking the distance at twenty-four miles the charges are 6s. per ton. At $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton per mile—three times as much as the Cape railways charge—a saving upon the coal rates of 3s. per ton would follow, equal to £150,000 per annum. Again, by the 'bagging' system an additional cost of 2s. 3d. per ton is incurred—details of this item have been recently published in this paper—and if this monopoly were run upon ordinary business lines, a further saving of £110,000 would be made by carrying coal in bulk. The interest upon the amount required to construct the necessary sidings for handling the coal, and the tram-lines required to transport it to the

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mines, would be a mere fraction upon the amount; and as the coal trade in the course of a short time is likely to see a fifty per cent. increase, the estimate may be allowed to stand at this figure without deduction. No data are available to fix the amount of the tax laid upon the people generally by the vexatious delays and losses following upon inefficient railway administration, but the monthly meetings of the local Chamber of Commerce throw some light upon these phases of a monopolistic management. The savings to be made in dealing with the coal traffic must not be taken as exhausting all possible reforms: the particulars given as to this traffic only indicate and suggest the wide area covered by this monopoly, which hitherto has made but halting and feeble efforts to keep pace with the requirements of the public. Dealing as it does with the imports of the whole country, which now amount in value to £10,000,000, the figures we have given must serve merely to illustrate its invertebrate methods of handling traffic, as well as its grasping greed in enforcing the rates fixed by the terms of its concession. Its forty miles of Rand steam tram-line and thirty-five miles of railway from the Vaal River, with some little assistance from the Delagoa line and customs, brought in a revenue of about £1,250,000 in 1895. Now that the Natal line is opened the receipts will probably amount to nearly £3,000,000 per annum, all of which should swell the ordinary revenue of the country instead of remaining in the hands of foreigners as a reservoir of wealth for indigent Hollanders to exploit. The total railway earnings at the Cape and Natal together over all their lines amounted to £3,916,566 in 1895, and the capital expenditure on railways by these colonies amounts to £26,000,000. The greater portion of these receipts come from the Rand trade, which is compelled to pay an additional £2,500,000 carrying charges to the Netherlands Company, which has £7,000,000 of capital. Thus, railway receipts in South Africa amount now to £7,000,000 per annum, of which the Rand contributes at least £5,000,000.

"The revenue of the company is now considerably over £3,000,000 per annum. The management claim that their expenses amount to but forty per cent. of revenue, and this is regarded by them as a matter for general congratulation. The Uitlanders contend that the concern is grossly mismanaged, and that the low cost of working is a fiction. It only appears low by contrast with a revenue swollen by preposterously heavy rates and protected by a monopoly. The tariff could be reduced by one-half, that is to say, a remission of taxation to the tune of one and a half million annually could be effected without depriving the company of a legitimate and indeed very handsome profit."

Perhaps the dynamite monopoly was even more aggravating than the railway one. Mr. Fitzpatrick says it has always been "a very burning question with the Uitlanders. This concession was granted soon after the Barberton Fields were discovered, when the prospects of an industry in the manufacture of explosives were not really very great. The concessionaire himself has admitted that, had he foreseen to what proportions this monopoly would eventually grow, he would not have had the audacity to apply for it. Of course, this is merely a personal question. The fact which concerned the industry was that the right was granted to one man to manufacture explosives, and to sell them at a price nearly 200 per cent. over that at which



Rt. Hon. CECIL JOHN RHODES, P.C.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

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they could be imported. It was found, upon investigation after some years of agitation, that the factory at which this 'manufacture' took place was in reality merely a depôt in which the already manufactured article was manipulated to a moderate extent, so as to lend colour to the President's statement that a local industry was being fostered. An investigation, held by order of the Volksraad, exposed the imposition. The President himself stated that he found he had been deceived, and that the terms of the concession had been broken, and he urged the Raad to cancel it, which the Raad did. The triumph was considerable for the mining industry, and it was the more appreciated in that it was the solitary success to which the Uitlanders could point in their long series of agitations for reform. But the triumph was not destined to be a lasting one. Within a few months the monopoly was revived in an infinitely more obnoxious form. It was now called a Government monopoly, but 'the agency' was bestowed upon a partner of the gentleman who had formerly owned the concession, the President himself vigorously defending this course, and ignoring his own judgment on the case uttered a few months previously. *Land en Volk*, the Pretoria Dutch newspaper, exposed the whole of this transaction, including the system of bribery by which the concessionaires secured their renewal, and among other things made the charge which it has continued to repeat ever since, that Mr. J. M. A. Wolmarans, member of the Executive, received a commission of one shilling per case on every case sold during the continuance of the agency as a consideration for his support in the Executive Council, and that he continues to enjoy this remuneration, which is estimated now to be not far short of £10,000 a year. Mr. Wolmarans, for reasons of pride or discretion, has declined to take any notice of the charge, although frequently pressed to take action in the matter. It is calculated that the burden imposed upon the Witwatersrandt mines alone amounts to £600,000 per annum, and is, of course, daily increasing."

Between the years 1890 and 1895 there were many negotiations over Swaziland. The South African Republic, ever anxious to extend its borders, longed to advance eastward to the sea. Negotiations were started in regard to this arrangement. The Transvaal had recognised the British occupation of Rhodesia, and the British in return agreed to allow the Transvaal to make a railway through Amatongaland to Kosi Bay, and acquire a seaport, if, within three years, it joined the South African Customs Union.

But Mr. Kruger, luckily for Imperial interests, would not entertain the idea. He did not want to come into confederation with the Cape. The Orange Free State, however, joined the Cape system, and the South African Customs Union was started. The advan-

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tages to the Free State of this arrangement, though unforeseen, were many; the principal being the privilege of importing, unmolested, arms and ammunition over the Cape Government railway lines. Finally, in 1895, the administration of Swaziland was transferred to the South African Republic on certain conditions. It was not to be incorporated with the Republic, European settlers were to have full burgher rights, monopolies were forbidden, English and Dutch languages were to be on an equal footing, and no duties higher than the maximum tariff rates imposed by the South African Republic or by the Customs Union were to be allowed. The territory of Amatongaland was annexed by the British in 1895, and the Transvaal thus lost its one chance of an outlet towards the sea.

THE FRANCHISE

The much-vexed question of the Franchise continued to rankle in the hearts of the Uitlanders. Its ramifications had grown so complicated that even lawyers in discussing the matter continually found themselves in error. We may therefore be excused from attempting to examine its niceties, or rather its—well—the reverse. In 1893 a petition, signed by upwards of 13,000 aliens in favour of granting the extension of the Franchise, was received by the Raad with derision. In 1895 a monster petition was got up by the National Union, an organisation formed for the purpose of righting the wrongs of the Uitlanders. During the great Franchise debate in August 1895, Mr. R. K. Loveday, one of the Loyalists in the war, in the course of an address dealing with the subject, expressed himself very definitely and concisely, and in a manner which could not be refuted. He said—

“The President uses the argument that they should naturalise, and thus give evidence of their desire to become citizens. I have used the same argument, but what becomes of such arguments when met with the objections that the law requires such persons to undergo a probationary period extending from fourteen to twenty-four years before they are admitted to full rights of citizenship, and even after one has undergone that probationary period he can only be admitted to full rights by the resolution of the First Raad? Law IV. of 1890, being the Act of the two Volksraads, lays down clearly and distinctly that those who have been eligible for ten years for the Second Raad can be admitted to full citizenship. So that, in any case, the naturalised citizen cannot obtain full rights until he reaches the age of forty years, he not being

The Franchise

eligible for the Second Raad until he is thirty years. The child born of non-naturalised parents must therefore wait until he is forty years of age, although at the age of sixteen he may be called upon to do military service, and may fall in the defence of the land of his birth. When such arguments are hurled at me by our own flesh and blood—our kinsmen from all parts of South Africa—I must confess I am not surprised that these persons indignantly refuse to accept citizenship upon such unreasonable terms. The element I have just referred to—namely, the Africander element—is very considerable, and numbers thousands, hundreds of whom, at the time this country was struggling for its independence, accorded it moral and financial support, and yet these very persons are subjected to a term of probation extending from fourteen to twenty-four years. It is useless for me to ask you whether such a policy is just and reasonable or Republican, for there can be but one answer, and that is ‘No!’ Is there one man in this Raad who would accept the Franchise on the same terms? Let me impress upon you the grave nature of this question, and the absolute necessity of going to the burghers without a moment’s delay and consulting and advising them. Let us keep nothing from them regarding the true position, and I am sure we shall have their hearty co-operation in any reasonable scheme we may suggest. This is a duty we owe them, for we must not leave them under the impression that the Uitlanders are satisfied to remain aliens, as stated by some of the journals. I move amongst these people, and learn to know their true feelings, and when public journals tell you that these people are satisfied with their lot they tell you that which they know to be false. Such journals are amongst the greatest sources of danger that the country has. We are informed by certain members that a proposition for the extension of the Franchise must come from the burghers, but, according to the Franchise Law, the proposition must come from the Raad, and the public must consent. The member for Rustenberg says that there are 9338 burghers who have declared that they are opposed to the extension of the Franchise. Upon reference to the Report he will find that there are only 1564 opposed to the extension. Members appear afraid to touch upon the real question at issue, but try to discredit the memorials by vague statements that some of the signatures are not genuine, and the former member for Johannesburg, Mr. J. Meyer, seems just as anxious to discredit the people of Johannesburg as formerly he was to defend them.”

In spite of all that was said and done, however, no progress was made. The debate was closed on the third day, the request

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of the memorialists was refused, and they were referred for satisfaction to the existing laws.

About this time the Transvaal came very near to war with Great Britain. As before stated, Mr. Kruger was much bound up with the affairs of the Netherlands Railway Company and its Hollander-German promoters. He attempted to divert the stream of Johannesburg traffic to Delagoa Bay, for the purpose of keeping profit from the pockets of the British. The freights, however, were evaded by unloading the goods at the frontier, and taking them across the Vaal in waggons. It was easy thus to forward goods—between Johannesburg and Viljoens Drift—direct by the Cape Railway.

But Mr. Kruger was not to be defeated. In October 1895, he closed the drifts or fords of the Vaal to all waggon loads of goods from Cape Colony. Unfortunately the President had overreached himself. The people of Cape Colony and those of the Free State were indignant, and the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, and the Cape Premier, Mr. Rhodes, both brought their influence to bear on the President. He was obdurate. Mr. Chamberlain, the new Colonial Secretary, came to the rescue. He put his foot down, and a determined foot it was. He sent an ultimatum to Mr. Kruger announcing that closure of the drifts after the 15th of November would be considered an act of war.

The drifts were reopened. But the Netherlands Railway Company still stuck to their tariffs and their aim of depriving the British Colonies of the custom dues and railway rates on the traffic of Johannesburg. Consequently this thorn in the side of the British Colonists was left to fester.

Day by day the discontent grew, and the cry of "No taxation without representation" became the Uitlanders' motto. They perceived that they were deprived of rights, yet expected to serve as milch cows for the fattening of a State that was arming itself at all points against them, and they came to the conclusion that some strong measures must now be taken for their protection. The Chamber of Mines and the Transvaal National Union had spent some time in advocating purely constitutional methods, the Chamber of Mines exploiting the grievances of the Gold Mining industry, while the National Union struggled for general reforms which should make the conditions of Uitlander life less intolerable than they were. The Reformers, whose chairman was Mr. Charles Leonard, a solicitor of good practice in Johannesburg, were mostly men of the middle and professional classes. The capitalists, being anxious to keep in with the Transvaal Government, were some-



SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES—BOUND FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

The Reform Movement

what shy of the National Unionists; while the working men on their side were suspicious of the motives of the Reformers, and were chary of lending themselves to any scheme which might conduce to the profit of the millionaires. The National Union clearly expressed its aims in a manifesto which ended with the exposition of the Charter which its members hoped to obtain. It said:

“We want—

1. The establishment of this Republic as a true Republic.
2. A Grondwet, or Constitution, which shall be framed by competent persons selected by representatives of the whole people, and framed on lines laid down by them.
3. An equitable Franchise Law and fair representation.
4. Equality of the Dutch and English languages.
5. Responsibility to the Legislature of the heads of the great departments.
6. Removal of religious disabilities.
7. Independence of the Courts of Justice with adequate and secured remuneration of the Judges.
8. Liberal and comprehensive Education.
9. Efficient Civil Service, with adequate provision for pay and pension.
10. Free Trade in South African products.”

The Manifesto wound up with the pertinent question, “How shall we get it?”

The “how” was to have been decided at a public meeting fixed for the 27th of December 1895, and subsequently postponed till January 8th, 1896. But what the National Union proposed the Jameson Raid disposed. The meeting was destined never to take place!

THE REFORM MOVEMENT

Before 1895 the wealthier members of the community refused to entertain the suggestion of coercive measures, but after the Volksraad in session revealed the real policy of the Government, even they began to perceive that revolutionary action might become obligatory. Though the capitalists were advised by those who knew to avoid spending money on hopeless efforts at reform, and to steer clear, if possible, of the political imbroglio, they eventually joined hands with the Reformers. How the egg of the Jameson conspiracy came to be laid no one exactly knew. Certain it was that those who looked for the hatching of a swan, were

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confronted with a very ugly duckling indeed! Arms and ammunition were purchased, and these, concealed as gold-mining impedimenta, were smuggled into the country. Messrs. Leonard and Phillips, two prominent Reformers, consulted Mr. Rhodes as to future affairs, but Mr. Rhodes was in the awkward position of acting at one and the same time as Managing Director of the Consolidated Gold Fields in the Transvaal, Prime Minister of the Colony, and Managing Director of the Chartered Company, and consequently was a little vague in his propositions. After some conversation, he decided that he would, at his own expense, keep Dr. Jameson and his troops on the frontier "as a moral support."

Later on in September Dr. Jameson visited Johannesburg, and made his arrangements in person. It was agreed that he should maintain a force of 1500 mounted men, fully equipped, and that besides, having with him 1500 spare rifles, and some spare ammunition, there should be about 5000 rifles, three Maxims, and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition smuggled into Johannesburg. The idea was, that the Uitlanders would prepare their revolt, and that should Dr. Jameson's services be needed, Johannesburg, with 9000 armed men and a fair equipment of machine guns and cannon, would be prepared to co-operate: at that time it seemed no difficult matter to seize the fort and magazines at Pretoria for the time being. It was in course of repair, and in charge merely of a hundred men, most of whom could be relied on to be asleep or off duty after nine o'clock at night. The plan of seizing the fort, capturing the ammunition, and clearing it off so as to enforce their views without bloodshed seemed perfectly feasible, and Dr. Jameson readily agreed to lend himself to the scheme for giving such "moral support" as was required by the Uitlander Reformers. Of their part in the affair it is difficult to speak impartially. It appears on the surface that they induced this man, for no personal motive either of financial gain or political power, to lend himself willingly to be the tool of the aggrieved Uitlanders; who, when the time came, were too vacillating between their fear of the Republic and the desire for their own individual good, to support the person whom they had chosen for their champion, and who so disinterestedly was prepared to risk both life and position in their service! It was decided, however, that the Reformers should arrange a revolution, which would have the effect of forcing the hands of the Transvaal Government. The High Commissioner, as they imagined, would come on the scene as a final arbitrator. Dr. Jameson's troops, who had acted so effectively in the Matabele campaign, were to be kept at Pitsani

The Reform Movement

on the Bechuana border, in order if necessary to come at a given signal to the rescue of the Uitlanders. The idea was not without precedent. Sir Henry Loch, two years before, in dread of a Johannesburg rising, had considered the advisability of placing troops on the border.

So as to justify his action to the directors of the Chartered Company and the Imperial authorities, the following undated letter was sent to Dr. Jameson, Mafeking :—

“DEAR SIR,—The position of matters in this State has become so critical, that we are assured that at no distant period there will be a conflict between the Government and the Uitlander population. It is scarcely necessary for us to recapitulate what is now matter of history; suffice it to say, that the position of thousands of Englishmen, and others, is rapidly becoming intolerable. Not satisfied with making the Uitlander population pay virtually the whole of the revenue of the country while denying them representation, the policy of the Government has been steadily to encroach upon the liberty of the subject, and to undermine the security for property to such an extent as to cause a very deep-seated sense of discontent and danger. A foreign corporation of Hollanders is to a considerable extent controlling our destinies, and in conjunction with the Boer leaders endeavouring to cast them in a mould which is wholly foreign to the genius of the people. Every public act betrays the most positive hostility, not only to everything English, but to the neighbouring States.

“Well, in short, the internal policy of the Government is such as to have roused into antagonism to it not only practically the whole body of Uitlanders, but a large number of the Boers; while its external policy has exasperated the neighbouring States, causing the possibility of great danger to the peace and independence of this Republic. Public feeling is in a condition of smouldering discontent. All the petitions of the people have been refused with a greater or less degree of contempt; and in the debate on the Franchise petition, signed by nearly 40,000 people, one member challenged the Uitlanders to fight for the rights they asked for, and not a single member spoke against him. Not to go into details, we may say that the Government has called into existence all the elements necessary for armed conflict. The one desire of the people here is for fair play, the maintenance of their independence, and the preservation of those public liberties without which life is not worth living. The Government denies these things, and violates the national sense of Englishmen at every turn.

“What we have to consider is, what will be the condition of things

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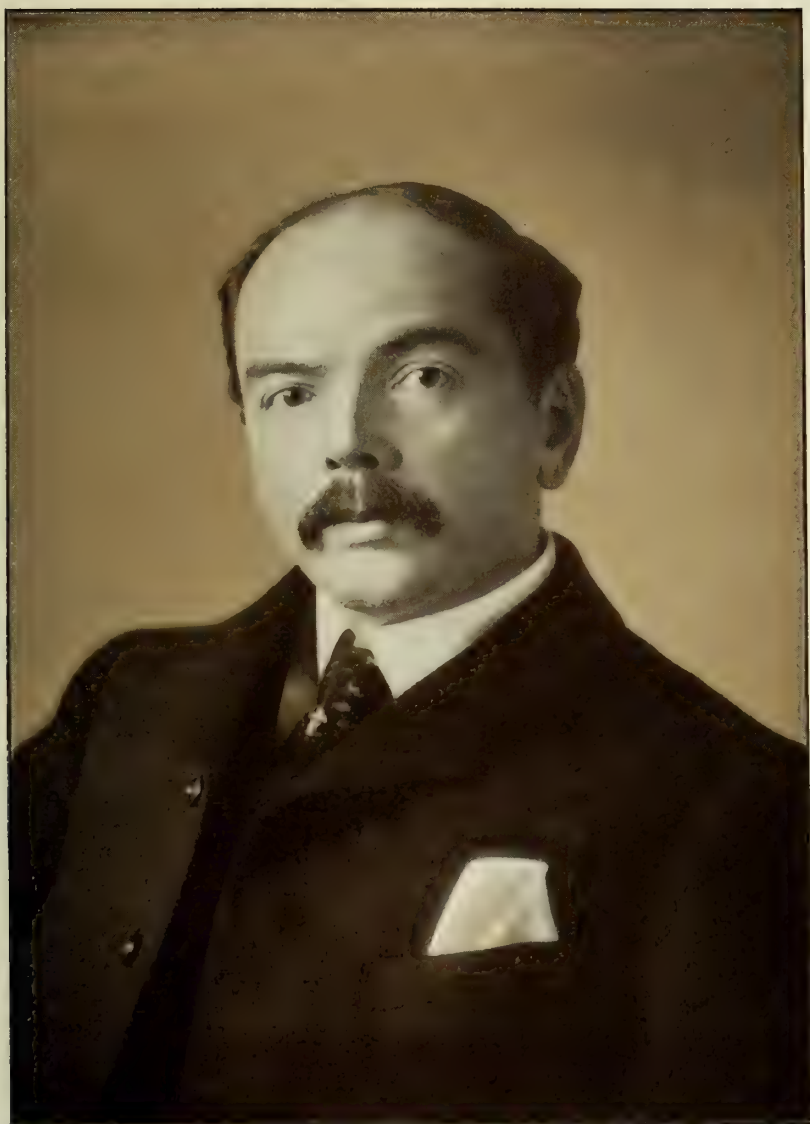
here in the event of a conflict? Thousands of unarmed men, women, and children of our race will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value will be in the greatest peril. We cannot contemplate the future without the gravest apprehensions. All feel that we are justified in taking any steps to prevent the shedding of blood, and to ensure the protection of our rights.

"It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid should a disturbance arise here. The circumstances are so extreme that we cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated. We guarantee any expense that may reasonably be incurred by you in helping us, and ask you to believe that nothing but the sternest necessity has prompted this appeal.

"CHARLES LEONARD.
LIONEL PHILLIPS.
FRANCIS RHODES.
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.
GEORGE FARRAR."

It was arranged that Dr. Jameson should start from camp on the night of the outbreak at Johannesburg—either on the 28th of December or on the 4th of January—according to notice which would subsequently be given. From this moment, however, doubts began to fill the minds of the Reformers. They were dissatisfied with the quantity of arms they had been able to smuggle into the town; there was a want of cohesion among the different sections of those interested; they went so far as to disagree as to what flag they were going to revolt under. The Reformers were evidently not all of Dr. Jameson's opinion, that the Union Jack was the one and only flag under which they could hope for justice—they were, as we know, only comrades in suffering but not compatriots, and besides this, many declared that reform and not annexation was what they were anxious to secure.

Here we have before us what made the complicated riddle of the Raid. Since it has defied all the Œdipuses of the century, we will not endeavour to unravel it. Did the Reformers set all their grievances aside before the paramount question, "Under which flag, Jameson?" or did they make use of the flag argument to cover a series of vacillations which prevented them from acting up to the rules of the conspiracy they themselves had set on foot? Did Mr. Rhodes engage in the plot for the sake of financial gain? Did he do so out of sympathy for the "cause," or did he attempt a magnificent political *coup*? And lastly—Did that unhappy scape-goat, the gallant Jameson, launch himself on the wild mistaken



Dr LEANDER STARR JAMESON.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

The Critical Moment

escapade to rescue his fellow-countrymen from oppression, to serve his private ends financial or political, or from the sheer spirit of adventure which, in some degree, animates every British heart? Who shall say?

THE CRITICAL MOMENT

It was arranged, as has been mentioned, that the rising at Johannesburg should take place on the night of the 4th of January. The arsenal at Pretoria was to be seized, and Dr. Jameson with his troops was to make his appearance, assist the Reformers in urging their claims, and, if necessary, save the women and children from possible violence.

"According to the original plan," says Mrs. Lionel Phillips in her "South African Recollections," "what with the smuggled rifles, those in private hands, the spare weapons to be brought by Jameson's men, and those men (the Reformers) themselves, Johannesburg must have mustered a little army of not less than 5000 men, to say nothing of the guns which might possibly be captured in the arsenal. It was believed that with this force the town could be held against any attack that might be made by the Transvaal forces, and that, upon a failure in the first assault, the Boers would have adopted their well-known tactics of cutting off supplies, with a view to starving the town into submission. To meet this contingency the town was provisioned for two months, and it was supposed that the British Government would never sit still and allow the Uitlanders to be forced into capitulation in the face of the wrongs which they had suffered. In November, when Jameson came to Johannesburg, the supporting force had dwindled to 800. The telegrams apprising the Reformers of his advance spoke of 700, and in reality he started with less than 500 men."

But by the time the plot should have neared completion, the conspirators, as has been shown, had ceased to be of one accord on the subject. On Christmas Day Mr. Leonard interviewed Mr. Rhodes in Cape Town, and represented to him the divided state of affairs. Meanwhile the Reformers in Johannesburg desired to make known to Dr. Jameson their change of front, and, to prevent him starting on the expedition, despatched two messengers to Pitsani Camp by different routes. These messages were received on December the 28th, and with them other telegraphic ones from Mr. Leonard and Mr. Rhodes explicitly directing the expedition not to start.

The news that Dr. Jameson had started, in spite of these

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messages, came on the Reformers like a thunderclap. They were not ready—they had not sufficient arms to fight with, and they were not of one mind. The doing had been easy enough, and they had fancied the undoing would be as simple. They had laid their gunpowder train without thinking of the number of firebrands that surrounded it! Amazement gave way to indignation, and the Reformers were not slow to hint that Mr. Rhodes or Dr. Jameson had disregarded the messages in order to further their personal ends. The most charitable decided that the Doctor's starting was due merely to misunderstanding. Many rumours of discontent and disturbance were floating about, and it was believed that some of these might have reached the Doctor's ears and influenced his actions. Anyway the Reformers were at sea. All they could do was to arm as many men as possible with a view to defence—to holding the town against any attack that might be made by the Transvaal forces, and to decide to take no initiative against the Boers. No uneasiness was felt regarding Jameson, for it was believed that he was well supported by not less than 800 men, and that the Boers would stand a poor chance against a body so well equipped and trained as his was supposed to be. The position taken up is explained in a notice of the Reform Committee in the *Johannesburg Star*:—

“Notice is hereby given, that this Committee adheres to the National Union Manifesto, and reiterates its desire to maintain the independence of the Republic. The fact that rumours are in course of circulation to the effect that a force has crossed the Bechuanaland border, renders it necessary to take active steps for the defence of Johannesburg and the preservation of order. The Committee earnestly desires that the inhabitants should refrain from taking any action which can be considered as an overt act of hostility against the Government.”

The High Commissioner and the Premier of Cape Colony were communicated with and informed that Dr. Jameson, having started with an armed force, Johannesburg was in peril which there was no means to avert. The High Commissioner was further invited to come to Johannesburg to effect a settlement and prevent civil war. Arrangements were then made for the arming of some 2000 men. These preparations and others speedily became known to the Government in Pretoria. No steps, it appears, had been taken to preserve secrecy, as the Committee did not hold themselves responsible for Dr. Jameson's action. The result was the publication of the following Proclamation by the President:—

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“PROCLAMATION BY HIS HONOUR THE STATE PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

“Whereas, it has appeared to the Government of the South African Republic that there are rumours in circulation to the effect that earnest endeavours are being made to endanger the public safety of Johannesburg; and whereas the Government is convinced that, in case such rumours may contain any truth, such endeavours can only emanate from a small portion of the inhabitants, and that the greater portion of the Johannesburg inhabitants are peaceful, and are prepared to support the Government in its endeavours to maintain law and order.

“Now, know you that I, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, State President of the South African Republic, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, according to Article 913 of its minutes, dated the 30th of December 1895, do hereby warn those evil-intentioned persons (as I do hereby urge all such persons to do) to remain within the pale of the law, and all such persons not heeding this warning shall do so on their own responsibility; and I do further make known that life and property shall be protected against which attempts may be made, and that every peaceful inhabitant of Johannesburg, of whatsoever nationality he may be, is called upon to support me herein, and to assist the officials charged therewith; and further be it known, that the Government is still prepared to take into consideration all grievances that may be laid before it in a proper manner, and to submit the same to the people of the land without delay for treatment.”

The High Commissioner also issued a Proclamation calling on Dr. Jameson to return to British territory at once, and this was forwarded to him at different points in order that there might be no mistake and that the invasion might yet be arrested. Meanwhile Mr. Marais (the editor of the leading Dutch paper) and Mr. Malan (the son-in-law of Joubert) were proceeding with a commando for the purpose of fighting for their Government should Dr. Jameson disobey the Proclamation. They excused themselves under the plea “that if from unreasonable action of Johannesburg, fighting should take place between the Government forces and a revolutionary force from Johannesburg, they were in duty bound to fight, and that among their ranks would be found many who had been active workers in the ranks of the Reformers.”

It was subsequently decided that a deputation of Reformers should negotiate with the Government for a peaceful settlement on

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the basis of the Manifesto. Their programme was somewhat broad. They were to approach the Government pacifically and at the same time insist on their rights and the redress of their grievances—"to avow the association of Dr. Jameson's forces so far as it had existed, and to include him in any settlement that might be made."

They also, in answer to a telegram from the British Agent, refused to repudiate Dr. Jameson, and said, "in order to avert bloodshed on grounds of Dr. Jameson's action, if Government will allow Dr. Jameson to come in unmolested, the Committee will guarantee with their persons if necessary that he will leave again peacefully with as little delay as possible."

Meanwhile the committee remained in the most horrible doubt and suspense. No word came from Jameson. That he had started they knew, and that was the extent of their knowledge. They still trusted that, on ascertaining that there was no necessity for intervention on behalf of the Uitlanders, he and his troops would obey the orders of the High Commissioner, and retire peacefully from the Transvaal.

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From all accounts it appears that Dr. Jameson and his party gathered together at Pitsani early in December. He drilled his troops and general preparations were made, without sufficient secrecy however, for the projected invasion. It was unfortunate for the scheme that these plans were publicly spoken of in society in England at the same time as they were merely being discussed in whispers in Johannesburg! On Sunday the 29th of December 1895, Dr. Jameson read aloud to his troops the letter which has been printed, and which, simultaneously with his departure, was sent by Dr. Rutherford Harris to the *Times*, to justify the action which in a few hours would become world famous. This letter the Reformers subsequently declared was treacherously made use of, as they had not had occasion to send the appeal therein mentioned. It is evident that at that time Dr. Jameson believed that his plans were so well arranged that there would be no bloodshed, that, indeed, he would appear in the nick of time to afford the "moral support" he had originally engaged to provide. The troops were to go straight to Johannesburg before the Boers had time to assemble their forces or to take any measures to stop him. The Doctor explained that they were marching to the rescue of the oppressed, and implied that they were going under the auspices of

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the British flag. On hearing the latter statement a considerable number of the troops refused to take part in the enterprise, and this may account for the fact that while the Reformers believed Dr. Jameson to be supported by some 800 men or more, he was in reality accompanied by only 480. Here, in order to give the crude facts of the Raid as known to the public, we may copy the report of the affair made by Sir John Willoughby to the War Office:—

“SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY’S REPORT TO THE WAR OFFICE

“Official Report of the Expedition that left the Protectorate at the urgent request of the leading citizens of Johannesburg, with the object of standing by them and maintaining law and order whilst they were demanding justice from the Transvaal authorities. By Sir John C. Willoughby, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Dr. Jameson’s Forces.

“On Saturday, December 28, 1895, Dr. Jameson received a Reuter’s telegram, showing that the situation at Johannesburg had become acute. At the same time reliable information was received that the Boers in the Zeerust and Lichtenburg districts were assembling, and had been summoned to march on Johannesburg.

“Preparations were at once made to act on the terms of the letter dated December 20, and already published, and also in accordance with verbal arrangements with the signatories of that letter—viz., that should Dr. Jameson hear that the Boers were collecting, and that the intentions of the Johannesburg people had become generally known, he was at once to come to the aid of the latter with whatever force he had available, and without further reference to them, the object being that such force should reach Johannesburg without any conflict.

“At 3 P.M. on Sunday afternoon, December 29, everything was in readiness at Pitsani Camp. The troops were paraded, and Dr. Jameson read the letter of invitation from Johannesburg.

“He then explained to the force—(a) that no hostilities were intended; (b) that we should only fight if forced to do so in self-defence; (c) that neither the persons nor property of inhabitants of the Transvaal were to be molested; (d) that our sole object was to help our fellow-men in their extremity, and to ensure their obtaining attention to their just demands.

“Dr. Jameson’s speech was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the men, who cheered most heartily.

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"The above programme was strictly adhered to until the column was fired upon on the night of the 31st.

"Many Boers, singly and in small parties, were encountered on the line of march; to one and all of these the pacific nature of the expedition was carefully explained.

"The force left Pitsani Camp at 6.30 P.M., December 29, and marched through the night. At 5.15 A.M., on the morning of the 30th, the column reached the village of Malmani (thirty-nine miles distant from Pitsani). Presently, at the same moment, the advanced guard of the Mafeking Column (under Colonel Grey) reached the village, and the junction was effected between the two bodies. . . .

"From Malmani I pushed on as rapidly as possible in order to cross in daylight the very dangerous defile at Lead Mines. This place, distant seventy-one miles from Pitsani, was passed at 5.30 P.M., December 30.

"I was subsequently informed that a force of several hundred Boers, sent from Lichtenburg to intercept the force at this point, missed doing so by three hours only.

"At our next 'off-saddle' Dr. Jameson received a letter from the Commandant-General of the Transvaal demanding to know the reason of our advance, and ordering us to return immediately. A reply was sent to this, explaining Dr. Jameson's reasons in the same terms as those used to the force at Pitsani. .

"At Doornport (ninety-one miles from Pitsani), during an 'off-saddle' early on Tuesday morning, December 31, a mounted messenger overtook us, and presented a letter from the High Commissioner, which contained an order to Dr. Jameson and myself to return at once to Mafeking and Pitsani.

"A retreat by now was out of the question, and to comply with these instructions an impossibility. In the first place, there was absolutely no food for men or horses along the road which we had recently followed; secondly, three days at least would be necessary for our horses, jaded with forced marching, to return; on the road ahead we were sure of finding, at all events, some food for man and beast. Furthermore, we had by now traversed almost two-thirds of the total distance; a large force of Boers was known to be intercepting our retreat, and we were convinced that any retrograde movement would bring on an attack of Boers from all sides.

"It was felt, therefore, that to ensure the safety of our little force, no alternative remained but to push on to Krugersdorp to our friends, who, we were confident, would be awaiting our arrival there.

"Apart from the above considerations, even had it been possible to effect a retreat from Doornport, we knew that Johannesburg had

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risen, and felt that by turning back we should be shamefully deserting those coming to meet us.

"Finally, it appeared to us impossible to turn back, in view of the fact that we had been urgently called in to avert a massacre, which we had been assured would be imminent in the event of a crisis such as had now occurred.

"Near Boon's store, on the evening of the 31st, an advanced patrol fell in with Lieutenant Eloff, of the Krugersdorp Volunteers. This officer, in charge of a party of fifteen scouts, had come out to gain intelligence of our movements. He was detained whilst our intentions were fully explained to him, and then released at Dr. Jameson's request.

"At midnight (New Year's Eve), while the advanced scouts were crossing a rocky, wooded ridge at right angles to and barring the line of advance, they were fired on by a party of forty Boers, who had posted themselves in this position. The scouts, reinforced by the advanced guard, under Inspector Straker, drove off their assailants after a short skirmish, during which one trooper of the M.M.P. was wounded.

"At Van Oudtshoorn's, early on the following morning (Jan. 1), Dr. Jameson received a second letter from the High Commissioner, to which he replied in writing. At 9.30 A.M. the march was resumed in the usual day formation. After marching two miles the column got clear of the hills, and emerged into open country.

"About this time Inspector Drury, in command of the rear guard, sent word that a force of about one hundred Boers was following him about one mile in rear. I thereupon reinforced the rear guard, hitherto consisting of a troop and one Maxim, by an additional half troop and another Maxim.

"About five miles beyond Van Oudtshoorn's store the column was met by two cyclists bearing letters from several leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee. These letters expressed the liveliest approval and delight at our speedy approach, and finally contained a renewal of their promise to meet the column with a force at Krugersdorp. The messengers also reported that only 300 armed Boers were in the town.

"This news was communicated to the troops, who received it with loud cheers. When about two miles from Hind's store the column was delayed by extensive wire fencing, which ran for one and a half miles on either side of the road, and practically constituted a defile.

"While the column was halted and the wire being cut, the country for some distance on both sides was carefully scouted.

"By this means it was ascertained that there was a considerable

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force of Boers (1) on the left front, (2) in the immediate front (retreating hastily on Krugersdorp), (3) a third party on the right flank.

"The force which had been following the column from Van Oudtshoorn's continued to hover in the rear.

"Lieutenant-Colonel White, in command of the advanced guard, sent back a request for guns to be pushed forward as a precaution in case of an attack from the Boers in front. By the time these guns reached the advanced guard, the Boers were still retreating some two miles off. A few rounds were then fired in their direction. Had Colonel White, in the first instance, opened fire with his Maxims on the Boers, whom he surprised watering their horses close to Hind's store, considerable loss would have been inflicted, but this was not our object, for with the exception of the small skirmish on the previous night, the Boers had not as yet molested the column, whose sole aim was to reach Johannesburg if possible without fighting.

"At this hour Hind's store was reached. Here the troops rested for one and a half hours. Unfortunately, hardly any provisions for men and horses were available. An officer's patrol, consisting of Major Villiers (Royal Horse Guards), and Lieutenant Grenfell (1st Life Guards), and six men, moved off for the purpose of reconnoitring the left flank of the Boer position, while Captain Lindsell, with his permanent force of advanced scouts, pushed on as usual to reconnoitre the approach by the main road. At the same time I forwarded a note to the Commandant of the forces in Krugersdorp to the effect that, in the event of my friendly force meeting with opposition on its approach, I should be forced to shell the town, and that therefore I gave him this warning in order that the women and children might be moved out of danger.

"To this note, which was despatched by a Boer who had been detained at Van Oudtshoorn, I received no reply.

"At Hind's store we were informed that the force in our front had increased during the forenoon to about 800 men, of whom a large number were entrenched on the hillside.

"Four miles beyond Hind's store the column following the scouts, which met with no opposition, ascended a steep rise of some 400 feet, and came full in view of the Boer position on the opposite side of a deep valley, traversed by a broad 'sluit' or muddy watercourse.

"Standing on the plateau or spur, on which our force was forming up for action, the view to our front was as follows:—

"Passing through our position to the west ran Hind's store—Krugersdorp Road traversing the valley and the Boer position almost at right angles to both lines.

"Immediately to the north of this road, at the point where it



JAMESON'S LAST STAND—THE BATTLE OF DOORKOP, 2nd JANUARY 1896.

Painting by R. Caton Woodville.

Reproduced by special arrangement with Henry Graves & Co., London.

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disappeared over the sky-line on the opposite slope, lay the Queen's Battery House and earthworks, completely commanding the valley on all sides, and distant 1900 yards from our standpoint.

"Some 1000 yards down the valley to the north stood a farmhouse, surrounded by a dense plantation, which flanked the valley.

"Half-way up the opposite slope, and adjacent to the road, stood an iron house which commanded the drift where the road crossed the above-mentioned watercourse.

"On the south side of the road, and immediately opposite the last-named house, an extensive rectangular stone wall enclosure with high trees formed an excellent advanced central defensive position. Further up the slope, some 500 yards to the south of this enclosure, stretched a line of rifle-pits, which were again flanked to the south by 'prospecting' trenches. On the sky-line numbers of Boers were apparent to our front and right front.

"Before reaching the plateau we had observed small parties of Boers hurrying towards Krugersdorp, and immediately on reaching the high ground the rear-guard was attacked by the Boer force which had followed the column during the whole morning.

"I therefore had no further hesitation in opening fire on the Krugersdorp position.

"The two 7-pounders and the 12½-pounder opened on the Boer line, making good practice under Captain Kincaid-Smith and Captain Gosling at 1900 yards.

"This fire was kept up till 5 P.M. The Boers made practically no reply, but lay quiet in the trenches and battery.

"Scouts having reported that most of the trenches were evacuated, the first line, consisting of the advanced guard (a troop of 100 men), under Colonel White, advanced. Two Maxims accompanied this force; a strong troop with a Maxim formed the right and left support on either flank.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, with one troop B.B.P. and one Maxim, had been previously detailed to move round and attack the Boers' left.

"The remaining two troops, with three Maxims, formed the reserve and rear-guard.

"The first line advance continued unopposed to within 200 yards of the watercourse, when it was checked by an exceedingly heavy cross-fire from all points of the defence.

"Colonel White then pushed his skirmishers forward into and beyond the watercourse.

"The left support, under Inspector Dykes, then advanced to prolong the first line to the left; but, diverging too much to his left,

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this officer experienced a very hot flanking fire from the farmhouse and plantation, and was driven back with some loss.

"Colonel Grey meanwhile had pushed round on the extreme right and come into action.

"About this time Major Villiers' patrol returned and reported that the country to our right was open, and that we could easily move round in that direction.

"It was now evident that the Boers were in great force, and intended holding their position.

"Without the arrival of the Johannesburg force in rear of the Boers—an event which I had been momentarily expecting—I did not feel justified in pushing a general attack, which would have certainly entailed heavy losses on my small force.

"I accordingly left Inspector Drury with one troop and one Maxim to keep in check the Boers who were now lining the edge of the plateau to our left, and placed Colonel Grey with two troops B.B.P., one 12½-pounder, and one Maxim, to cover our left flank and continue firing on the battery and trenches south of the road.

"I then made a general flank movement to the right with the remaining troops.

"Colonel Grey succeeded in shelling the Boers out of their advanced position during the next half-hour, and blew up the Battery House.

"Under this cover the column moved off as far as the first houses of the Randfontein group of mines, the Boers making no attempt to intercept the movement.

"Night was now fast approaching, and still there were no signs of the promised help from Johannesburg. I determined, therefore, to push on with all speed in the direction of that town, trusting in the darkness to slip through any intervening opposition.

"Two guides were obtained, the column followed in the prescribed night order of march, and we started off along a road leading direct to Johannesburg.

"At this moment heavy rifle and Maxim fire was suddenly heard from the direction of Krugersdorp, which lay one and a half miles to the left rear.

"We at once concluded that this could only be the arrival of the long-awaited reinforcements, for we knew that Johannesburg had Maxims, and that the Staats'-Artillerie were not expected to arrive until the following morning. To leave our supposed friends in the lurch was out of the question. I determined at once to move to their support.

"Leaving the carts escorted by one troop on the road, I advanced rapidly across the plateau towards Krugersdorp in the direction of the firing, in the formation shown in the accompanying sketch.

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"After advancing thus for nearly a mile the firing ceased, and we perceived the Boers moving in great force to meet the column. The flankers on the right reported another force threatening that flank.

"Fearing that an attempt would be made to cut us off from the ammunition carts, I ordered a retreat on them.

"It was now clear that the firing, whatever might have been the cause thereof, was not occasioned by the arrival of any force from Johannesburg.

"Precious moments had been lost in the attempt to stand by our friends at all costs, under the mistaken supposition that they could not fail to carry out their repeated promises, renewed to us by letter so lately as 11 A.M. this same day. It was now very nearly dark. In the dusk the Boers could be seen closing in on three sides, viz., north, east, and south. The road to Johannesburg appeared com-



pletely barred, and the last opportunity of slipping through, which had presented itself an hour ago when the renewed firing was heard, was gone not to return.

"Nothing remained but to bivouac in the best position available.

"But for the unfortunate circumstance of the firing, which we afterwards heard was due to the exultation of the Boers at the arrival of large reinforcements from Potchefstroom, the column would have been by this time (7 P.M.), at least four or five miles further on the road to Johannesburg, with an excellent chance of reaching that town without further opposition.

"I moved the column to the edge of a wide valley to the right of the road, and formed the horses in quarter column under cover of the slope. The carts were formed up in the rear and on both flanks, and five Maxims were placed along the front so as to sweep the plateau.

"The other three Maxims and the heavy guns were posted on the rear and flank faces.

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"The men were then directed to lie down between the guns and on the side; sentries and Cossack posts were posted on each face.

"Meantime the Boers had occupied the numerous prospecting trenches and cuttings on the plateau at distances from 400 to 800 yards.

"At 9 P.M. a heavy fire was opened on the bivouac, and a storm of bullets swept over and around us, apparently directed from all sides except the south-west.

"The troops were protected by their position on the slope below the level of the plateau, so that the total loss from this fire, which lasted about twenty minutes, was very inconsiderable.

"The men behaved with admirable coolness, and were as cheery as possible, although very tired and hungry and without water.

"We were then left unmolested for two or three hours.

"About midnight another shower of bullets was poured into the camp, but the firing was not kept up for long.

"Somewhat later a Maxim gun opened on the bivouac, but failed to get our range.

"At 3.30 A.M. patrols were pushed out on all sides, while the force as silently and rapidly as possible was got ready to move off.

"At 4 A.M. a heavy fire was opened by the Boers on the column, and the patrols driven in from the north and east sides.

"Under the direction of Major R. White (assisted by Lieutenant Jesser-Coope) the column was formed under cover of the slope.

"Soon after this the patrols which had been sent out to the south returned, and reported that the ground was clear of the Boers in that direction.

"The growing light enabled us to ascertain that the Boers in force were occupying pits to our left and lining the railway embankment for a distance of one and a half miles right across the direct road to Johannesburg.

"I covered the movements of the main body with the B.B.P. and two Maxims under Colonel Grey along the original left front of the bivouac, and two troops M.M.P., under Major R. White, on the right front.

"During all this time the firing was excessively heavy; however, the main body was partially sheltered by the slope.

"Colonel White then led the advance for a mile across the vley without casualty, but on reaching the opposite rise near the Oceanic Mine, was subjected to a very heavy long-range fire. Colonel White hereupon very judiciously threw out one troop to the left to cover the further advance of the main body.

"This was somewhat delayed, after crossing the rise, by the disappearance of our volunteer guide of the previous night.

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"Some little time elapsed before another guide could be obtained.

"In the meantime Lieutenant-Colonel Grey withdrew his force and the covering Maxims out of action under the protection of the M.M.P. covering troops, and rejoined the main body.

"At this juncture Colonel Grey was shot in the foot, but most gallantly insisted on carrying on his duties until the close of the action.

"Sub-Inspector Cazalet was also wounded here, but continued in action until he was shot again in the chest at Doornkop.

"While crossing the ridge the column was subjected to a very heavy fire, and several men and horses were lost here.

"I detailed a rear-guard of one troop and two Maxims, under Major R. White, to cover our rear and left flank, and moved the remainder of the troops in the ordinary day formation as rapidly forward as possible.

"In this formation a running rear and flank guard fight was kept up for ten miles. Wherever the features of the ground admitted, a stand was made by various small detachments of the rear and flank guard. In this manner the Boers were successfully kept at a distance of 500 yards, and repulsed in all their efforts to reach the rear and flank of the main body.

"In passing through the various mines and the village of Randfontein, we met with hearty expressions of goodwill from the mining population, who professed a desire to help if only they had arms.

"Ten miles from the start I received intelligence from Colonel Grey, at the head of the column, that Doornkop, a hill near the Speitfontein Mine, was held by 400 Boers, directly barring our line of advance.

"I repaired immediately to the front, Colonel White remaining with the rear-guard.

"On arriving at the head of the column, I found the guns shelling a ridge which our guide stated was Doornkop.

"The excellent dispositions for the attack made by Colonel Grey were then carried out.

"The B.B.P., under Major Coventry, who, I regret to say, was severely wounded and lost several of his men, attacked and cleared the ridge in most gallant style, and pushed on beyond it.

"About this time Inspector Barry received the wound which, we have learnt with grief, has subsequently proved fatal.

"Chief-Inspector Bodle at the same time, with two troops M.M.P., charged and drove off the field a large force of Boers threatening our left flank.

"The guide had informed us that the road to the right of the

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hill was impassable, and that there was open and easy country to the left.

"This information was misleading. I afterwards ascertained that without storming the Boer position there was no road open to Johannesburg, except by a wide detour of many miles to the right.

"At this moment Dr. Jameson received a letter from the High Commissioner again ordering us to desist in our advance. Dr. Jameson informed me at the same time of the most disheartening news, viz. that he had received a message stating that Johannesburg would not, or could not, come to our assistance, and that we must fight our way through unaided.

"Thinking that the first ridge now in our hands was Doornkop, we again pushed rapidly on, only to find that in rear of the ridge another steep and stony kopje, some 400 feet in height, was held by hundreds of Boers completely covered from our fire.

"This kopje effectually flanked the road over which the column must advance at a distance of 400 yards. Scouting showed that there was no way of getting round this hill.

"Surrounded on all sides by the Boers, men and horses wearied out, outnumbered by at least six to one, our friends having failed to keep their promises to meet us, and my force reduced numerically by one-fourth, I no longer considered that I was justified in sacrificing any more of the lives of the men under me.

"As previously explained, our object in coming had been to render assistance, without bloodshed if possible, to the inhabitants of Johannesburg. This object would in no way be furthered by a hopeless attempt to cut our way through overwhelming numbers, an attempt, moreover, which must without any doubt have entailed heavy and useless slaughter.

"With Dr. Jameson's permission, I therefore sent word to the Commandant that we would surrender provided that he would give a guarantee of safe conduct out of the country to every member of the force.

"To this Commandant Cronjé replied by a guarantee of the lives of all, provided that we would lay down our arms and pay all expenses.

"In spite of this guarantee of the lives of all, Commandant Malan subsequently repudiated the guarantee in so far as to say that he would not answer for the lives of the leaders, but this was not until our arms had been given up and the force at the mercy of the Boers.

"I attribute our failure to reach Johannesburg in a great measure to loss of time from the following causes:—

"1. The delay occasioned by the demonstration in front of



JOHANNESBURG FROM THE NORTH.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

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Krugersdorp, which had been assigned as the place of junction with the Johannesburg force.

"2. The non-arrival of that force at Krugersdorp, or of the guides to the Krugersdorp-Johannesburg section of the road, as previously promised by Johannesburg.

"3. The delay consequent on moving to the firing of the supposed Johannesburg column just before dark on Wednesday evening.

"I append (1) a sketch-map of the route from Pitsani to Krugersdorp marked A. This distance (154 miles) was covered in just under seventy hours, the horses having been off-saddled ten times. The 169 miles between Pitsani and Doornkop occupied eighty-six hours, during seventeen of which the men were engaged with the Boers, and were practically without food or water, having had their last meal at 8 A.M. on the morning of the 1st January at Van Oudtshoorn's, seventeen miles from Krugersdorp."

(The report concludes with a list of officers engaged in the expedition.)

It will be noted that Sir John Willoughby does not attribute his failure to the bungling of his employes that is said to have taken place. The man that was despatched to cut the telegraph wires failed to do so, with the result that the Boers were provided with the news of the invasion eight hours before the Reform leaders were aware of it; while another man, whose business it was to wrench away the rails between Johannesburg and Krugersdorp, and thus interrupt communication from Pretoria, was reposing in a clubhouse hopelessly drunk, while the train he should have intercepted carried ammunition for use against the invaders.

In order to present a fair picture of the situation, it must be admitted that many of the statements in this report were emphatically contradicted by the Reformers, notably the opening paragraphs, which scarcely tally with the fact that on the 28th (the day referred to) Dr. Jameson received the letters from the Reformers telling him not to start.

The following statement of the four Reform leaders, which was read at their trial, will present the case from their point of view, and those interested may judge for themselves of a question over which many differences of opinion exist:—

"For a number of years endeavours have been made to obtain by constitutional means the redress of the grievances under which the Uitlander population labours. The new-comer asked for no more than is conceded to emigrants by all the other Governments in South Africa, under which every man may, on reasonable conditions, become a citizen of the State; whilst here alone a policy

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is pursued by which the first settlers retain the exclusive right of government.

"Petitions supported by the signatures of some forty thousand men were ignored, and when it was found that we could not get a fair and reasonable hearing, that provisions already deemed obnoxious and unfair were being made more stringent, and that we were being debarred for ever from obtaining the rights which in other countries are freely granted, it was realised that we would never get redress until we should make a demonstration of force to support our claims.

"Certain provision was made regarding arms and ammunition, and a letter was written to Dr. Jameson, in which he was asked to come to our aid under certain circumstances.

"On December 26 the Uitlanders' Manifesto was published, and it was then our intention to make a final appeal for redress at the public meeting which was to have been held on January 6. In consequence of matters that came to our knowledge, we sent on December 26 Major Heany (by train *via* Kimberley), and Captain Holden across country, to forbid any movement on Dr. Jameson's part.

"On the afternoon of Monday, December 30, we learnt from Government sources that Dr. Jameson had crossed the border. We assumed that he had come in good faith to help us, probably misled by some of the exaggerated rumours which were then in circulation. We were convinced, however, that the Government and the burghers would not in the excitement of the moment believe that we had not invited Dr. Jameson in, and there was no course open to us but to prepare to defend ourselves if we were attacked, and at the same time to spare no effort to effect a peaceful settlement.

"It became necessary to form some organisation for the protection of the town and the maintenance of order, since, in the excitement caused by the news of Dr. Jameson's coming, serious disturbances would be likely to occur, and it was evident that the Government organisation could not deal with the people without serious risks of conflict.

"The Reform Committee was formed on Monday night, December 30, and it was intended to include such men of influence as cared to associate themselves with the movement. The object with which it was formed is best shown by its first notice, namely:—

"Notice is hereby given, that this Committee adheres to the National Union Manifesto, and reiterates its desire to maintain the independence of the Republic. The fact that rumours are in course

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of circulation to the effect that a force has crossed the Bechuanaland border renders it necessary to take active steps for the defence of Johannesburg and preservation of order. The Committee earnestly desire that the inhabitants should refrain from taking any action which can be construed as an overt act of hostility against the Government. By order of the Committee, J. PERCY FITZPATRICK, *Secretary.*

"The evidence taken at the preliminary examination will show that order was maintained by this Committee during a time of intense excitement, and through the action of the Committee no aggressive steps whatever were taken against the Government, but on the contrary, the property of the Government was protected, and its officials were not interfered with.

"It is our firm belief that had no such Committee been formed, the intense excitement caused by Dr. Jameson's entry would have brought about utter chaos in Johannesburg.

"It has been alleged that we armed natives. This is absolutely untrue, and is disposed of by the fact that during the crisis upwards of 20,000 white men applied to us for arms and were unable to get them.

"On Tuesday morning, December 31, we hoisted the flag of the Z. A. R., and every man bound himself to maintain the independence of the Republic. On the same day the Government withdrew its police voluntarily from the town, and we preserved perfect order.

"During the evening of that day, Messrs. Marais and Malan presented themselves as delegates from the Executive Council. They came (to use their own words) to 'offer us the olive branch,' and they told us that if we would send a deputation to Pretoria to meet a Commission appointed by the Government, we should probably obtain 'practically all that we asked for in the Manifesto.'

"Our deputation met the Government Commission, consisting of Chief-Justice Kotze, Judge Ameshof, and Mr. Kook, member of the Executive.

"On our behalf our deputation frankly avowed knowledge of Jameson's presence on the border, and of his intention, by written arrangement with us, to assist us in case of extremity.

"With the full knowledge of this arrangement, with the knowledge that we were in arms and agitating for our rights, the Government Commission handed to us a resolution by the Executive Council, of which the following is the purport:—

"The High Commissioner has offered his services with a view to a peaceful settlement. The Government of the South African Republic has accepted his offer. Pending his arrival, no hostile step will be taken against Johannesburg, provided Johannesburg

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takes no hostile action against the Government. In terms of a certain proclamation recently issued by the President, the grievances will be earnestly considered.'

"We acted in perfect good faith with the Government, believing it to be their desire, as it was ours, to avert bloodshed, and believing it to be their intention to give us the redress which was implied in the 'earnest consideration of grievances.'

"There can be no better evidence of our earnest endeavour to repair what we regarded as a mistake on the part of Dr. Jameson than the following offer which our deputation, authorised by resolution of the Committee, laid before the Government Commission :—

"'If the Government will permit Dr. Jameson to come into Johannesburg unmolested the Committee will guarantee, with their persons if necessary, that he will leave again peacefully as soon as possible.'

"We faithfully carried out the agreement that we should commit no act of hostility against the Government; we ceased all active operations for the defence of the town against any attack, and we did everything in our power to prevent any collision with the burghers, an attempt in which our efforts were happily successful.

"On the telegraphic advice of the result of the interview of the deputation with the Government Commission, we despatched Mr. Lace, a member of our Committee, as an escort to the courier carrying the High Commissioner's despatch to Dr. Jameson, in order to assure ourselves that the despatch would reach its destination.

"On the following Saturday, January 4, the High Commissioner arrived at Pretoria. On Monday, the 6th, the following telegram was sent to us :—

From H.M.'s AGENT to REFORM COMMITTEE, Johannesburg.

"'PRETORIA, *January 6, 1896.*

"'January 6.—I am directed to inform you that the High Commissioner met the President, the Executive, and the Judges to-day. The President announced the decision of the Government to be that Johannesburg must lay down its arms unconditionally as a (condition) precedent to a discussion and consideration of grievances. The High Commissioner endeavoured to obtain some indication of the steps which would be taken in the event of disarmament, but without success, it being intimated that the Government had nothing more to say on the subject than had already been embodied in the President's proclamation. The High Commissioner inquired whether any decision had been come to as regards the disposal of the prisoners, and received a reply in the

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negative. The President said that as his burghers, to the number of 8000, had been collected and could not be asked to remain indefinitely, he must request a reply, "Yes" or "No," to this ultimatum within twenty-four hours.'

"On the following day, Sir Jacobus de Wet, her Majesty's Agent, met us in committee, and handed to us the following wire from his Excellency the High Commissioner:—

HIGH COMMISSIONER, Pretoria, to Sir J. DE WET, Johannesburg.

(Received Johannesburg 7.30 A.M., Jan. 7, 1896.)

"'Urgent. You should inform the Johannesburg people that I consider, that if they lay down their arms, they will be acting loyally and honourably, and that if they do not comply with my request, they forfeit all claim to sympathy from her Majesty's Government, and from British subjects throughout the world, as the lives of Jameson and prisoners are practically in their hands.'

"On this, and the assurance given in the Executive Council resolution, we laid down our arms on January 6th, 7th and 8th; on the 9th we were arrested, and have since been under arrest at Pretoria, a period of three and a half months.

"We admit responsibility for the action taken by us. We frankly avowed it at the time of the negotiations with the Government, when we were informed that the services of the High Commissioner had been accepted with a view to a peaceful settlement.

"We submit that we kept faith in every detail in the arrangement with the Government; that we did all that was humanly possible to protect both the State and Dr. Jameson from the consequences of his action; that we have committed no breach of the law which was not known to the Government at the time that the earnest consideration of our grievances was promised.

"We can only now lay the bare facts before the Court, and submit to the judgment that may be passed upon us.

(Signed) LIONEL PHILLIPS.
FRANCIS RHODES.
GEORGE FARRAR.

"PRETORIA, April 24, 1896."

"I entirely concur with the above statement.

(Signed) JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

"PRETORIA, April 27, 1896."

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AFTER DOORNKOP

The account given by Sir John Willoughby serves to explain the doings of the Jameson troops. We all know how the raiders were surrounded by the Boers, who had ample time to lay an excellent trap for them, and how, after a plucky charge, they were forced to surrender. Before surrendering, however, Dr. Jameson obtained from Commandant Cronjé, of Potchefstroom notoriety, a guarantee that the lives of the force would be spared.

During this exciting period, when the failure of Jameson became known, the consternation that prevailed in Johannesburg was terrible. Panic-stricken women and children fled to the railway stations, and the Cornish miners scrambled with them for places in the departing trains. In the heat of January the poor refugees started off provisionless, leaving all their worldly goods behind them, their one care to be far away from the horrors that might take place in a besieged town. In the train they were packed like herrings in carriages or in cattle trucks, that would barely accommodate them.

In addition to these miseries an awful accident took place on the Natal line, when a train loaded with refugees ran off the rails. Thirty-eight women and children were killed.

In Johannesburg the Reformers had a harassing time. Their offices were besieged by people clamouring for arms. They had no rest night nor day, and their anxiety for the safety of Jameson and his party was intense. For themselves they were unconcerned, believing that their share in the matter was unknown, and that the Government was without a particle of evidence against them. And here we find that another blunder was made. Major Robert White, one of the raiders, had brought with him a despatch-box containing the key to a cypher, which had been used during the whole of the negotiations, and with it the names of the principal persons engaged in the conspiracy. Of course, this fell into the hands of the enemy, who were not slow to take advantage of their good luck.

On the evening of Jameson's surrender (Thursday), Sir Hercules Robinson (Lord Rosmead), left the Cape for the scene of the disturbance. The train he travelled by met with an accident; he was infirm—his nerves were shaken. The President refused to be interviewed on the Sabbath, and the result of his journey was a single meeting with Mr. Kruger, but the British Resident, Sir Jacobus de Wet, and Sir Sidney Shippard, were deputed to address and pacify

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the perturbed multitude in Johannesburg. The Uitlanders, they promised, should get their just rights—that her Majesty's Government would ensure—but they must first give up their arms: the fate of Jameson depended on it! The Reform leaders at this time knew nothing of the terms of the surrender, and the guarantee given by Commandant Cronjé, or, perhaps, they knew too well what Cronjé's guarantees were likely to be worth; and much against their better judgment, believing that their rights would be secured and the safety of Jameson effected, they eventually consented to disarmament.

As we know, the conspirators had been short of arms—they had about 2500 guns in all. When these were given up the Boers were dissatisfied. They had reason to believe that some 20,000 guns were to be supplied as part of the scheme, and suspected that the Reformers were concealing the existence of many weapons. The word of honour of the leaders produced no effect, and energetic search through floors and in the mines was carried on for some months afterwards.

Of course, this disarmament immediately threw the Reformers into the clutches of the Pretoria Government. The authorities made haste to issue warrants for the arrest of sixty-four of the most prominent men of the movement; this in spite of the assurance made to the British agent that "not a hair of their heads should be touched"! Mrs. Phillips has reason to speak very bitterly of the mismanagement of the High Commissioner on this occasion. Having done his gruesome work, she says, "he returned to Cape Town, leaving Johannesburg absolutely at the mercy of the Boers. He actually effected the disarmament of this large town without making one single condition for its safety, and from that day the most signal acts of tyranny and injustice were committed over and over again by the Boer Oligarchy, and there was no one to say them nay. This was a critical event for English supremacy in South Africa, this final act of supreme weakness and folly! Many of her most loyal subjects from that moment have wavered on the brink, and some have gone over to the side of the Africander Bond. It is such actions as these which estrange the Colonists, and which give a little reality to the bondsman's dream of a United South Africa under a Republican flag."

For the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with the negotiations which brought about this unfortunate disarmament, it may be as well to repeat some of the correspondence that passed between Sir Hercules Robinson and Mr. Chamberlain at this critical period.

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Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, Pretoria, *to* Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Telegraphic. Received 1.8 A.M., *6th January* 1896.)

"5th January. No. 3. Arrived here last night. Position of affairs very critical. On side of Government of South African Republic and of Orange Free State there is a desire to show moderation, but Boers show tendency to get out of hand and to demand execution of Jameson. I am told that Government of South African Republic will demand disarmament of Johannesburg as a condition precedent to negotiations. Their military preparations are now practically complete, and Johannesburg, if besieged, could not hold out, as they are short of water and coal. On side of Johannesburg leaders desire to be moderate, but men make safety of Jameson and concession of items in manifesto issued conditions precedent to disarmament. If these are refused, they assert they will elect their own leaders and fight it out in their own way. As the matter now stands, I see great difficulty in avoiding civil war, but I will do my best, and telegraph result of my official interview to-morrow. It is said that President of South African Republic intends to make some demands with respect to Article No. 4 of the London Convention of 1884."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN *to* Sir HERCULES ROBINSON.

(Telegraphic. *6th January* 1896.)

"6th January. No. 3. It is reported in the press telegrams the President of the South African Republic on December 30 held out definite hopes that concessions would be proposed in regard to education and the franchise. No overt act of hostility appears to have been committed by the Johannesburg people since the overthrow of Jameson. The statement that arms and ammunition are stored in that town in large quantities may be only one of many boasts without foundation. Under these circumstances, active measures against the town do not seem to be urgently required at the present moment, and I hope no step will be taken by the President of the South African Republic liable to cause more bloodshed and excite civil war in the Republic."

These are followed by further correspondence.

Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, Pretoria, *to* Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Telegraphic. Received *7th January* 1896.)

"6th January. No. 2. Met President South African Republic and Executive Council to-day. Before opening proceedings, I

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expressed on behalf of her Majesty's Government my sincere regret at the unwarrantable raid made by Jameson; also thanked Government of South African Republic for the moderation shown under trying circumstances. With regard to Johannesburg, President of South African Republic announced decision of Government to be that Johannesburg must lay down its arms unconditionally as a precedent to any discussion and consideration of grievances. I endeavoured to obtain some indication of the steps that would be taken in the event of disarmament, but without success, it being intimated that Government of South African Republic had nothing more to say on this subject than had been already embodied in proclamation of President of South African Republic. I inquired as to whether any decision had been come to as regards disposal of prisoners, and received a reply in the negative. President of South African Republic said that as his burghers, to number of 8000, had been collected and could not be asked to remain indefinitely, he must request a reply, 'Yes' or 'No,' to this ultimatum within twenty-four hours. I have communicated decision of South African Republic to Reform Committee at Johannesburg through British Agent in South African Republic.

"The burgher levies are in such an excited state over the invasion of their country, that I believe President of South African Republic could not control them except in the event of unconditional surrender. I have privately recommended them to accept ultimatum. Proclamation of President of South African Republic refers to promise to consider all grievances which are properly submitted, and to lay the same before the Legislature without delay."

On January 7, Mr. Chamberlain replied:—

"No. 1. I approve of your advice to Johannesburg. Kruger will be wise not to proceed to extremities at Johannesburg or elsewhere: otherwise the evil animosities already aroused may be dangerously excited."

And on the same day Sir Hercules Robinson telegraphed:—

"No. 1. Your telegram of January 6, No. 2. It would be most inexpedient to send troops to Mafeking at this moment, and there is not the slightest necessity for such a step, as there is no danger from Kimberley Volunteer Corps or from Mafeking. I have sent De Wet with ultimatum this morning to Johannesburg, and believe arms will be laid down unconditionally. I understand in such case Jameson and all prisoners will be handed over to me. Prospect now very hopeful if no injudicious steps are taken. Please leave matter in my hands."

It is unnecessarily humiliating to dwell further on the astute

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manner in which Mr. Kruger played with the British Government while he kept Jameson and his party in durance vile, and in the agonies of mental suspense—or to dilate upon the treacherous means he employed to induce the Reformers and the town to lay down their arms. The British Agent distinctly promised that “not one among you shall lose his personal liberty for a single hour,” and further declared “that the British Government could not possibly allow such a thing.”

Yet the British Government calmly looked on while the Reform leaders were arrested and kept in Pretoria Gaol, at the mercy of a fiend in human shape named Du Plessis, whose atrocious conduct and character eventually caused him to be reported to the High Commissioner.

As an example of the way prisoners were treated, Mrs. Lionel Phillips may again be quoted:—

“It is well known,” she writes, “that one of Jameson’s troopers on the way down, falling ill, was taken prisoner by some Boers, and kept at their farmhouse some days. He was tied up, and forced to submit to all sorts of ill-treatment, being given dirty water to drink, for instance, when half-dying of thirst. But his captor’s wife had compassion on him, and at the end of several days, to his surprise, he was told that he was to be allowed to go free. The Boers gave him his horse, mounted him, and informed him the one condition they made was that he was to ride away as fast as he could. He naturally obeyed, and as he galloped off had several bullets put into him, poor fellow. That is a very favourite and well-known method of Transvaal Boer assassination. It gives them the pretext that a prisoner had been trying to escape.”

Mrs. Phillips relates also the horrible experiences of her husband, who was one of the Uitlanders conspicuous in the Reform movement.

“Lionel (her husband), George Farrar, Colonel Rhodes, and J. H. Hammond were put into one cell, twelve feet square, without windows, and were locked up there the first three nights for thirteen hours. Then the prison doctor insisted on more space being allotted to them, and the door, which communicated with a courtyard twenty feet square, was left open at night. This was the space in which they were permitted to take exercise. They were not allowed to associate with their fellows at first. In January, in Pretoria, the heat is intense, quite semi-tropical indeed, the temperature varying from 90 to 105 degrees in the shade. As the weather happened to be at its hottest, the sufferings of these men were awful. The cells, hitherto devoted to the use of



Rt. Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,

Secretary for the Colonies.

Photo by Russell & Sons, London.

The Fate of Raiders and Reformers

Kaffirs, swarmed with vermin and smelt horribly ; while to increase their miseries, if that were possible, one of their number was suffering from dysentery, and no conveniences of any kind were supplied. With these facts in mind, any attempt to describe what the prisoners underwent would be superfluous. Add to all these hardships their mental sufferings, and then judge of their state."

Can anything be more pathetic than the description of the state of these men given by the wife of one of them—men who had been driven to hatred and revolt by an inefficient, exclusive, and unscrupulous Government, which was endeavouring to reduce the subjects of a suzerain power to the level—to the, to them, despicable level—of the Kaffirs? Of the fate of these unhappy sufferers we have yet to speak.

THE FATE OF RAIDERS AND REFORMERS

Dr. Jameson, as we all know, was sent with his comrades to England to be dealt with by the laws of his country. He and his officers were tried and convicted under the Foreign Enlistment Act. Much sympathy was shown him by the vast British public, and little for the Reformers, who, whatever their part in the affair, had to suffer most. They endured mental torture, and bodily discomfort of all kinds—discomfort so acute that it brought on some active illness, and caused one to commit suicide. A Judge from the Orange Free State—Judge Gregorowski—who took an unctious joy in the proceedings, was imported to try them, and he revived or unearthed an old Roman Dutch law of treason for the purpose of sentencing them to death. This sentence was fortunately not carried out, but it served to keep the Reformers and all connected with them in a state of agonised suspense. Besides these sufferers from the effects of the Raid, there were others. Mr. Rhodes is said to have exclaimed, "I have been the friend of Jameson for twenty years and now he has ruined me!" The statement was somewhat exaggerated, but there is no doubt that Mr. Rhodes, besides having to resign the posts he occupied, lost much of the sympathy of the Cape Dutch. The Uitlanders, also, who had previously enjoyed this sympathy now forfeited it, all the Dutch being inclined to quote the impulsive act of Dr. Jameson as an example of British treachery, and to look upon Mr. Kruger in the light of a hero. Indeed, many of the British, who took merely an outsider's interest in the state of affairs, laboured under the impression that Mr. Kruger was a simple-minded, long-suffering, and magnanimous person. They did not trouble themselves to go deeply

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into the incessant annoyances and injustices that for many years had harried the lot of the Uitlanders and caused them at last to lose patience and revolt against oppression. Even now there are people who lean to the belief that the coarse nut of Boer character may possess a sound kernel, people who prefer to hug that belief rather than inform themselves by reading what Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and other well-informed men have to say on the subject.

When all efforts to work upon Mr. Kruger failed, the wives of the unhappy men applied to "Tante Sanne," as the President's wife is called, and begged her intervention. She said, "Yes, I will do all I can for you; I am very sorry for you all, although I know that none of you thought of me that night when we heard Jameson had crossed the border, and we were afraid the President would have to go out and fight, and when they went and caught his white horse that he has not ridden for eight years. But all the same I am sorry for you all."

The wives of the Boers are very powerful, and it is possible that Mrs. Kruger may have prevailed in some way over her husband, for at last, after five weary months of imprisonment, after delays, suspenses, and alarms too numerous to be here recounted, the prisoners, on the 11th of June 1896, were released. They were required to pay a fine of £2000, and to sign a pledge not to interfere with politics for three years. It was owing to this pledge that the valuable book, "The Transvaal from Within," which has here been quoted, was not published till affairs therein set forth had come in 1899 to the painful climax of war! Mr. Lionel Phillips, however, was not so wise as Mr. Fitzpatrick. When Sir John Willoughby in 1897 attacked the Reform Leaders of Johannesburg in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Phillips replied to it in the same Review, August 1897, defending himself and his comrades from the charges made. In consequence of this action Mr. Phillips was considered to have broken his pledge and was condemned by the Transvaal Government to banishment. Doubtless it was without much regret that he shook the dust of that ill-conditioned State from off his shoes.

THE ULTIMATUM

After the turmoil of 1896 affairs declined from bad to worse. The state of tension between the oppressed Uitlanders and the now suspicious Boers became from day to day and year to year more acute, till at last it was almost unbearable. The incompetence of

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the police showed that robbery, and even murder, might at any moment be perpetrated and go unpunished, and alarm on this score was not allayed by the action of a constable in shooting dead a Uitlander named Edgar for having met his insults with a blow.

To thoroughly appreciate the misery and insecurity of the Uitlanders, the atrocity of the Government, and the uncloaked hostility to Great Britain that has existed till now, we may quote a description of the situation given last year by Professor James Liebmann. He wrote:—

“In the Transvaal a state of things reigns supreme which cannot be surpassed by the most corrupt of South American Republics. There the Boer shows his character in its most unpleasant features. Low, sordid, corrupt, his chief magistrate as well as his lowest official readily listens to ‘reasons that jingle,’ and, like the gentleman in the ‘Mikado,’ is not averse to ‘insults.’ He calls his country a republic—it is so in name only. The majority of the population, representing the wealth and intelligence of the country—the Uitlanders—are refused almost every civil right, except the privilege of paying exorbitant taxes to swell an already overgorged treasury. Under this ideal(?) government, which is really a sixteenth-century oligarchy flourishing at the end of the nineteenth, and is, certainly not a land where

‘A man may speak the thing he will,’

you have a press censorship as tyrannical as in Russia, a State supervision of telegrams, a veto on the right of public meeting, a most unjust education law, and an Executive browbeating the Judiciary; and, in order to accomplish so much, the Transvaal has closed its doors to its kinsmen in Cape Colony—for you must not forget that the oldest Transvaalers, from President Kruger downwards, are ex-Cape Colonists, and quondam British subjects—and imported a bureaucracy of Hollanders to plait a whip wherewith to castigate her children.

“On the Rand, at present, the Uitlanders are voiceless, voteless, and leaderless, whilst, on the other hand, large quantities of arms have been introduced into the country, and the burghers, every one of them, trained in the use of these weapons. Fortifications have been raised at Johannesburg and Pretoria, to cower those who are putting money into the State’s purse, and for this purpose the President has acquired the services of German military officers who will find congenial employment in thus dragooning defenceless citizens.

“This is the state of affairs in the South African so-called Republic in this year of grace (1898), which, according to the Convention, granted equal rights to Briton and to Boer.”

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This being no exaggerated picture of the situation, it is small wonder that at last the Uitlanders determined to bear the burden no longer, but set their grievances before the Queen. Early in the new year the following petition was forwarded to her Majesty :—

“Humble Petition of British Subjects resident on the Witwatersrandt Gold Fields to her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria.

“1. Your loyal subjects on these fields are by law denied the free right of possessing such arms as may be necessary to protect their lives and property, and such obstacles are placed in their way as to render the obtaining of the necessary official permit almost impossible. Consequently the Uitlander population of this State is to all intents and purposes an unarmed community.

“2. On the other hand, the whole of the burgher section of the community, irrespective of age, are permitted to possess and carry arms without let or hindrance, and are, in fact, on application, supplied with them by the Government free of charge.

“3. The police force of this State is exclusively recruited from the burgher element, many of the police being youths fresh from rural districts, without experience or tact, and in many instances without general education or a knowledge of the English language ; therefore, as a whole, entirely out of sympathy with the British section of the community, which forms the majority of the population.

“4. The foot police of Johannesburg, in whose appointment and control we have no voice, is not a military force ; yet its members not only carry batons, but are also armed with six-chambered military revolvers, invariably carried loaded.

“5. Under these circumstances, given an unarmed community policed by a body of inexperienced rustics carrying weapons of precision and utterly out of sympathy with the community they are supposed to protect, it is not surprising that the power placed in the hands of this police force should be constantly abused.

“6. For years past your subjects have in consequence had constantly to complain of innumerable acts of petty tyranny at the hands of the police.

“7. During the last few months, however, this antagonistic attitude of the police has assumed a much more serious and aggressive aspect. Without warrant they have invaded private houses and taken the occupants into custody on frivolous and unfounded charges never proceeded with ; violently arrested British subjects in the streets on unintelligible charges ; and generally display towards your Majesty's subjects a temper which undoubtedly tends to endanger the peace of the community. In adopting this

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demeanour the police are supported, with but a few honourable exceptions, by the higher officials, as instanced by the continual persecution in the Courts of many of your Majesty's coloured subjects at the very time when negotiations are proceeding between your Majesty's Representative and the Transvaal Government with regard to their status. This feeling is also strongly evidenced in the particular case which we now bring to your Majesty's notice.

"8. The lamentable tragedy which has been the immediate cause of this our humble Petition cannot, therefore, be regarded as incidental, but symptomatic.

"9. This case is that of the shooting of Tom Jackson Edgar, a British subject, by Police-Constable Barend Stephanus Jones, a member of the Johannesburg Constabulary.

"10. From the accompanying affidavits, already published and sworn by eye-witnesses of the tragedy, it would appear that the deceased, while in the occupation of his own house, was shot dead by Police-Constable Barend Stephanus Jones as the latter was in the act of unlawfully breaking into the house of deceased without a warrant.

"11. Police-Constable Barend Stephanus Jones, though in the first instance placed in custody on a charge of murder, was almost immediately afterwards let out on bail by the Public Prosecutor, who, without waiting for any Magisterial inquiry, reduced the charge, on his own initiative, to that of culpable homicide.

"12. The bail on which the prisoner was released was the same in amount—namely, £200—as that required a few days previously from an Uitlander charged with a common assault on a Member of the Government Secret Service, and the penalty for which was a fine of £20.

"13. The widow and orphan of the late Tom Jackson Edgar have been left absolutely destitute through the death of their natural protector.

"14. To sum up: We humbly represent to your Majesty that we, your loyal subjects resident here, are entirely defenceless since—(1) The police are appointed by the Government, not by the Municipality; (2) We have no voice in the Government of the country; (3) There is no longer an independent Judiciary to which we can appeal; (4) There is, therefore, no power within this State to which we can appeal with the least hope of success; and as we are not allowed to arm and protect ourselves, our last resource is to fall back on our status as British subjects.

"We therefore humbly pray: That your Majesty will instruct your Representative to take such steps as will ensure (a) a full and impartial trial, on a proper indictment, of prisoner Police-Constable

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Barend Stephanus Jones, and adequate punishment for his offence, if found guilty; (*b*) proper provision by the Transvaal Government for the needs of the widow and orphan of the deceased Tom Jackson Edgar, killed by their agent; (*c*) the extension of your Majesty's protection to the lives, liberty, and property of your loyal subjects resident here, and such other steps as may be necessary to terminate the existing intolerable state of affairs.

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

Of course, this move enraged the authorities of the Transvaal, who tried to prove the existence of a plot against the Republic, and even to represent that British military officers were implicated in it. But Sir Alfred Milner exposed the little machinations of the "secret service" people, so that their duplicit efforts were not crowned with the hoped-for success. Mr. Steyn then succeeded Mr. Reitz as President of the Orange Free State, and his appearance on the political scene was the signal for an offensive and defensive alliance between the two Republics. Following the example set by President Brand, Mr. Steyn—in the character of umpire or peacemaker—assisted to promote a meeting at Bloemfontein between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger. The Uitlander Council drew up the following declaration:—

"The proposals submitted at the Bloemfontein Conference by his Excellency the High Commissioner were briefly:

"1. That the Uitlanders possessing a certain property or wages qualification, on proving that they had resided five years in the country and on taking an oath of allegiance, be given full burgher rights.

"2. That there should be such a distribution of seats as would give to the new-comers a substantial representation in the First Volksraad, but not such as would enable them to swamp the old burghers.

"All must admit that this scheme is most conservative, because—

"(*a*). It does not restore to the Uitlanders all the rights of which they have been unjustly deprived since the retrocession.

"(*b*). Nearly the whole revenue of the country is derived from the taxation of the Uitlanders.

"(*c*). The Uitlanders form at least two-thirds of the total white population. (This was practically admitted by President Kruger at the Conference.)

"(*d*). In most new countries one or two years' residence ensures full voting power. There is no reason why there should be more stringent conditions in operation in this State than in Natal or Cape Colony, or than those which existed until quite recently in the

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Orange Free State, and which were only changed from one to three years on account of the unhealthy political conditions in the South African Republic.

"Notwithstanding, however, the conservative character of the scheme, the Uitlander Council consider that the proposals of his Excellency the High Commissioner are calculated in no small degree to bring about a practical and permanent settlement. But, in the opinion of the Uitlander Council, it is essential at the outset to fix definitely the conditions under which :

"1. All duly qualified persons can get the franchise without any unnecessary expense, trouble, or delay, and without being subjected to any kind of intimidation.

"2. Those who have got the franchise shall be able to use it effectively.

"3. Redistribution of seats shall take place periodically by automatic arrangement, and representation shall bear some definite relation to the number of electors.

"Having regard to the recent history of the Government of this country, and the facility with which even fundamental laws are and may be changed, the Uitlander Council are convinced that no settlement will be of any value unless its permanency is guaranteed by an understanding between the Imperial Government and the Government of the South African Republic.

"Further, knowing by past experience that every effort will be made by means of the existing Government machinery to obstruct and pervert even the smallest measure of reform, and bearing in mind the immense discretionary power accorded by the laws to all Government officials, the Uitlander Council are strongly of opinion that the understanding between the two Governments should provide for such immediate changes in the present laws of the country as would make it possible to carry out Sir A. Milner's scheme, not only in the letter, but also in the spirit.

"The outcome of the understanding between the two Governments should be the inclusion among the permanent and fundamental laws of the South African Republic of a Reform Act embracing, in addition to the clauses providing for naturalisation and redistribution on the lines already indicated, the following among other provisions :

"1. No burgher or alien shall be granted privileges or immunities which on the same terms shall not be granted to all burghers.

"2. No person shall, on account of creed or religious belief, be under any disability whatever.

"3. The majority of the inhabitants being English-speaking, English shall be recognised equally with Dutch as an official language of the State.

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"4. The independence of the High Court shall be established and duly safeguarded.

"5. Legislation by simple resolution (*besluit*) of the Volksraad shall be abolished.

"6. The free right of public meeting and of forming electoral committees shall be recognised and established.

"7. The freedom of speech and of the press shall be assured.

"8. All persons shall be secured in their houses, persons, papers, and effects against violation or illegal seizure.

"9. The existence of forts and the adoption of other measures intended for the intimidation of the white inhabitants of the country, being a menace to the exercise of the undoubted rights of a free people, shall be declared unconstitutional.

"10. Existing monopolies shall be cancelled or expropriated on equitable conditions.

"11. Raad members must be fully enfranchised burghers and over twenty-one years of age. Any candidate for the Presidency must be a fully enfranchised burgher over thirty years of age, and have been resident in the country for ten years.

"12. All elections shall be by ballot and shall be adequately safeguarded by stringent provisions against bribery and intimidation.

"13. All towns with a population of 1000 persons and upwards shall have the right to manage their own local affairs under a general Municipal Act. The registration of voters and the conduct of all elections shall be regulated by local bodies.

"14. A full and comprehensive system of State Education shall be established under the control of Local Boards.

"15. The Civil Service shall be completely reorganised, and all corrupt officials shall be dismissed from office, and be ineligible for office in the future.

"16. Payments from the public Treasury shall only be made in accordance with the Budget proposals approved by the Raad, with full and open publication of the accounts periodically.

"17. No person shall become a burgher, and no fresh constituency shall be created except in accordance with the lines herein laid down, and officials shall have no discretionary power in this or any other matter affecting the civil rights of the inhabitants of the country."

The Conference was a complete failure. Mr. Kruger obstinately refused to make the proposed concessions, and Sir Alfred Milner would be contented with nothing less.

The President afterwards agreed to grant a "seven years'



Sir ALFRED MILNER, K.C.B.,
High Commissioner for South Africa.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

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Franchise" on terms that were scarcely practicable, while the Secretary of State for the Colonies held out for the five years' Franchise at first demanded. The bargaining was pursued for some weeks with considerable animation, and in the end Mr. Kruger offered to allow the five years' franchise on what he knew to be the impossible condition, that the question of suzerainty should be entirely dropped.

The mobilisation of the burghers, which had been secretly on foot for some time, was forthwith carried on apace, and later—much too tardily—British patience gave way, and troops were despatched to South Africa. Then followed, on the 9th of October, an insulting ultimatum from President Kruger, demanding the immediate withdrawal of British troops from the Transvaal border, and an assurance that no more should be landed. In default of this assurance, he declared that at 5 P.M. on the 11th of October a state of war would exist. To such an ultimatum only one answer was possible. British troops at once started for the Cape.

Naturally the whole of Great Britain was in a state of turmoil, and the vast multitude of people—"the men in the street," so to say—were inclined to express surprise that the question of two years' difference in the terms of obtaining the franchise should have been made into a *casus belli*. To all thinking men it was patent, however, that the quibble about the franchise was merely a Boer *ruse* to obtain time for the carrying out of a long-concerted scheme for the elimination of the British from the Cape to the Zambezi. These were aware that the military methods of the Transvaal were under process of reorganisation, and indeed had been readjusted gradually ever since 1896, and that the simple methods of 1881 had been superseded by newer and more modern principles of warfare. It was known that great additions had been made to the warlike resources of the Republic, and that the President of the Free State was, if anything, more bitter than Mr. Kruger in his hatred of Great Britain and all things British, and that the two Republics would make common cause with each other against a mutual enemy. It was also known that foreign experts were imported, and foreign stocks of war material—material of the newest and most expensive kind—were prepared in anticipation of war, and that even such a thing as tactical instruction—a thing hitherto ignored among the Transvaalers—had been acquired from accomplished German sources, and all this for one sole purpose—war with Great Britain. In order that there may be no doubt that the Boers were completely prepared and determined to fight long before the insolent Ultimatum was published, it is desirable to read a letter which appeared in the *Times* of the 14th of October 1899. This epistle, which was appropriately

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headed "Boer Ignorance," emanated from a Dutch writer, whose address was in a well-known part of Cape Colony. It runs:—

"SIR,—In your paper you have often commented on what you are pleased to call the ignorance of my countrymen, the Boers. We are not so ignorant as the British statesmen and newspaper writers, nor are we such fools as you British are. We know our policy, and we do not change it. We have no opposition party to fear nor to truckle to. Your boasted Conservative majority has been the obedient tool of the Radical minority, and the Radical minority has been the blind tool of our far-seeing and intelligent President. We have desired delay, and we have had it, and we are now practically masters of Africa from the Zambezi to the Cape. All the Afrikanders in Cape Colony have been working for years for this end, for they and we know the facts.

"1. The actual value of gold in the Transvaal is at least 200,000 millions of pounds, and this fact is as well known to the Emperors of Germany and Russia as it is to us. You estimate the value of gold at only 700 millions of pounds, or at least that is what you pretend to estimate it at. But Germany, Russia, and France do not desire you to get possession of this vast mass of gold, and so, after encouraging you to believe that they will not interfere in South Africa, they will certainly do so, and very easily find a *casus belli*, and they will assist us, directly and indirectly, to drive you out of Africa.

"2. We know that you dare not take any precautions in advance to prevent the onslaught of the Great Powers, as the Opposition, the great peace party, will raise the question of expense, and this will win over your lazy, dirty, drunken working classes, who will never again permit themselves to be taxed to support your Empire, or even to preserve your existence as a nation.

"3. We know from all the military authorities of the European and American continents that you exist as an independent Power merely on sufferance, and that at any moment the great Emperor William can arrange with France or Russia to wipe you off the face of the earth. They can at any time starve you into surrender. You must yield in all things to the United States also, or your supply of corn will be so reduced by the Americans that your working classes would be compelled to pay high prices for their food, and rather than do that they would have civil war, and invite any foreign Power to assist them by invasion, for there is no patriotism in the working classes of England, Wales, or Ireland.

"4. We know that your country has been more prosperous than any other country during the last fifty years (you have had no civil war like the Americans and French to tone up your nerves and

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strengthen your manliness), and consequently your able-bodied men will not enlist in your so-called voluntary army. Therefore you have to hire the dregs of your population to do your fighting, and they are deficient in physique, in moral and mental ability, and in all the qualities that make good fighting men.

"5. Your military officers we know to be merely pedantic scholars or frivolous society men, without any capacity for practical warfare with white men. The Afridis were more than a match for you, and your victory over the Soudanese was achieved because those poor people had not a rifle amongst them.

"6. We know that your men, being the dregs of your people, are naturally feeble, and that they are also saturated with the most horrible sexual diseases, as all your Government returns plainly show, and that they cannot endure the hardships of war.

"7. We know that the entire British race is rapidly decaying, your birth-rate is rapidly falling, your children are born weak, diseased, and deformed, and that the major part of your population consists of females, cripples, epileptics, consumptives, cancerous people, invalids, and lunatics of all kinds whom you carefully nourish and preserve.

"8. We know that nine-tenths of your statesmen and higher officials, military and naval, are suffering from kidney diseases, which weaken their courage and will-power, and make them shirk all responsibility as far as possible.

"9. We know that your Navy is big, but we know that it is not powerful, and that it is honeycombed with disloyalty—as witness the theft of the signal-books, the assaults on officers, the desertions, and the wilful injury of the boilers and machinery, which all the vigilance of the officers is powerless to prevent.

"10. We know that the Conservative Government is a mere sham, and that it largely reduced the strength of the British artillery in 1888–89. And we know that it does not dare now to call out the Militia for training, nor to mobilise the Fleet, nor to give sufficient grants to the Line and Volunteers for ammunition to enable them to become good marksmen and efficient soldiers. We know that British soldiers and sailors are immensely inferior as marksmen, not only to Germans, French, and Americans, but also to Japanese, Afridis, Chilians, Peruvians, Belgians, and Russians.

"11. We know that no British Government dares to propose any form of compulsory military or naval training, for the British people would rather be invaded, conquered, and governed by Germans, Russians, or Frenchmen, than be compelled to serve their own Government.

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"12. We Boers know that we will not be governed by a set of British curs, but that we will drive you out of Africa altogether, and the other manly nations which have compulsory military service—the armed manhood of Europe—will very quickly divide all your other possessions between them.

"Talk no more of the ignorance of the Boers or Cape Dutch; a few days more will prove your ignorance of the British position, and in a short space of time you and your Queen will be imploring the good offices of the great German Emperor to deliver you from your disasters, for your humiliations are not yet complete.

"For thirty years the Cape Dutch have been waiting their chance, and now their day has come; they will throw off their mask and your yoke at the same instant, and 300,000 Dutch heroes will trample you underfoot.

"We can afford to tell you the truth now, and in this letter you have got it.—Yours, &c.,
P. S.

"October 12."

This letter, though false in many particulars, certainly pointed out some "home truths," which it was desirable for the British public to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. It also served to cast aside the thin veil which had covered our political relations with President Kruger and his party, and to show the firm foundations on which the hatred of the Boer for the Briton had been built for years. The question of the franchise was a bagatelle: a soap-bubble would have been pretext enough for war when the right hour and moment arrived. As allowed by this candid writer, whose valuable avowals cannot afford to be ignored, for many years treachery and disloyalty had existed, and the Boers had only bided their time. They "desired delay, and had it," playing their cards so skilfully as to deceive even the British Government, and imply to them and the world that the franchise question and the discontent of the Uitlanders was the main cause of the disagreement.

Before passing on to the terrible drama that, owing to the defiance of Mr. Kruger, was afterwards enacted, we must assure ourselves that the sad climax was bound to have come sooner or later. If the future of South Africa is to be saved, the prestige of Great Britain must be maintained; her citizens must be protected, and the betrayals of Downing Street of 1881 and 1896 must be atoned for. Though darkness reigns at the time of writing, the future of the Transvaal is a bright one. Reactionaries of the Hofmeyer and Kruger stamp will pass away, and we may look



VISCOUNT WOLSELEY,
Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

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to the twentieth century for a happy settlement of the terrible difficulties which stare us in the face. But the settlement can never be effected by the policy of compromise. It can never be lasting while Conventions are allowed to become the pawns of parties; it can never be noble nor dignified until the petty ambitions of political strife are subdued and the grand whole, Great Britain—not the infinitesimal island, but the immense and populous Empire—is ordered and laboured for with the courage and strength that comes of undoubted unanimity! It remains, therefore, with each individual man and woman among us so to work that the grand result is not unnecessarily delayed.

APPENDIX

CONVENTION OF 1881

CONVENTION FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF THE TRANSCAAL TERRITORY

PREAMBLE. Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Settlement of the Transvaal territory, duly appointed as such by a Commission passed under the Royal Sign Manual and Signet, bearing date the 5th of April 1881, do hereby undertake and guarantee on behalf of her Majesty, that, from and after the 8th day of August 1881, complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, upon the following terms and conditions, and subject to the following reservations and limitations :—

ARTICLE 1. The said territory, to be herein-after called the Transvaal State, will embrace the land lying between the following boundaries, to wit : [Here follow three pages in print defining boundaries].

ARTICLE 2. Her Majesty reserves to herself, her heirs and successors, (a) the right from time to time to appoint a British Resident in and for the said State, with such duties and functions as are herein-after defined ; (b) the right to move troops through the said State in time of war, or in case of the apprehension of immediate war between the Suzerain Power and any Foreign State or Native tribe in South Africa ; and (c) the control of the external relations of the said State, including the conclusion of treaties and the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with Foreign Powers, such intercourse to be carried on through her Majesty's diplomatic and consular officers abroad.

ARTICLE 3. Until altered by the Volksraad, or other competent authority, all laws, whether passed before or after the annexation of the Transvaal territory to her Majesty's dominions, shall, except in so far as they are inconsistent with or repugnant to the provisions of this Convention, be and remain in force in the said State in so far as they shall be applicable thereto, provided that no future enactment especially affecting the interests of natives shall have any force or effect in the said State, without the consent of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, first had and obtained and signified to the Government of the said State through the British Resident, provided further that in no case will the repeal or amendment of any laws enacted since the annexation have a retrospective effect, so as to invalidate any acts done or liabilities incurred by virtue of such laws.

ARTICLE 4. On the 8th of August 1881, the Government of the said State, together with all rights and obligations thereto appertaining, and all State property taken over at the time of annexation, save and except munitions of war, will be handed over to Messrs. Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, Martinus Wessel Pretorius, and Petrus Jacobus Joubert, or the survivor or survivors of them, who will forthwith cause a Volksraad to be elected and convened, and the Volksraad, thus elected and convened, will decide as to the further administration of the Government of the said State.

ARTICLE 5. All sentences passed upon persons who may be convicted of offences contrary to the rules of civilised warfare committed during the recent hostilities will

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be duly carried out, and no alteration or mitigation of such sentences will be made or allowed by the Government of the Transvaal State without her Majesty's consent conveyed through the British Resident. In case there shall be any prisoners in any of the gaols of the Transvaal State whose respective sentences of imprisonment have been remitted in part by her Majesty's Administrator or other officer administering the Government, such remission will be recognised and acted upon by the future Government of the said State.

ARTICLE 6. Her Majesty's Government will make due compensation for all losses or damage sustained by reason of such acts as are in the 8th Article herein-after specified, which may have been committed by her Majesty's forces during the recent hostilities, except for such losses or damage as may already have been compensated for, and the Government of the Transvaal State will make due compensation for all losses or damage sustained by reason of such acts as are in the 8th Article herein-after specified which may have been committed by the people who were in arms against her Majesty during the recent hostilities, except for such losses or damages as may already have been compensated for.

ARTICLE 7. The decision of all claims for compensation, as in the last preceding Article mentioned, will be referred to a Sub-Committee, consisting of the Honourable George Hudson, the Honourable Jacobus Petrus de Wet, and the Honourable John Gilbert Kotze. In case one or more of such Sub-Commissioners shall be unable or unwilling to act the remaining Sub-Commissioner or Sub-Commissioners will, after consultation with the Government of the Transvaal State, submit for the approval of her Majesty's High Commissioners the names of one or more persons to be appointed by them to fill the place or places thus vacated. The decision of the said Sub-Commissioners, or of a majority of them, will be final. The said Sub-Commissioners will enter upon and perform their duties with all convenient speed. They will, before taking evidence or ordering evidence to be taken in respect of any claim, decide whether such claim can be entertained at all under the rules laid down in the next succeeding Article. In regard to claims which can be so entertained, the Sub-Commissioners will, in the first instance, afford every facility for an amicable arrangement as to the amount payable in respect of any claim, and only in cases in which there is no reasonable ground for believing that an immediate amicable arrangement can be arrived at will they take evidence or order evidence to be taken. For the purpose of taking evidence and reporting thereon, the Sub-Commissioners may appoint Deputies, who will, without delay, submit records of the evidence and their reports to the Sub-Commissioners. The Sub-Commissioners will arrange their sittings and the sittings of their Deputies in such a manner as to afford the earliest convenience to the parties concerned and their witnesses. In no case will costs be allowed to either side, other than the actual and reasonable expenses of witnesses whose evidence is certified by the Sub-Commissioners to have been necessary. Interest will not run on the amount of any claim, except as is herein-after provided for. The said Sub-Commissioners will forthwith, after deciding upon any claim, announce their decision to the Government against which the award is made and to the claimant. The amount of remuneration payable to the Sub-Commissioners and their Deputies will be determined by the High Commissioners. After all the claims have been decided upon, the British Government and the Government of the Transvaal State will pay proportionate shares of the said remuneration and of the expenses of the Sub-Commissioners and their Deputies, according to the amount awarded against them respectively.

ARTICLE 8. For the purpose of distinguishing claims to be accepted from those to be rejected, the Sub-Commissioners will be guided by the following rules, viz.: Compensation will be allowed for losses or damage sustained by reason of the following acts committed during the recent hostilities, viz., (a) commandeering, seizure, confiscation, or destruction of property, or damage done to property; (b) violence done or threats used by persons in arms. In regard to acts under (a), compensation will be allowed for direct losses only. In regard to acts falling under (b), compensa-

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tion will be allowed for actual losses of property, or actual injury to the same proved to have been caused by its enforced abandonment. No claims for indirect losses, except such as are in this Article specially provided for, will be entertained. No claims which have been handed in to the Secretary of the Royal Commission after the 1st day of July 1881 will be entertained, unless the Sub-Commissioners shall be satisfied that the delay was reasonable. When claims for loss of property are considered, the Sub-Commissioners will require distinct proof of the existence of the property, and that it neither has reverted nor will revert to the claimant.

ARTICLE 9. The Government of the Transvaal State will pay and satisfy the amount of every claim awarded against it within one month after the Sub-Commissioners shall have notified their decision to the said Government, and in default of such payment the said Government will pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the date of such default; but her Majesty's Government may at any time before such payment pay the amount, with interest, if any, to the claimant in satisfaction of his claim, and may add the sum thus paid to any debt which may be due by the Transvaal State to her Majesty's Government, as herein-after provided for.

ARTICLE 10. The Transvaal State will be liable for the balance of the debts for which the South African Republic was liable at the date of annexation, to wit, the sum of £48,000 in respect of the Cape Commercial Bank Loan, and £85,667 in respect to the Railway Loan, together with the amount due on 8th August 1881 on account of the Orphan Chamber Debt, which now stands at £22,200, which debts will be a first charge upon the revenues of the State. The Transvaal State will, moreover, be liable for the lawful expenditure lawfully incurred for the necessary expenses of the Province since the annexation, to wit, the sum of £265,000, which debt, together with such debts as may be incurred by virtue of the 9th Article, will be second charge upon the revenues of the State.

ARTICLE 11. The debts due as aforesaid by the Transvaal State to her Majesty's Government will bear interest at the rate of three and a half per cent., and any portion of such debt as may remain unpaid at the expiration of twelve months from the 8th August 1881 shall be repayable by a payment for interest and sinking fund of six pounds and ninepence per cent. per annum, which will extinguish the debt in twenty-five years. The said payment of six pounds and ninepence per £100 shall be payable half yearly in British currency on the 8th February and 8th August in each year. Provided always that the Transvaal State shall pay in reduction of the said debt the sum of £100,000 within twelve months of the 8th August 1881, and shall be at liberty at the close of any half year to pay off the whole or any portion of the outstanding debt.

ARTICLE 12. All persons holding property in the said State on the 8th day of August 1881 will continue after the said date to enjoy the rights of property which they have enjoyed since the annexation. No person who has remained loyal to her Majesty during the recent hostilities shall suffer any molestation by reason of his loyalty, or be liable to any criminal prosecution or civil action for any part taken in connection with such hostilities, and all such persons will have full liberty to reside in the country, with enjoyment of all civil rights, and protection for their persons and property.

ARTICLE 13. Natives will be allowed to acquire land, but the grant or transfer of such land will, in every case, be made to and registered in the name of the Native Location Commission, herein-after mentioned, in trust for such natives.

ARTICLE 14. Natives will be allowed to move as freely within the country as may be consistent with the requirements of public order, and to leave it for the purpose of seeking employment elsewhere or for other lawful purposes, subject always to the pass laws of the said State, as amended by the Legislature of the Province, or as may hereafter be enacted under the provisions of the 3rd Article of this Convention.

ARTICLE 15. There will continue to be complete freedom of religion and protection from molestation for all denominations, provided the same be not inconsistent

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with morality and good order, and no disability shall attach to any person in regard to rights of property by reason of the religious opinions which he holds.

ARTICLE 16. The provisions of the 4th Article of the Sand River Convention are hereby re-affirmed, and no slavery or apprenticeship partaking of slavery will be tolerated by the Government of the said State.

ARTICLE 17. The British Resident will receive from the Government of the Transvaal State such assistance and support as can by law be given to him for the due discharge of his functions, he will also receive every assistance for the proper care and preservation of the graves of such of her Majesty's forces as have died in the Transvaal, and if need be for the expropriation of land for the purpose.

ARTICLE 18. The following will be the duties and functions of the British Resident:—Sub-section 1. He will perform duties and functions analogous to those discharged by a *Chargé d'Affaires* and *Consul-General*.

Sub-section 2. In regard to natives within the Transvaal State he will (*a*) report to the High Commissioner, as representative of the Suzerain, as to the working and observance of the provisions of this Convention; (*b*) report to the Transvaal authorities any cases of ill-treatment of natives or attempts to incite natives to rebellion that may come to his knowledge; (*c*) use his influence with the natives in favour of law and order; and (*d*) generally perform such other duties as are by this Convention entrusted to him, and take such steps for the protection of the person and property of natives as are consistent with the laws of the land.

Sub-section 3. In regard to natives not residing in the Transvaal (*a*) he will report to the High Commissioner and the Transvaal Government any encroachments reported to him as having been made by Transvaal residents upon the land of such natives, and in case of disagreement between the Transvaal Government and the British Resident as to whether an encroachment has been made, the decision of the Suzerain will be final; (*b*) the British Resident will be the medium of communication with native chiefs outside the Transvaal, and subject to the approval of the High Commissioner, as representing the Suzerain, he will control the conclusion of treaties with them; and (*c*) he will arbitrate upon every dispute between Transvaal residents and natives outside the Transvaal (as to acts committed beyond the boundaries of the Transvaal) which may be referred to him by the parties interested.

Sub-section 4. In regard to communications with foreign powers, the Transvaal Government will correspond with her Majesty's Government through the British Resident and the High Commissioner.

ARTICLE 19. The Government of the Transvaal State will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the 1st Article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachment upon lands beyond the said State. The Royal Commission will forthwith appoint a person who will beacon off the boundary line between Ramatlabama and the point where such line first touches Griqualand West boundary, midway between the Vaal and Hart Rivers; the person so appointed will be instructed to make an arrangement between the owners of the farms Grootfontein and Valleifontein on the one hand, and the Barolong authorities on the other, by which a fair share of the water supply of the said farms shall be allowed to flow undisturbed to the said Barolongs.

ARTICLE 20. All grants or titles issued at any time by the Transvaal Government in respect of land outside the boundary of Transvaal State, as defined, Article 1, shall be considered invalid and of no effect, except in so far as any such grant or title relates to land that falls within the boundary of the Transvaal State, and all persons holding any such grant so considered invalid and of no effect will receive from the Government of the Transvaal State such compensation either in land or in money as the Volksraad shall determine. In all cases in which any native chiefs or other authorities outside the said boundaries have received any adequate consideration from the Government of the former South African Republic for land excluded from the Transvaal by the 1st Article of this Convention, or where permanent improvements

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have been made on the land, the British Resident will, subject to the approval of the High Commissioner, use his influence to recover from the native authorities fair compensation for the loss of the land thus excluded, and of the permanent improvement thereon.

ARTICLE 21. Forthwith, after the taking effect of this Convention, a Native Location Commission will be constituted, consisting of the President, or in his absence the Vice-President of the State, or some one deputed by him, the Resident, or some one deputed by him, and a third person to be agreed upon by the President or the Vice-President, as the case may be, and the Resident, and such Commission will be a standing body for the performance of the duties herein-after mentioned.

ARTICLE 22. The Native Location Commission will reserve to the native tribes of the State such locations as they may be fairly and equitably entitled to, due regard being had to the actual occupation of such tribes. The Native Location Commission will clearly define the boundaries of such locations, and for that purpose will, in every instance, first of all ascertain the wishes of the parties interested in such land. In case land already granted in individual titles shall be required for the purpose of any location, the owners will receive such compensation either in other land or in money as the Volksraad shall determine. After the boundaries of any location have been fixed, no fresh grant of land within such location will be made, nor will the boundaries be altered without the consent of the Location Commission. No fresh grants of land will be made in the districts of Waterbergh, Zoutspansberg, and Lydenburg until the locations in the said districts respectively shall have been defined by the said Commission.

ARTICLE 23. If not released before the taking effect of this Convention, Sikukuni, and those of his followers who have been imprisoned with him, will be forthwith released, and the boundaries of his location will be defined by the Native Location Commission in the manner indicated in the last preceding Article.

ARTICLE 24. The independence of the Swazies within the boundary line of Swaziland, as indicated in the 1st Article of this Convention, will be fully recognised.

ARTICLE 25. No other or higher duties will be imposed on the importation into the Transvaal State of any article the produce or manufacture of the dominions and possessions of her Majesty, from whatever place arriving, than are or may be payable on the like article the produce or manufacture of any other country, nor will any prohibition be maintained or imposed on the importation of any article the produce or manufacture of the dominions and possessions of her Majesty, which shall not equally extend to the importation of the like articles being the produce or manufacture of any other country.

ARTICLE 26. All persons other than natives conforming themselves to the laws of the Transvaal State (*a*) will have full liberty with their families to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the Transvaal State; (*b*) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactures, warehouses, shops, and premises; (*c*) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; (*d*) they will not be subject in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon Transvaal citizens.

ARTICLE 27. All inhabitants of the Transvaal shall have free access to the Courts of Justice for the protection and defence of their rights.

ARTICLE 28. All persons other than natives who established their domicile in the Transvaal between the 12th day of April 1877 and the date when this Convention comes into effect, and who shall within twelve months after such last-mentioned date have their names registered by the British Resident, shall be exempt from all compulsory military service whatever. The Resident shall notify such registration to the Government of the Transvaal State.

ARTICLE 29. Provision shall hereafter be made by a separate instrument for the mutual extradition of criminals, and also for the surrender of deserters from her Majesty's forces.

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ARTICLE 30. All debts contracted since the annexation will be payable in the same currency in which they may have been contracted ; all uncanceled postage and other revenue stamps issued by the Government since the annexation will remain valid, and will be accepted at their present value by the future Government of the State ; all licences duly issued since the annexation will remain in force during the period for which they may have been issued.

ARTICLE 31. No grants of land which may have been made, and no transfer of mortgage which may have been passed since the annexation, will be invalidated by reason merely of their having been made or passed since that date. All transfers to the British Secretary for Native Affairs in trust for natives will remain in force, the Native Location Commission taking the place of such Secretary for Native Affairs.

ARTICLE 32. This Convention will be ratified by a newly-elected Volksraad within the period of three months after its execution, and in default of such ratification this Convention shall be null and void.

ARTICLE 33. Forthwith, after the ratification of this Convention, as in the last preceding Article mentioned, all British troops in Transvaal territory will leave the same, and the mutual delivery of munitions of war will be carried out. Articles end. Here will follow signatures of Royal Commissioners, then the following to precede signatures of triumvirate.

We, the undersigned, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, Martinus Wessel Pretorius, and Petrus Jacobus Joubert, as representatives of the Transvaal Burghers, do hereby agree to all the above conditions, reservations, and limitations under which self-government has been restored to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and we agree to accept the Government of the said territory, with all rights and obligations thereto appertaining on the 8th day of August ; and we promise and undertake that this Convention shall be ratified by a newly-elected Volksraad of the Transvaal State within three months from this date.

Appendix

CONVENTION OF 1884

A CONVENTION BETWEEN HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

WHEREAS, the Government of the Transvaal State, through its Delegates, consisting of Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the said State, Stephanus Jacobus Du Toit, Superintendent of Education, and Nicholas Jacobus Smit, a member of the Volksraad, have represented that the Convention signed at Pretoria on the 3rd day of August 1881, and ratified by the Volksraad of the said State on the 25th October 1881, contains certain provisions which are inconvenient, and imposes burdens and obligations from which the said State is desirous to be relieved, and that the south-western boundaries fixed by the said Convention should be amended, with a view to promote the peace and good order of the said State, and of the countries adjacent thereto; and whereas her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, has been pleased to take the said representations into consideration: Now, therefore, her Majesty has been pleased to direct, and it is hereby declared, that the following articles of a new Convention, signed on behalf of her Majesty by her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, the Right Honourable Sir Hercules George Robert Robinson, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and on behalf of the Transvaal State (which shall herein-after be called the South African Republic) by the above-named Delegates, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, Stephanus Jacobus Du Toit, and Nicholas Jacobus Smit, shall, when ratified by the Volksraad of the South African Republic, be substituted for the articles embodied in the Convention of 3rd August 1881; which latter, pending such ratification, shall continue in full force and effect.

ARTICLES.

ARTICLE 1. The Territory of the South African Republic will embrace the land lying between the following boundaries, to wit: (Here follows a long description of boundaries).

ARTICLE 2. The Government of the South African Republic will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the 1st Article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries. The Government of the South African Republic will appoint Commissioners upon the eastern and western borders whose duty it will be strictly to guard against irregularities and all trespassing over the boundaries. Her Majesty's Government will, if necessary, appoint Commissioners in the native territories outside the eastern and western borders of the South African Republic to maintain order and prevent encroachments.

Her Majesty's Government and the Government of the South African Republic will each appoint a person to proceed together to beacon off the amended south-west boundary as described in Article 1 of this Convention; and the President of the Orange Free State shall be requested to appoint a referee to whom the said persons

South Africa

shall refer any questions on which they may disagree respecting the interpretation of the said Article, and the decision of such referee thereon shall be final. The arrangement already made, under the terms of Article 19 of the Convention of Pretoria of the 3rd August 1881, between the owners of the farms Grootfontein and Valleifontein on the one hand, and the Barolong authorities on the other, by which a fair share of the water supply of the said farms shall be allowed to flow undisturbed to the said Barolongs, shall continue in force.

ARTICLE 3. If a British officer is appointed to reside at Pretoria or elsewhere within the South African Republic to discharge functions analogous to those of a Consular officer he will receive the protection and assistance of the Republic.

ARTICLE 4. The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen.

Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if her Majesty's Government shall not, within six months after receiving a copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately upon its completion), have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain or of any of her Majesty's possessions in South Africa.

ARTICLE 5. The South African Republic will be liable for any balance which may still remain due of the debts for which it was liable at the date of Annexation, to wit, the Cape Commercial Bank Loan, the Railway Loan, and the Orphan Chamber Debt, which debts will be a first charge upon the revenues of the Republic. The South African Republic will moreover be liable to her Majesty's Government for £250,000, which will be a second charge upon the revenues of the Republic.

ARTICLE 6. The debt due as aforesaid by the South African Republic to her Majesty's Government will bear interest at the rate of three and a half per cent. from the date of the ratification of this Convention, and shall be repayable by a payment for interest and Sinking Fund of six pounds and ninepence per £100 per annum, which will extinguish the debt in twenty-five years. The said payment of six pounds and ninepence per £100 shall be payable half-yearly, in British currency, at the close of each half year from the date of such ratification: Provided always that the South African Republic shall be at liberty at the close of any half year to pay off the whole or any portion of the outstanding debt.

Interest at the rate of three and a half per cent. on the debt as standing under the Convention of Pretoria shall as heretofore be paid to the date of the ratification of this Convention.

ARTICLE 7. All persons who held property in the Transvaal on the 8th day of August 1881, and still hold the same, will continue to enjoy the rights of property which they have enjoyed since the 12th April 1877. No person who has remained loyal to her Majesty during the late hostilities shall suffer any molestation by reason of his loyalty; or be liable to any criminal prosecution or civil action for any part taken in connection with such hostilities; and all such persons will have full liberty to reside in the country, with enjoyment of all civil rights, and protection for their persons and property.

ARTICLE 8. The South African Republic renews the declaration made in the Sand River Convention, and in the Convention of Pretoria, that no slavery or apprenticeship partaking of slavery will be tolerated by the Government of the said Republic.

ARTICLE 9. There will continue to be complete freedom of religion and protection from molestation for all denominations, provided the same be not inconsistent with morality and good order; and no disability shall attach to any person in regard to rights of property by reason of the religious opinions which he holds.

ARTICLE 10. The British Officer appointed to reside in the South African Republic will receive every assistance from the Government of the said Republic in

Appendix

making due provision for the proper care and preservation of the graves of such of her Majesty's forces as have died in the Transvaal; and if need be, for the appropriation of land for the purpose.

ARTICLE 11. All grants or titles issued at any time by the Transvaal Government in respect of land outside the boundary of the South African Republic, as defined in Article 1, shall be considered invalid and of no effect, except in so far as any such grant or title relates to land that falls within the boundary of the South African Republic; and all persons holding any such grant so considered invalid and of no effect will receive from the Government of the South African Republic such compensation, either in land or in money, as the Volksraad shall determine. In all cases in which any Native Chiefs or other authorities outside the said boundaries have received any adequate consideration from the Government of the South African Republic for land excluded from the Transvaal by the 1st Article of this Convention, or where permanent improvements have been made on the land, the High Commissioner will recover from the native authorities fair compensation for the loss of the land thus excluded, or of the permanent improvements thereon.

ARTICLE 12. The independence of the Swazis, within the boundary line of Swaziland, as indicated in the 1st Article of this Convention, will be fully recognised.

ARTICLE 13. Except in pursuance of any treaty or engagement made as provided in Article 4 of this Convention, no other or higher duties shall be imposed on the importation into the South African Republic of any article coming from any part of her Majesty's dominions than are or may be imposed on the like article coming from any other place or country; nor will any prohibition be maintained or imposed on the importation into the South African Republic of any article coming from any part of her Majesty's dominions which shall not equally extend to the like article coming from any other place or country. And in like manner the same treatment shall be given to any article coming to Great Britain from the South African Republic as to the like article coming from any other place or country.

These provisions do not preclude the consideration of special arrangements as to import duties and commercial relations between the South African Republic and any of her Majesty's colonies or possessions.

ARTICLE 14. All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic (*a*) will have full liberty, with their families, to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic; (*b*) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops, and premises; (*c*) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; (*d*) they will not be subject, in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic.

ARTICLE 15. All persons, other than natives, who established their domicile in the Transvaal between the 12th day of April 1877 and the 8th of August 1881, and who within twelve months after such last-mentioned date have had their names registered by the British Resident, shall be exempt from all compulsory military service whatever.

ARTICLE 16. Provision shall hereafter be made by a separate instrument for the mutual extradition of criminals, and also for the surrender of deserters from her Majesty's forces.

ARTICLE 17. All debts contracted between the 12th April 1887 and the 8th August 1881 will be payable in the same currency in which they may have been contracted.

ARTICLE 18. No grants of land which may have been made, and no transfers or mortgages which may have been passed between the 12th April 1877 and the 8th August 1881, will be invalidated by reason merely of their having been made or passed between such dates.

All transfers to the British Secretary for Native Affairs in trust for natives will

South Africa

remain in force, an officer of the South African Republic taking the place of such Secretary for Native Affairs.

ARTICLE 19. The Government of the South African Republic will engage faithfully to fulfil the assurances given, in accordance with the laws of the South African Republic, to the natives at the Pretoria Pitso by the Royal Commission in the presence of the Triumvirate and with their entire assent, (1) as to the freedom of the natives to buy or otherwise acquire land under certain conditions, (2) as to the appointment of a commission to mark out native locations, (3) as to the access of the natives to the courts of law, and (4) as to their being allowed to move freely within the country, or to leave it for any legal purpose, under a pass system.

ARTICLE 20. This Convention will be ratified by a Volksraad of the South African Republic within the period of six months after its execution, and in default of such ratification this Convention shall be null and void.

Signed in duplicate in London this 27th day of February 1884.

(Signed)	HERCULES ROBINSON.
"	S. J. P. KRUGER.
"	S. J. DU TOIT.
"	M. J. SMIT.

END OF VOLUME I.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE
TRANSVAAL WAR

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR

BY

LOUIS CRESWICKE

AUTHOR OF "ROXANE," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. II.—FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR TO
THE BATTLE OF COLENZO, 15TH DEC. 1899

EDINBURGH: T. C. & E. C. JACK

1900

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OCTOBER.

- 11.—Boer Ultimatum time-limit expired.
Great Britain commenced to be at war with Transvaal and Orange Free State.
- 12.—Text of Great Britain's reply to Boer Ultimatum issued. It stated that the conditions demanded were such as her Majesty's Government deemed it impossible to discuss.
Mr. Conyngham Greene recalled.
Armoured train captured by Boers near Mafeking.
Colonel Baden-Powell moved a large force outside Mafeking, and took up a strong defensive position.
- 13.—Newcastle abandoned.
- 14.—Sir R. Buller and Staff left England.
- 15.—Boers occupied Newcastle.
- 16.—Dundee evacuated.
- 17.—Parliament opened.
Successful sortie by Colonel Baden-Powell from Mafeking.
Armoured train in action near Kimberley during reconnaissance.
- 18.—Mr. Balfour announced that the Militia and Militia Reserves were to be called out.
- 19.—Transvaal flag hoisted at Vryburg.
- 20.—Boers repulsed by British at Talana Hill (Glencoe).
- 21.—General French, with about 2000 men, attacked a Boer force under General Kock at Elandslaagte.
- 22.—General Symons promoted to be Major-General.
General Yule retired from Dundee on Ladysmith.
- 23.—Death of General Symons.
Mafeking bombarded.
Transvaal National Bank seized at Durban.
- 24.—Sir George White engaged Boers at Reitfontein.

- Services accepted of Sir William M'Cormac, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, to attend the wounded.
- 26.—Generals Yule and White joined forces at Ladysmith.
Bombardment of Mafeking commenced.
- 28.—Boers were closing round Ladysmith.
Proclamation issued declaring the Boer "commandeering" of certain portions of Cape Colony null.
- 30.—Engagement at Lombard's Kop.
Sir George White sent out from Ladysmith to Nicholson's Nek a Mountain Battery, with the Irish Fusiliers and the Gloucesters, to turn the enemy's right flank. Mules, with guns and reserve ammunition, stampeded into enemy's lines. After gallantly defending their position for six hours, men's ammunition was exhausted, and about 800 were captured. Naval Brigade did excellent work.
- 31.—Sir Redvers Buller landed at Cape Town.

NOVEMBER.

- 1.—Boers invaded Cape Colony.
- 2.—Free Staters' position at Besters brilliantly taken by cavalry. Boers lost heavily; our casualties slight. Boers treacherously used white flag.
- 2.—Colenso evacuated by the British.
Arrangements for a supplementary Naval Brigade completed.
Orders issued for mobilising the Militia.
- 3.—Nauwpoort and Stormberg evacuated by the British garrisons.

The Transvaal War

- 5.—Death of Commander Egerton, of *Powerful*.
- 6.—Ladysmith isolated.
- 9.—Boers attacked Ladysmith, and repulsed with heavy loss.
Orders issued for mobilisation of a Fifth Division.
- 10.—Engagement of Belmont. Colonel Keith Falconer killed.
- 11.—Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. *Terrible*, appointed commandant of the forces defending Durban.
- 12.—Lord Methuen arrived at Orange River.
- 14.—Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren appointed to command the Fifth Division for service in South Africa.
- 15.—Armoured train wrecked by Boers near Frere. Mr. Winston Churchill and a number of Dublin Fusiliers and Volunteers captured.
Boers defeated at Estcourt.
- 16.—Fighting near Orange River.
- 17-22.—Transports arrived at Cape Town with 22,000 troops.
- 20.—Lord Methuen's force reached Witteputts.
- 23.—Lord Methuen attacked Boers at Belmont.
Boers routed at Willow Grange.
- 25.—Lord Methuen engaged the Boers at Graspan (Enslin), and after four hours' hard fighting carried position.
- 26.—Mooi River Column joined at Frere by General Hildyard.
- 28.—Lord Methuen engaged enemy, 8000 strong, at Modder River, and after ten hours' desperate fighting, drove them back.
- 30.—Sixth Division for South Africa notified.

DECEMBER.

- 2.—General Clery reached Frere.
- 3.—Transport *Ismore* wrecked 180 miles north of Cape Town—all troops landed.
- 6.—Sortie from Kimberley. Major Scott Turner killed.
- 7.—Arundel occupied by British.
- 8.—British sortie from Ladysmith, Lombard's Kop being carried.
- 9.—General Gatacre sustained serious reverse at Stormberg, having been misled by guides.
Lieutenant-Colonel Metcalfe, 2nd Rifle Brigade, with 500 men from Ladysmith, captured Surprise Hill, destroying a howitzer.
- 10.—General French drove the enemy from Vaal Kop.
- 11.—Lord Methuen attacked 12,000 Boers entrenched at Majesfontein, but attack failed, although British troops held their position. Major-General Wauchope, Major Lord Winchester, and Colonel Downman killed.
- 13.—General French defeated 1800 Boers between Arundel and Naauwpoort. British loss, 1 killed, 8 wounded.
- 14.—Orders given for the mobilisation of a Sixth Division, and a Seventh in reserve.
Sir Charles Warren and Staff arrived at the Cape.
- 15.—General Buller suffered a serious reverse at Colenso, troops having to retire to Chieveley, leaving behind 11 guns.
General Hector Macdonald appointed to succeed General Wauchope.

CHART OF STAFF APPOINTMENTS MADE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR, AS ISSUED BY THE WAR OFFICE, 7TH OCTOBER 1899.

LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

The Lines of Communication will be under the general command and direction of Lieutenant-General Sir F. W. E. F. Forester-Walker, K.C.B., C.M.G.

The following Officers will be employed and will have the Staff Position shown opposite their names:—

Names of Officers Selected.	Staff Position.
Colonel H. H. Settle, C.B., D.S.O., p.s.c.	Colonel on Staff.
Captain F. A. Molony, p.s.c., R.E.	Staff Officer to Colonel on Staff.
Colonel J. W. Murray, p.s.c.	Colonel on Staff.
Colonel W. D. Richardson, C.B.	Staff Officer to General for Supplies and Transport.
Lieut.-Colonel F. F. Johnson, Army Service Corps	Deputy Assistant General for Transport.
Brevet-Colonel C. H. Bridge, C.B., Army Service Corps	Director of Railways.*
Brevet-Major (local) Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Girouard, D.S.O., R.E.	Staff Officer to Director of Railways.
Captain H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, R.E.	Assistant Directors of Railways.**
Captain (local Major) J. H. Twiss, R.E.	Deputy-Assistant Directors of Railways.
Captain (local Major) V. Munro, R.E.	Director of Telegraphs.*
Major J. E. Capper, R.E.	Station Commandants.*
Captain W. C. Mantion, R.E.	
Capt. W. O. Waghorn, R.E.	
Major (local Lieut.-Colonel) A. E. Wrottesley, R.E.	
Colonel R. S. R. Fetherstonhaugh, R.E.	
Brevet-Colonel C. P. Ridley, and En. Manchester Regt.	
Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Rivett-Carnac, 1st Bn. West Riding Regt.	
Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Suckleton, p.s.c., 1st Bn. South Lancashire Regt.	
Capt. J. G. Baldwin, Royal Garrison Artillery	
Captain A. E. Lascelles, and Bn. Norfolk Regt.	
Captain C. R. Ballard, 1st Bn. Norfolk Regt.	
Captain C. V. C. Hobart, D.S.O., and Bn. Grenadier Guards	
Brevet-Colonel W. W. D. Ward, C.B., Army Service Corps	
Col. J. K. Trotter, C.M.G., p.s.c.	
Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bennet, R.E.	
Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Lawson, p.s.c., R.E.	
Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Winter, Army Service Corps	
Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Winter, Army Service Corps	
Lieut.-Col. R. B. M. Comb, Army Service Corps	
Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel F. W. R. Ilandon, Army Service Corps	
Major J. H. Poett, p.s.c., and En. Dorsetshire Regt.	
Major C. Rawnsley, Army Service Corps	
Major R. B. Gaisford, p.s.c., Royal Scots Fusiliers	
Brevet-Major E. G. T. Bainbridge, and Bn. East Kent Regt.	
Major R. C. B. Haking, p.s.c., Hampshire Regt.	
Major A. W. Thornycroft, and Bn. Royal Scots Fusiliers	

LINES OF COMMUNICATION—Continued.

Names of Officers Selected.	Staff Position.
Captain E. H. Hughes, p.s.c., 1st Bn. York and Lancaster Regt.	Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals.
Captain G. S. St. Aubyn, King's Royal Rifle Corps	
Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel J. Adye, p.s.c., Royal Garrison Artillery	
Major H. N. C. Heath, p.s.c., Yorkshire Light Infantry	
Brevet-Major C. J. Mackenzie, 1st Bn. Seaforth Highlanders	
Major R. L. Walter, 7th Hussars	
Major E. F. Gosset, p.s.c., and Bn. East Yorkshire Regt.	
Brevet-Major A. G. Hunter-Weston, R.E.	
Major G. D. Baker, p.s.c., Royal Garrison Artillery	
Major E. S. C. Kennedy, West India Regt.	
Captain W. W. Edles, and Bn. Yorkshire Light Infantry	
Captain E. St. G. Pratt, 1st Bn. Durham Light Infantry	
Capt. C. B. Jervis-Edwards, 1st Bn. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry	
Captain F. B. Maurice, Derbyshire Regt.	
Lieutenant W. M. C. Vandeleur, and Bn. Essex Regt.	
Lieutenant G. P. Appleby, 1st Bn. Bedfordshire Regt.	
Lieutenant C. S. Reeves, 1st Bn. East Kent Regt.	
COLERIDGE GROVE, M.S.	
WAR OFFICE, 4th October 1899.	
Note.—The above list only shows the Officers employed on Staff duties on the Lines of Communication. It does not show those employed on medical, ordnance, clerical, supply, pay, &c., services.—C. G.	
* Graded as Assistant Adjutant-Generals.	
** Graded as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals.	
*** Graded as Staff Captains.	

NATAL FIELD FORCE.

Names of Officers Selected.	Staff Position.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	White, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Assistant Military Secretary	Colonel E. Duffie, p.s.c., Indian Staff Corps
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Captain R. G. Brooke, D.S.O., 7th Hussars
Assistant Adjutant-General	Captain F. Lyon, R.F.A.
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	Colonel I. S. M. Hamilton, C.B., D.S.O.
Officer Commanding Royal Artillery	(a) Major F. Hammersley, p.s.c., Lancashire Fusiliers
Commanding Royal Engineer (Colonel on Staff)	(b) Major E. R. O. Ludlow, p.s.c., Army Service Corps
Principal Medical Officer	Lieut.-Colonel W. F. N. Noel, R.E.
Medical Officer	Lieut.-Colonel R. Exham, R.A.M.C.
Chaplain (2)	Major J. F. Bateson, M.B., R.A.M.C.
Assistant Provost-Marshal*	Rev. L. J. Matthews (R.C.)
Signalling Officer	Rev. E. G. Macpherson, R.A.M.C.
* Graded as a Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	

NATAL FIELD FORCE—Continued.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	Colonel (local Major-General) F. Howard, C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C.
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Captain H. E. Vernon, D.S.O., 4th Bn. Rifle Brigade
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Hon. C. G. Fortescue, C.M.G., p.s.c., Rifle Brigade
7TH BRIGADE.	
Major-General	To be nominated locally.
Aide-de-Camp	
Brigade-Major	
8TH BRIGADE.	
Major-General	
Aide-de-Camp	
Brigade-Major	
3RD CAVALRY BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Colonel (local Major-General) F. J. Brocklehurst, M.V.O.
Aide-de-Camp	Lieutenant H. W. Viacount Crichton, Royal Horse Guards
Brigade-Major	Captain G. P. Wyndham, p.s.c., and En. Essex Regt.
WAR OFFICE, 3rd October 1899.	

STAFF OF 1ST ARMY CORPS.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding Army Corps (General Commanding-in-Chief)	General R. Hon. Sir R. H. Buller, V.C., G.C.B., C.M.G.
Military Secretary	Colonel Hon. F. W. Stopford, C.B., p.s.c.
Aides-de-Camp (4)	Captain H. N. Schofield, R.A.
Chief of the General Staff (Major-General on Staff)	Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Sackville, p.s.c., King's Royal Rifle Corps
Aide-de-Camp	Lieutenant A. R. Trotter, and Life Guards
Deputy Assistant-General	Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Howard, Shropshire Light Infantry
Assistant Adjutant-Generals (2)	Major-General Sir A. Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O.
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals (4)	Brevet-Major A. J. Kings, Royal Lancaster Regt.
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	Colonel A. S. Wynne, C.B., M.V.O., p.s.c.
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (II.)	Colonel C. W. H. Douglas, A.D.C.
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	(a) Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Court, p.s.c.
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (I.)	(b) Major L. E. Kiggell, p.s.c., Royal Warwickshire Regt.
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	(c) Major F. J. Lewis, Army Service Corps
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (II.)	(d) Major A. H. Thomas, Army Service Corps
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	Colonel R. Pole-Carew, C.B., h.p.
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (I.)	Surgeon-General W. D. Wilson, M.B.
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	Major W. G. A. Bedford, M.B., R.A.M.C.
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (II.)	Captain M. L. Hughes, R.A.M.C.

STAFF OF 1ST ARMY CORPS—Continued.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
Provost-Marshal*	Major Hon. J. H. G. Byng, p.s.c., 10th Hussars
Intelligence Duties—Assistant Adjutant-General (2)	Major E. A. Altham, p.s.c., Royal Scots
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals (2)	Major E. J. Evans, p.s.c., Liverpool Regiment
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General for Topography	Captain Hon. F. Gordon, p.s.c., Gor. Highlanders
Commanding Royal Artillery (Major-General on Staff)	Lieut.-Colonel W. W. C. Verner, p.s.c.
Staff Officer, Royal Artillery	Colonel (local Major-General) G. H. Marshall
Aide-de-Camp, R.A.	Major H. C. Slater, R.A.
Chief Engineer (Major-General on Staff)	Colonel (local Major-General) D. Kirby, R.F.A.
Staff Officer, Royal Engineers	Major E. H. Bethell, p.s.c., Royal Engineers
Military Mounted Police**	Brevet-Major R. M. Moore, 7th Hussars
Press Censor**	Major W. D. Jones, p.s.c., Wilshire Regt.
Principal Chaplain	Rev. E. H. Goodwin, B.A.
Director of Signalling*	Major (local Lieut.-Colonel) E. Rhodes, D.S.O., Royal Berkshire Regt.
Chief Ordnance Officer	Colonel R. F. N. Clarke, Army Ord. Department
Principal Veterinary Officer	Veterinary Lieut.-Colonel I. Matthews, Army Veterinary Department
Orderly Veterinary Officer	
CORPS TROOPS.	
Officer Commanding Corps Artillery (Colonel on Staff)	Colonel C. M. H. Downing
Adjutant	Captain E. S. E. W. Russell, Royal Field Artillery
Officer Commanding Royal Horse Artillery	Lieut.-Colonel W. T. Davidson, Royal Horse Artillery
Adjutant, R.H.A.	Captain G. W. Biddulph, Royal Horse Artillery
Officer Commanding F.A. (I.)	Lieut.-Colonel J. S. S. Barker, p.s.c., R.F.A.
Adjutant	Captain E. J. Duffie, R.F.A.
Officer Commanding Field Artillery (II.)	Lieut.-Colonel P. C. E. Newbagg, R.F.A.
Adjutant	Captain E. A. Cameron, Royal Field Artillery
Officer Commanding Corps Troops, Royal Engineers	Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Rochefort-Bay, R.E.
Adjutant	Lieut. S. D. Barrow, R.E.
* Graded as Assistant Adjutant-Generals.	
** Graded as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals.	

1ST ARMY CORPS—1ST DIVISION.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	Lieut.-General P. S. Lord Methuen, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Major H. Streetfield, Grenadier Guards
Assistant Adjutant-General	Captain J. A. Bell-Smith, 1st Dragoon Guards
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	Colonel R. E. Mainwaring, C.M.G.
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	(a) Brevet Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Northcott, C.B., p.s.c., Leinster Regt.
Assistant Provost-Marshal**	(b) Major R. H. L. Warner, p.s.c., Army Service Corps
Chaplain (2)	Captain R. J. Ross, 1st Bn. Middlesex Regt.
Principal Medical Officer	Rev. T. F. F. M. M. Rev. E. M. Morgan (R.C.)
Medical Officer	Colonel E. Townsend, C.B., M.D., R.A.M.C.
	Major C. H. Burthall, M.B., R.A.M.C.

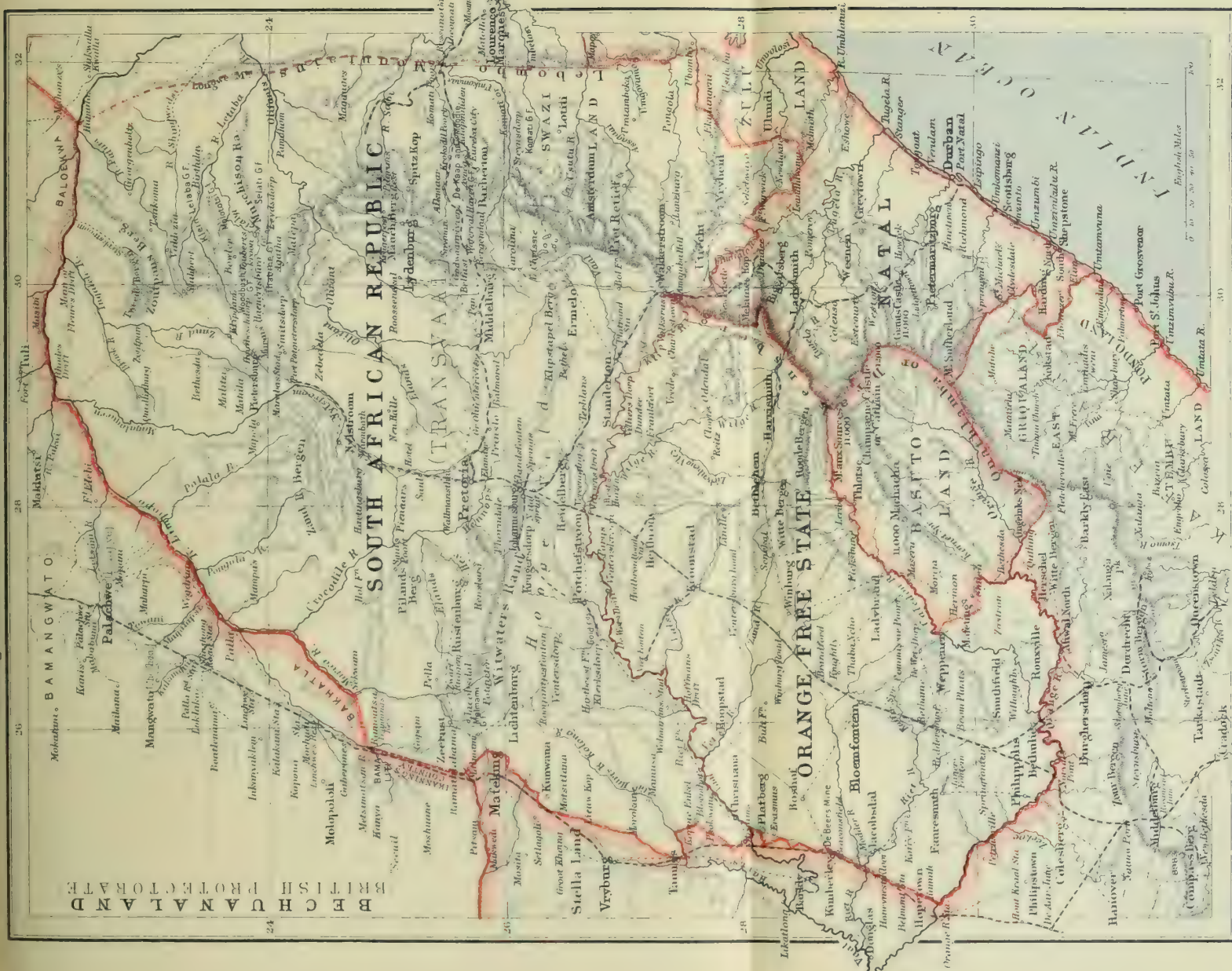
1ST ARMY CORPS—1ST DIVISION—Continued.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
Divisional Signalling Officer	Lieut. Hon. E. D. Loch, S.O., 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards
1ST BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major-General Sir H. E. Colville, K.C.M.G., C.B.
Aide-de-Camp	Captain G. C. Nugent, Grenadier Guards
Brigade-Major	Captain H. G. Ruggles-Brise, p.s.c., Grenadier Guards
2ND BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., p.s.c.
Aide-de-Camp	Lieut. A. Blair, King's Own Scottish Borders
Brigade-Major	Major L. Munro, p.s.c., Hampshire Regt.
** Graded as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	
1ST ARMY CORPS—2ND DIVISION.	
Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	Major-General (Local Lieut.-General) Sir C. F. C. C. B. p.s.c.
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Major F. E. Cooper, Royal Artillery, p.s.c.
Assistant Adjutant-General	Captain L. Parks, Durham Light Infantry
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General	Major and Lt. Colonel H. M. Hamilton, p.s.c., East Yorkshire Regiment
Assistant Provost-Marshal*	(a) Captain H. E. Gogarty, p.s.c., Royal Scots Fusiliers
Chaplain (2)	(b) Captain W. G. B. Boyce, Army Service Corps
Principal Medical Officer	Major G. F. Ellison, p.s.c., Royal Warwickshire Regt.
Medical Officer	Rev. A. A. L. Gedde, B.A., Rev. J. Robertson (P.)
Divisional Signalling Officer	Colonel T. J. Gallwey, M.D., C.B., R.A.M.C.
3RD BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major W. Baddeley, M.B., C.M.G., R.A.M.C.
Aide-de-Camp	Lieut. J. S. Cavendish, 1st Life Guards
Brigade-Major	Major-Gen. A. G. Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G.
	Captain J. B. Rennie, R.H.A.
	Major and Lt.-Col. J. S. Ewart, p.s.c., Cameron Highlanders
** Graded as a Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	
4TH BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major-General Hon. N. G. Lytton, C.B.
Aide-de-Camp	Captain Hon. H. Yarde-Buller, Rifle Brigade
Brigade-Major	Captain H. H. Wilson, p.s.c., Rifle Brigade
** Graded as a Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	
1ST ARMY CORPS—3RD DIVISION.	
Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	Major-General (local Lieut.-Gen.) Sir W. F. Gatacre, K.C.B., D.S.O., p.s.c.
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Lieutenant A. J. McNeill, 1st Bn. Seaforth Highlanders
Assistant Adjutant-General	Colonel R. E. Allen, p.s.c.
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	(a) Lieut.-Colonel W. H. H. Waters, M.V.O., p.s.c.
Assistant Provost-Marshal*	(b) Major P. E. E. Hobbs, Army Service Corps
	Captain J. R. F. Sladen, p.s.c., East Yorkshire Regt.

1ST ARMY CORPS—3RD DIVISION—Continued.

Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
Chaplain (2)	Rev. E. Ryan (R.C.)
Principal Medical Officer	Rev. R. Armitage, M.A.
Principal Medical Officer	Lieut.-Colonel St. L. Edge, M.D., R.A.M.C.
Medical Officer	Maj. G. E. Twiss, R.A.M.C.
Divisional Signalling Officer	Captain J. H. Cox, and Bn. Lincolnshire Regt.
5TH BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major-General A. Fitzroy
Aide-de-Camp	Hurt, C.B., p.s.c.
Brigade-Major	Lieut.-Colonel St. L. H. Jervis, King's Royal Rifle Corps
6TH BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Major C. R. R. MacGrigor, p.s.c., King's Royal Rifle Corps
Aide-de-Camp	Major-General G. Barton, C.B., p.s.c.
Brigade-Major	Captain J. A. E. MacBean, D.S.O., p.s.c., Royal Dublin Fusiliers
** Graded as a Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	
STAFF OF CAVALRY DIVISION.	
Staff Position.	Names of Officers Selected.
General Officer Commanding (Lieut.-General on Staff)	Col. (Lieut.-General) J. D. P. French
Aides-de-Camp (2)	Lieut.-General J. P. Milllane, 10th Hussars
Assistant Adjutant-General	Colonel Hon. G. H. Gough, C.B., p.s.c.
Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals	(a) Major D. Haig, p.s.c., 7th Hussars
Officer Commanding, Royal Horse Artillery	(b) Major G. O. Welch, Army Service Corps
Adjutant, R.H.A.	Lieut.-Colonel F. J. Welch, Eustace, R.H.A.
Principal Medical Officer	Capt. A. D. A. King, R.H.A.
Medical Officer	Rev. W. C. Haines
Assistant Provost-Marshal*	Lieut.-Colonel W. Donovan, Royal Army Medical Corps
Intelligence Department—Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General	Major H. C. Hathaway, Royal Army Medical Corps
	Captain P. A. Kenna, V.C., 1st Lancers
1ST BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Col. (local Major-General) J. M. Babinington
Aide-de-Camp	Lieutenant F. W. Wormald, 7th Hussars
Brigade-Major	Captain C. J. Briggs, 1st Dragoon Guards
Officer Commanding Mounted Infantry	Major and Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel E. A. H. Alderson, p.s.c., Royal West Kent Regt.
Adjutant, Mounted Infantry*	Captain H. M'Kicking, Royal Scots
2ND BRIGADE.	
Major-General	Colonel (local Major-Gen.) J. P. Brabazon, C.B., A.D.C.
Aide-de-Camp	Major Chas. E. Bingham, 1st Life Guards
Brigade-Major	Captain Hon. T. W. Brand, 10th Hussars
Officer Commanding Mounted Infantry*	Captain and Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Tudway, and Bn. Essex Regt.
Adjutant Mounted Infantry*	Captain H. L. Luck-Kenne, 10th Light Infantry
* Graded as Assistant Adjutant-General.	
† Will act for both Brigades.	
** Graded as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.	
COLERIDGE GROVE, M.S.	
2nd October 1899.	

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR Illustrating "South Africa and the Transvaal War." by Louis Creswicke.



SOUTH AFRICA AND THE TRANSVAAL WAR

CHAPTER I

THE CRISIS AT HOME

"Patience, long sick to death, is dead. Too long
Have sloth and doubt and treason bidden us be
What Cromwell's England was not, when the sea
To him bore witness, given of Blake, how strong
She stood, a commonweal that brooked no wrong
From foes less vile than men like wolves set free,
Whose war is waged where none may fight or flee—
With women and with weanlings. Speech and song
Lack utterance now for loathing. Scarce we hear
Foul tongues, that blacken God's dishonoured name
With prayers turned curses and with praise found shame,
Defy the truth whose witness now draws near
To scourge these dogs, agape with jaws afoam,
Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike home."
—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN the face of the insolent Ultimatum which had been addressed to Great Britain by the South African Republic, the nation closed its ranks and relegated party controversy to a more appropriate season. The British people were temporarily in accord. A wave of indignation surged over the country, and united men of different shades of politics and of varying religious creeds, making them forget their private feuds, and remember only the paramount fact that they were sons of the Empire. There were some, it is true, who remained afar off—a few exceptions to prove the rule of unanimity, beings with souls so dead that never to themselves had said, "This is my own, my native land," and who yet looked upon the Boer as an object of commiseration. But these were, first, men linked either by birth or family ties with the Afrikaner cause; second, fractious Irishmen and political obstructionists who posed for notoriety at any price; and, third, eccentrics and originals, whose sense of opposition forbade them from floating at any time with the tide of public opinion. Every one else cried aloud for a chance to uphold Great Britain's prestige, and the War

The Transvaal War

Office was so beset with applications from volunteers for the front that it was found almost impossible even to consider them. Nor was the excitement confined to officers alone. Recruiting went on apace, and not only did recruits pour in, but deserters, who had slunk away from regimental duty, now returned and gave themselves up, praying to be allowed to suffer any penalty and then march out to battle as soldiers of the Queen! Two Royal Proclamations having been issued—the one directing the continuance in army service, until discharged or transferred to the reserve, of soldiers whose term of service had expired or was about to expire; the other, ordering the army reserve to be called out on permanent service—some 25,000 men received notice to rejoin the colours. These in large numbers promptly appeared. The New South Wales Lancers, who had been going through a course of cavalry training at Aldershot, at once volunteered their services and started for the Cape amidst scenes of great enthusiasm. Other colonial troops were as eager to join, and the spirit of military rivalry throughout Her Majesty's dominions was both amazing and inspiring.

Queensland had the honour of opening the ball. Her sympathy with the policy of Great Britain and her loyalty to the mother country was shown in practical form. She intimated, in the event of hostilities, her willingness to send 250 mounted infantry and a machine-gun to the front. New Zealand followed suit; she also offered two companies of mounted rifles fully equipped at the cost of the Colony. These offers were gratefully accepted. Not to be behind-hand, Western Australia and Tasmania made similar offers, and Her Majesty's Government gladly agreed to accept one unit of 125 men from each. The Parliament of Victoria voted the despatch of a contingent of 250 men to South Africa, and the Governments of New South Wales and South Australia actively discussed similar measures. This expression of Colonial public opinion, embodying as it did the independent judgments of so many free juries, uninfluenced by personal or direct interests, had a significance which, besides being politically important, was eminently satisfactory. All Her Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets, were at this critical moment holding hands in a wide circle that encompassed the earth, and the picture of the small mother country with all her big children gathered around her in her hour of need was not one that the romance of history can afford to disregard.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

Before hostilities had actually begun, refugees from Johannesburg began to pour down to Natal and the Cape, and there were daily reports of insults received by the Uitlanders at the hands

In South Africa

of the Boers. Ladies were spat upon, and passengers suffered indignities sufficient to make an Englishman's blood boil. Fresh troops began to arrive from India, and Sir George White, in a chorus of farewell shouts, "Remember Majuba," went off from Durban to Pietermaritzburg. This was on the 7th of October 1899. At that time the troops were thus distributed:—

At Pietermaritzburg—1st Battalion Manchester Regiment and Mounted Infantry Company; 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.

At Estcourt—Detachment Natal Naval Volunteers; Natal Royal Rifles.

At Colenso—Durban Light Infantry.

At Ladysmith—5th Lancers; Detachment 19th Hussars; Brigade Division, Royal Artillery; 10th Mountain Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery; 23rd Company, Royal Engineers; 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment; 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment, and Mounted Infantry Company; 26th (two sections) British Field Hospital, and Colonial troops.

At Glencoe—18th Hussars; Brigade Division, Royal Artillery; 1st Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, and Mounted Infantry Company; 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Mounted Infantry Company; 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and Mounted Infantry Company; 6th Veterinary Field Hospital.

There was also one Company 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps at Eshowe, and a detachment of the Umvoti Mounted Rifles at Helpmakaar.

Meanwhile, at Pretoria, the Boers, protesting at the notice taken of the "chimerical grievances of the so-called Uitlanders," made energetic efforts to appoint General Viljeon, a rabid anti-Briton, in place of General Joubert as Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces.

The troops under Commandant Cronje, the hero of Potchefstroom, advanced nearer to the border, in the direction of Mafeking, and in the expectation of attack, this town was securely fortified, while all the women and children were advised to leave. The fortification of Kimberley was also commenced. The European exodus from all quarters continued, defenceless men and women alike being subjected to insult and ill-treatment by the Boers. Mr. Kruger's birthday was kept at Pretoria with general rejoicing, and on the following day a telegram was sent by President Kruger to the *New York World* saying:—

"Through the *World* I thank the people of the United States most sincerely for their sympathy. Last Monday the Republic gave Great Britain forty-eight hours' notice within which to give the Republic an assurance that the present dispute would be settled by arbitration or other peaceful means, and that the troops would be removed from the borders. This expires at five to-day. The British Agent has been recalled. War is certain. The Republics are determined, if they must belong to Great Britain, that a price will have to be paid which will stagger humanity. They have, however, full faith. The sun of liberty will arise in South Africa as it arose in North America."

The Transvaal War

From this letter it was patent that Mr. Kruger was either pursuing his policy of bluff, or had made long and elaborate preparations for war with the British. On the same date an announcement was published in the town of Pretoria:—

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *October 11.*”

“Her Majesty’s Agent at Pretoria was to-day instructed to make the following communication to the Government of the South African Republic: ‘The Imperial Government have received with great regret the peremptory demands of the Government of the South African Republic conveyed in the telegram of October 9. You will inform the Government of the South African Republic that the conditions demanded by the Government of the South African Republic are such as Her Majesty’s Government deem it impossible to discuss. With the delivery of the above,’ the Imperial Government add, ‘as the Transvaal Government stated in their Note that a refusal to comply with their demands would be regarded as a formal declaration of war, the British Agent is instructed to ask for his passports.’”

Of course, this news caused intense excitement, and all who had remained sanguine of peace now gave up hope. At Bloemfontein President Steyn simultaneously issued a Proclamation to the Burghers of the Free State. He said that “the sister Republic is about to be attacked by an unscrupulous enemy, who has long looked for a pretext to annihilate the Afrikanders.”

He went on to say that the people of the Orange Free State were bound to the Transvaal by many ties, as well as by formal treaty, and solemnly declared, in the presence of the Almighty, that they are compelled to resist a powerful enemy owing to the injustice done to their kith and kin.

Solemn obligations, continued the Proclamation, have not protected the Transvaal against an annexation conspiracy. When its independence ceases, the existence of the Orange Free State as an independent State will be meaningless. Experience in the past has shown that no reliance can be placed on the solemn promises and obligations of Great Britain when the Administration at the helm is prepared to tread treaties under foot.

After giving a historical sketch of the wrongs which he alleged had been done to the Transvaal, President Steyn said: “The original Conventions have been twisted and turned by Great Britain into a means of exercising tyranny against the Transvaal, which has not returned the injustice done to it in the past. No gratitude has been shown for the indulgence which was granted to British subjects, who, according to law, had forfeited their lives and property. Compliance with the British demands would be equivalent to the loss of our independence, which has been gained by our blood and tears. For many years British troops have been concentrating on the borders of the Transvaal in order to compel it by terrorism to comply with

In South Africa

British claims. The crafty plans of those with whom love of gold is the motive are now being realised. While acknowledging the honour of thousands of Englishmen who abhor deeds of robbery and violence, the Orange Free State execrates the wrongful deeds of a British statesman."

After expressing confidence that the Almighty would help and aid them, and counselling the Burghers to do nothing unworthy of Christians and Burghers of the Free State, the President concluded with the following words: "Burghers of the Free State, stand up as one man against the oppressor and violator of right."

Meanwhile Sir George White, accompanied by Colonel Ian Hamilton (Assistant Adjutant-General), Colonel Duff (Assistant Military Secretary), Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Captains Brooke and Lyon, aides-de-camp, was proceeding on his journey to Ladysmith. The principal British camps were situated near Glencoe Junction and Ladysmith, and around these some twelve or fifteen thousand Boers were reported to be stationed between Sand-spruit, Volksrust, and Wakkerstroom, while on the western side the Natal border was threatened by the Orange Free State's forces, which were posted in the neighbourhood of Van Reenen's Pass.

A Proclamation, signed by Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Schreiner, was issued in Cape Town, warning British subjects of their duty to the Queen, while at the same time the German Consul-General officially ordered his countrymen to remain neutral. A similar warning was given by the German Consul to Germans in Johannesburg. Preparations were made for the immediate landing of a Naval Brigade from the British battleships in Simon's Bay, and volunteers of all kinds hurried to tender their services for special corps. In Pretoria a further manifesto was issued, calling on Afrikaners to resist the British demands, and accusing Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Alfred Milner of pursuing a "criminal policy." It also declared that it was perfectly clear that the desire and object of Great Britain was to deprive the Transvaal Republic of its independence on account of the gold-mining industry on the Rand.

The manifesto went on to say that Great Britain had offered two alternatives—a five years' franchise or war. It pointed out that the difference between the two Governments of two years in the matter of the franchise had been considered as a sufficient justification for Her Majesty's Government to endeavour to swallow up the Republics, and it reminded the Afrikaners that God would assuredly defend the right.

The manifesto was signed "Francois Willem Reitz, Secretary of State." It created a profound sensation, and a million copies were printed in Dutch and English.

By this time General Viljoen, in command of the Free State

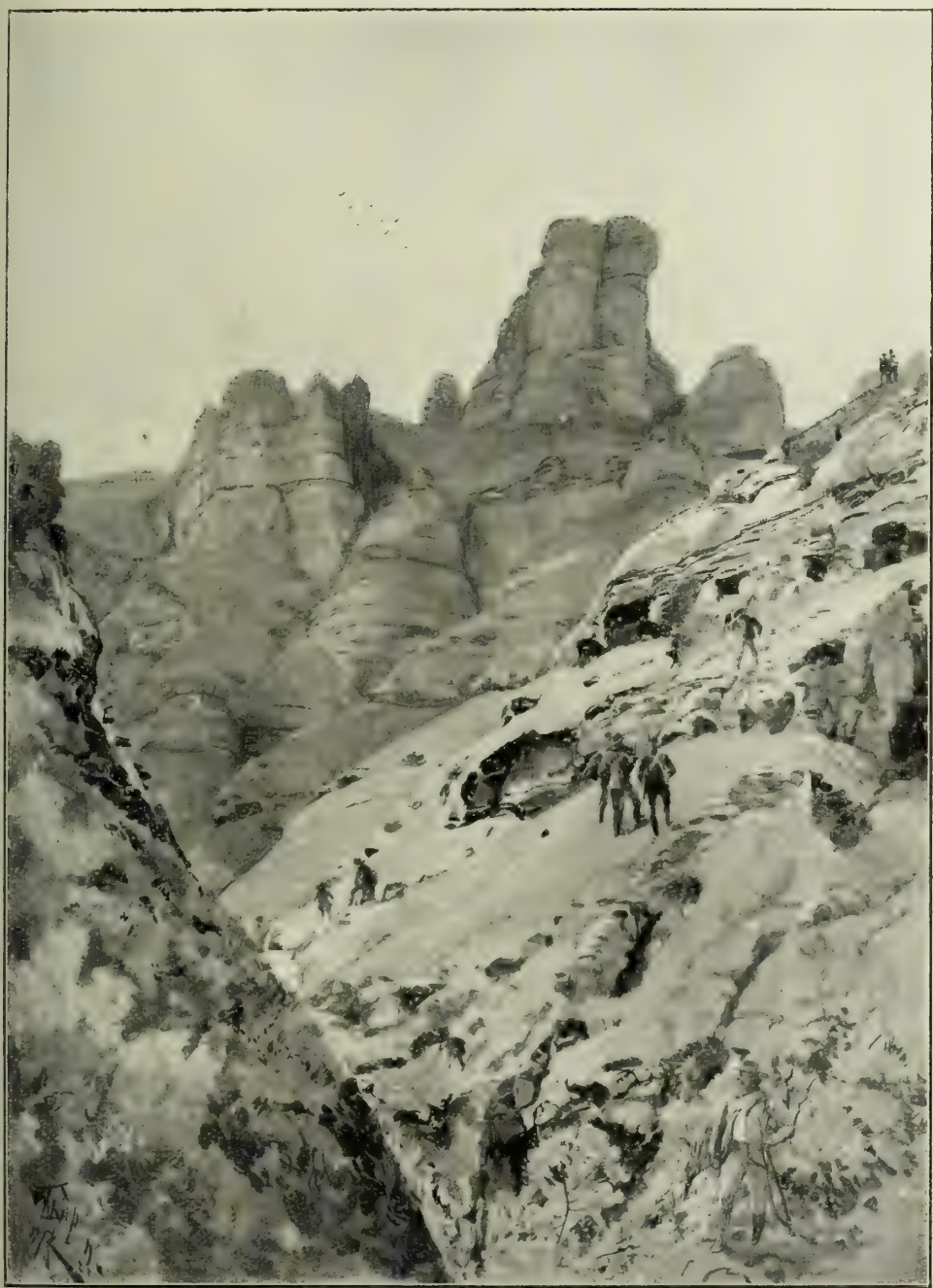
The Transvaal War

artillery, was marching towards Albertina, and a party of Boers was encroaching on the Natal border near Berg. Newcastle was warned that a state of war had begun. It was abandoned by the British, and taken possession of by the Boers, while Mafeking held itself in readiness to withstand the enemy. At Sandspruit the Boers were scattered in various camps over a wide area, and on the Portuguese border the Barberton and Lydenburg commandoes were concentrating. Terrified refugees were still fleeing to the Cape in such large numbers that it was almost impossible to find accommodation for them, and large sums of money were being subscribed both there and in Great Britain for the relief of the unhappy exiles. Mr. Rhodes, as usual, gave munificently in aid of the sufferers, and Sir Alfred Milner exerted himself to save the unhappy victims of British and Boer disagreement from destitution. The treatment that these poor persons received from the Boers in the course of their journey caused intense indignation, and profound sympathy was felt for the homeless ones who thus suddenly had been cast adrift from domestic comfort to complete poverty.

It was now believed that, following the precedent of 1881, an attempt would be made to isolate Mafeking and Kimberley, and carry on irregular sieges at these places. The enemy's forces on the northern frontier of Natal were estimated at some 13,000 men, while at Mafeking and Kimberley they were supposed to number some three thousand each. On the east, the seaport of Lorenzo Marques now sprung into great importance, and the supposed neutralisation of the harbour was effected.

On the 11th of October Mr. Coningham Greene, the British Agent in Pretoria, left that place for Cape Town; and on the 14th General Sir Redvers Buller, as Commander-in-chief of the British forces engaged against the Boer Republics, started from England. The state of war had commenced in earnest. The Boers in hot haste began to issue further Proclamations, and President Steyn continued to call on his Burghers to "stand up as one man against the oppressor and violator of rights." Twenty-four hours later they were over the border, tearing up railway lines and severing telegraph wires, and thus cutting off communication between Mafeking, Vryburg, Rhodesia, and Cape Colony. The investment of Kimberley was imminent, but it was generally believed that the Diamond City was strong enough to hold its own till our troops should come to the rescue. The First Brigade of the Army Service Corps started on the 20th of October from Southampton, the second left on the following day, and the third sailed on Sunday the 22nd. About the same time the Canadian Government decided to contribute 1000 men for service in South Africa, and the New Zealand Contingent sailed for the Cape.

In spite of the energetic movements that were suddenly set on



THE OUTBREAK OF WAR—THE DRAKENBERG MOUNTAINS WHERE THE
BOERS WERE LAAGERED.

The Occupation of Dundee

foot, a few pessimists ventured to declare that we would be bound to reap the results of our previous unpreparedness, and that in consequence of our procrastination and the weakness of the Government in not having taken the initiative and allowed us to mobilise earlier, the Boers would get a good six weeks' start—a loss it would be hard for the best tacticians or the finest fighting men in the world to retrieve. But the mouths of the grumblers were silenced. Every one was convinced that the fate of the nation was perfectly safe in the hands of Sir Redvers Buller and Mr. Thomas Atkins, and, so convinced, thousands upon thousands flocked to see them off, and roared their God-speed with cheery British lungs, albeit with sad and anxious hearts.

THE OCCUPATION OF DUNDEE

Late in September a force consisting of two battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and two field-batteries was hurriedly pushed forward to occupy Dundee. Affairs between the British and the Boers were nearing a crisis. It was beginning to be believed that the Dutchmen meant to take the initiative and strike a blow against our supremacy in South Africa, though some at home were still shilly-shallying with sentimental arguments as to the propriety of fighting our "brother Boer" at all. As we now know, it wanted but the smallest move on the part of the British to bring things to a head. Large commandoes were gathered together with a rapidity which would have been marvellous had the Boers not designedly brought about the issue of war, and the frontier of the northern angle of Natal was threatened. Dundee is an important coal-mining centre situated some forty-eight miles north-east of Ladysmith. Why it was chosen as our advance post is hard to decide. Its communications with Ladysmith were open to attack from either flank, and, in the light of after events, we see that the position there of a detached force was highly precarious. General Sir George White in an official despatch thus describes his action in the matter :—

"Since my arrival in the Colony I had been much impressed by the exposed situation of the garrison of Glencoe, and on the evening of October 10 I had an interview on the subject with his Excellency the Governor, at which I laid before him my reasons for considering it expedient, from a military point of view, to withdraw that garrison, and to concentrate all my available troops at Ladysmith. After full discussion his Excellency recorded his opinion that such a step would involve grave political results and possibilities of so serious a nature that I determined to accept the military risk of holding Dundee as the lesser of two evils. I proceeded in person to Ladysmith on October 11, sending on Lieutenant-General Sir William Penn Symons to take command at Glencoe.

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“The Boers crossed the frontier both on the north and west on October 12, and next day the Transvaal flag was hoisted at Charlestown. My great inferiority in numbers necessarily confined me strategically to the defensive, but tactically my intention was, and is, to strike vigorously whenever opportunity offers.”

Everything at this juncture depended on the rapidity with which our army at home could be mobilised and sent to the Cape, and though we took to ourselves some credit for the energy displayed by all concerned, we were really scarcely up to date in the matter of activity. For instance, in 1859 it took only thirty-seven days for France to collect on the river Po a force of 104,000 men, with 12,000 more in Italy, while in 1866 the Prussian army, numbering 220,000 men, were placed on the frontiers of Saxony and Silesia in a fortnight. But more expeditious still was Germany in 1870. In nine days she was able to mobilise her forces, and in eight more to send to the French frontier an army of 400,000 soldiers and 1200 guns! We had, it is true, to ship off our troops a distance of some 8000 miles, but, without counting this—a natural disadvantage—there were others—many others, the upshot of red-tapism—to be contended with. This Sir George White was beginning to feel, but his sufferings in regard to the initial delay were threefold later on.

To return to Dundee. It was maintained both by the Government and the people of Natal that the valuable coal supply should be protected, and an attempt was therefore made to guard it. The misfortune was that from the first Lieutenant-General Sir W. Penn Symons—who, before the arrival of Sir George White, commanded in Natal—seemed to be ill acquainted with the enormous forces that the Boers could bring to bear against him. It was true that he could not at that time be certain, any more than appeared to be the Government at home, that the Free Staters would join the Republicans; but to any one acquainted with the subject, the fact that President Steyn had pulled the strings of the Bloemfontein affair was sufficient evidence of a contemplated alliance. With the Free State neutral, the aspect of affairs might have been entirely changed, and Dundee, with Ladysmith to support it, might have held its own. As it was, these small places were from the first placed in the most unenviable quandary.

General Symons, on the arrival of Sir George White in Natal, took command of the forces in Dundee, and began active preparations for the reception of the Dutchmen.

The latter, immediately after the declaration of war, took possession of Newcastle, and our patrols soon came in touch with the enemy. In spite of their animated and aggressive movements, however, Sir W. Penn Symons was disinclined to believe that the enemy meant a serious attack upon Dundee, and though fully



MAP OF NORTHERN NATAL. SCALE 15 STATUTE MILES TO THE INCH.

The Transvaal War

prepared for hostilities, he was somewhat amazed when really informed of the rapid advance of the united Republicans. But he lost no time. He made inquiries, and satisfied himself that he was in a position of some danger and that he must promptly leap to action. The chief difficulty of the situation lay in the number of passes through which the Boers with their easily mobilised forces could manage to pour in bodies of men, and the limited number of British troops at General Symons's disposal. From the movements of the Boers it was obvious that the plan of attack had long been cleverly and carefully arranged. The Free State Boers on the 12th of October seized Albertina Station, near the Natal frontier, and took possession of the key, the stationmaster having to make his way on a trolley to Ladysmith. There, as yet, all was externally peaceful, as though no enemy were near, but a suppressed anxiety to be "up and at 'em" prevailed among the troops. Their ardour was in nowise damped by the incessant rain that fell, and converted the surrounding country into a wide morass, nor by the snow that followed, which gave the Drakenberg Mountains an additionally impregnable aspect and rendered them at once picturesque and forbidding.

A steady increase of the commandoes in the neighbourhood of Doornberg continued, and an attack within a few days seemed imminent.

Thereupon a large number of troops left Ladysmith for Acton Homes, where a Boer commando of four miles long was reported to be laagered. But the Boers retreated, and the troops remained some ten miles from Ladysmith, the Dublin Fusiliers alone moving back to Glencoe, whence they had come by train by order of General Symons.

At Glencoe we had, as before stated, some 4000 men, but report said that General Viljeon had an enormous force, nearly double ours in number, which was lying at the foot of Botha's Pass, one and a half miles on the Natal side of the Border. Besides this, General Kock had a commando at Newcastle. The invasion of Natal by the Boers in three columns was formally announced by an official statement from the Governor:—

"PIETERMARITZBURG, *October 16.*

"Natal was invaded from the Transvaal early on the morning of the 12th inst., an advance being made by the enemy in three columns. On the right a mixed column of Transvaal and Free State Burghers with Hollander Volunteers marched through Botha's Pass. In the centre the main column, under General Joubert's personal command, crossed Lang's Nek and moved forward *viâ* Ingogo. On the left a large commando advanced from Wakker-

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stroom *viâ* Moll's Nek and Wool's Drift. The object of all three columns was Newcastle, which was occupied on the night of the 14th, the central column having slept the previous night at Mount Prospect, General Colley's old camping-place. On Sunday an advance party of 1500 Boers, with artillery, pushed south of Ingagane, but the greater portion of this commando retired later in the day on Newcastle. A Boer force which had been concentrating at De Jager's Drift captured six Natal policemen. A picket of the King's Royal Rifles Mounted Infantry has exchanged a few shots with the enemy. This has hitherto been the only fighting.

"A large force of Free State Boers, estimated at from 11,000 to 13,000, is watching the passes of the Drakensberg from Olivier's Hoek to Collins's Pass. They have pushed a few patrols down the berg, but hitherto the main force has not debouched from the actual passes, which are being intrenched."

As will be seen, the advance of the foe seemed to be converging on Sir George White's position from all directions, and threatening Glencoe from the north, east, and possibly west. Still the troops remained cheerful and looked forward to a brush with the enemy. On the 18th hostilities were begun by the Free State commando moving about ten miles down the Tintwa Pass. They opened fire with their artillery on some small cavalry patrols, but their shooting was distinctly inferior, and no one was injured. They retreated on the advance of the 5th Lancers. Several more commandoes were known to have advanced to join a force stationed at Doornberg, some twelve miles from Dundee, and the enemy's scouts having also been seen some seven miles off Glencoe, an engagement was expected at any moment. An interesting account of this interval of suspense was given by an officer writing on the 16th October from Dundee, interesting and pathetic, too, when, in reading it, we remember that the gallant fellow to whom the writer alluded is alive no longer. He said:—

"Hitherto there has been no fighting at all, but our patrols are in touch with the enemy. I was out on my first patrol the day before yesterday since the declaration of war. My orders were to start at 6 A.M., push on about twelve miles along the Newcastle road, and stay out till about 6 P.M. I went out to a small hill about four miles from the camp and reconnoitred, and then went on to a place called Hadding Spruit, where I found a few people at the station and the stationmaster. This is at present the terminus of the line, all the rolling stock north of this having been sent south, and all the wires cut and instruments removed by the railway people. There is a large coal-mine here, and the people are in a deadly funk about being blown up. I pushed on to a large kopje, a few miles this side and west of Dannhauser, and climbed to the top, where I

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spent an hour or so, as from there one can see as far as Ingagane Nek, four miles this side of Newcastle, the place I sketched. Just as I looked over the top of the hill I saw two men on ponies with guns. They were talking to a Kaffir. I at once put them down as Boers, and thought of firing at them, but decided not to disclose my position and watch them. This was lucky for them, as I caught them later, and found them to be refugees flying from the Boers, who I discovered were in occupation of Ingagane and Newcastle, and had their patrols out nearly to Dannhauser.

"I then went on to Dannhauser, which consists of a railway station, two farms, a store, a couple of coolie stores, a mine, and a few huts. We approached with magazines charged and expected to see a Boer every minute, but found that they were not expected to come down as far as that till next day. I then made my way slowly back by the main road, and reached camp about 5 P.M., when I found that the other patrol (six men and an officer is the strength of each) had proceeded to De Jager's Drift and had not returned. A telephonic communication from the police-station at De Jager's Drift said, 'A large force of forty Boers have crossed Buffalo to cut off your patrol. Am trying . . . '—and then ended abruptly. It eventually transpired that the Boers rushed the police-station before the message could be completed. Thackwell, who was in command of the patrol, pursued twelve Boers up to the river. Then thirty-four crossed to our side, and twelve lower down, the twelve trying to cut him off behind. However, he retired on to a nek behind, and as they did not come on, he moved off in about half an hour by another road. This was lucky for him, as he saw the twelve men who had crossed by Landsman's Drift disconsolately coming down from a lot of rocks where they had been lying in wait for him on the road he had come by.

"There seems to have been something going on at Kimberley. I wish they would buck up here and do something. I am on picket to-night, which means no sleep and a lot of bother, as the picket is about seven miles from camp at the junction of the Vant's Drift and De Jager's Drift roads, where there is a chance of being plugged at. The picket on the Helmakaar road was shot at the other night.

"One of the armoured trains came up here yesterday—an ugly-looking beast with the engine in the middle, all covered with iron, so that only just the top of the funnel is visible. I do not believe in them. If any one puts a dynamite cartridge under a rail—pop! up goes the armoured train.

"I think this will be a very interesting war, as the railway will play such an important part in the tactics. Thus the other day we sent the Dublin Fusiliers down to Ladysmith to repel an

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expected attack at half-an-hour's notice, and brought them back the same night. . . .

"We are under an awfully nice General—one Penn Symons—a real good chap."

On the 18th of October the Carabineers were in touch with the enemy in the neighbourhood of Bester's Farm a great part of the day, and Lieutenant Galway, son of the Chief-Justice of Natal, who remained to watch his troops off the kopje, was reported missing. The Carabineers were compelled to retire owing to being completely outnumbered by the Boer force, and had they not done so they would have run the risk of being cut off from their supports. There were some hair-breadth escapes, and Major Taunton, who was riding at the head of his squadron, came through a vigorous hail of bullets quite uninjured.

Major Rethman, in command of 300 Natal Mounted Rifles, also actively engaged the enemy near Acton Homes, but was also compelled to retire for fear of being cut off. Being quite conversant with Boer tactics, he refused to be drawn by the pretence of retreat made by the Dutchmen, knowing that concealed forces of the enemy in great numbers were waiting to entrap him. Major Rethman, believing in the old saw that brevity is the soul of wit, reported his loss as "one hat."

The Dutchmen now advanced. An armoured train, sent by Sir George White to bring in wounded from Bester's Farm, returned discomfited, as the rails over the bridge four miles off Ladysmith had been tampered with. It was found that a farm, which had been deserted earlier in the day, was now in the occupation of the Boers, but these, though established on the south side of the line, made no effort to attack the train and allowed it to return unmolested. Rumours of fighting were in the air, and skirmishes between advance parties of British troops and Boers were the order of the day. A report reached the Glencoe camp that the Boers had been seen some seven miles off, whereupon Major Laming with a squadron of the 18th Hussars rode out to reconnoitre. Lieutenant Cape, the advanced officer's patrol, discovered a strong advance party of the enemy, who delivered a heavy fire, but fortunately without result. This most probably was due to the swift and clever manœuvring of the Hussars.

The Carabineers and Border Mounted Rifles, who were in action nearly the whole of the 18th of October, returned to camp at three in the morning of the 19th. They were quite worn out and famished, having been for twenty-four hours without food, and three days and two nights in the saddle. Considering the excitement and fatigue, they were in excellent spirits. Their experience was a novel one, for on this occasion the Boers, who usually prefer to skulk

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under cover, made incipient rushes at certain points. They gave way, however, before the pressing attentions of the Maxims, and fled helter-skelter to cover again; but their departure was on the principle of "those who fight and run away live to fight another day." They reserved themselves for a more decisive effort.

At midday on the 19th a mixed train running from Ladysmith to Dundee was captured by the enemy about a mile off Elandslaagte Station, which stands about fifteen miles from Ladysmith, and is the first station from thence on the line. A war correspondent was taken prisoner, four Carabineers were wounded, and some horses and cattle seized. Telegraphic communication in the north was cut off, and four trucks of stores in the Elandslaagte Station were captured.

THE BATTLE OF GLENCOE

On the night of the 19th, Sir W. Penn Symons discovered that he was surrounded by the enemy. Three of their columns were converging on his position—one from the north-west under General Erasmus by the Dannhauser-Hattingspruit road; one from Utrecht and Vryheid by Landsman's Drift from the east, under Commandant Lucas Meyer; and a third under General Viljoen from Waschbank on the south, this latter being the force which cut through the Ladysmith-Dundee railway.

The Boer plan was to deliver simultaneously different attacks from all sides of the Glencoe camp. The column under Erasmus was to open the attack from the north-west, and falling back, was to draw Symons in pursuit away from his camp. Then Viljoen and Meyer were to close on the pursuers from either flank and annihilate them.

Fortunately this skilfully-devised programme was not fulfilled. For this reason: The force under Lucas Meyer was the first to arrive, and its leader, impatient to secure the glories of war, decided on an independent course of action. Before the other columns could put in an appearance he opened the attack. On the hills round Glencoe the Boers had posted cannon, and from thence at daybreak on the 20th of October Meyer's gunners began to fire plugged shells into the camp. A flash—a puff of smoke—a whizz and a crash! Hostilities had begun! By 5 A.M. all General Symons's troops were under arms. It was evident that the enemy were in force, and that their guns were some half-a-dozen in number. Their range was 5000 yards, but, fortunately, their shots, though well directed, flew screaming overhead and buried themselves in the soft earth, doing no damage whatever. A few tents fell, a few marquees were torn up. That was all. Our artillery soon came into

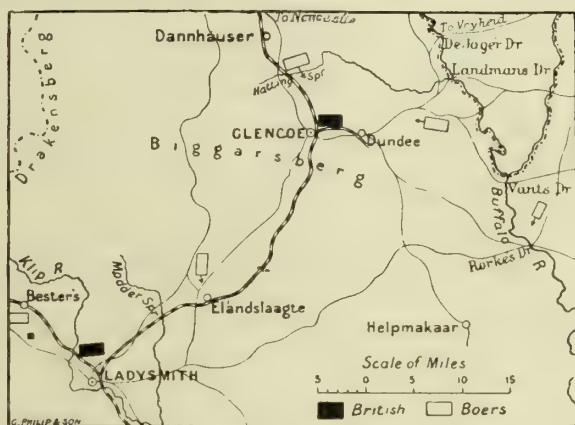
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action, at first at too long a range, but afterwards—from a position south of Dundee—with greater success. They then replied to the enemy's challenge with considerable warmth and excellent effect; and, since our batteries numbered some three to one, by 11.30 o'clock the enemy's Krupps were silenced. In the meantime the infantry, the 1st King's Royal Rifles and the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, formed for attack opposite the enemy's position, which was situated some two miles off at the top of an almost impregnable hill. Huge boulders margined the sides of it, and half-way up an encircling wall added to the impassability of the position. But the word impossible is not to be found in the dictionary of a soldier, and General Symons gave an order. The hill was to be taken. The bugles rang out; the infantry fixed bayonets. Then was enacted another, only a grander, Majuba, but now with the position of the contending forces inverted. Doubt-

less the memory of that historic defeat inspired our men, for they evidently decided that what the Boer had done, the Briton also could do, and, spurred by their officers, who showed an absolute disregard of the possibilities of danger, went ahead and carried the crest in magnificent style. No such brilliant achievement of British

infantry has been recorded since Albuera. But this, as we shall see, was not accomplished in a moment. It involved tremendous exposure in crossing an open plain intersected with nullahs under a terrific fire, followed by a long spell of dogged climbing, finally on hand and knees, over more than a mile of broken, sometimes almost perpendicular, ground, and in the midst of an incessant and furious fusilade.

At 7.30 A.M. the head of the Hattingspruit column appeared; appeared but to vanish—for it was at once saluted by the 67th Field Battery, and being unprepared for this somewhat boisterous attention, made haste to beat a retreat. At 8.50 the infantry brigade was ordered to advance. Soon the Dublin Fusiliers and the Rifles, who had been reinforced by the Royal Irish Fusiliers, were steadily moving on, firing by sections, and using what cover the ground afforded. Overhead, from the hill described,



POSITION OF FORCES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF GLENCOE.

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and from another south of the road, the ever-active shells continued their grim music, while all around was the dense curtain of fine rain that drizzled down like wet needles from an opaque sky, making a screen between the opposing forces. But on and on, led by their gallant officers, our infantry continued to toil, their advance ever covered by the 13th and 67th Field Batteries—under the command respectively of Major Dawkins and Major Wing—while the enemy from above poured upon them volley after volley as hard as rifles would let them. When half-way up, where the kopje was girded by a flat terrace and a stone wall, the troops, scattered by the terrific fire, hot, drenched, and panting with their climb, made a halt. There, under the lee of the hill, it was necessary to get “a breather,” and to gather themselves together for the supreme effort. The scene was not exhilarating. The grey mist falling—the scattered earth and mud rising and spluttering, the shrieking shells rending the air, already vibrant with the whirr of bullets—the closer sounds and sights of death and destruction—all these things were sufficient to stem the courage of stoutest hearts. Still the British band remained undaunted, still they prepared boldly for the final rush. Presently, with renewed energy the three gallant regiments, steadily and determinedly as ever, started off, scaled the wall, clambered up the steep acclivity, and finally, with a rush and a roar as of released pandemonium, charged the crest.

The rout of the enemy was complete. At the glint of the steel they turned and ran—ran like panic-stricken sheep, helter-skelter over the hill, in the direction of Landmann's and Vant's Drifts. Their retreat was harried by cavalry and mounted infantry, and, so far as it was possible, in view of the inaccessible position, by the field artillery. At this juncture the enemy displayed a white flag—without any intention of surrender, it appears—but our firing was stopped by order of the artillery commander. Two guns and several prisoners were captured, together with horses and various boxes of shells for Maxim, Nordenfeldt, and Krupp quick-firing guns. Our wounded were many, and some companies looked woefully attenuated as the remnant, when all was over, whistled themselves back to camp. Their gallant leader, General Penn Symons, who had taken no precautions to keep under cover, but, on the contrary, had made himself conspicuous in being accompanied by a lancer with a red flag, fell early in the fight, mortally wounded. His place was taken by Brigadier-General Yule, whose position at that time was far from enviable. A message had been brought in by scouts, stating that some 9000 Boers were marching with the intention of attacking the British in the rear, and that at the very moment the advancing multitude might be cloaked in a dark mist that was gathering round the hills. Fortunately the hovering hordes



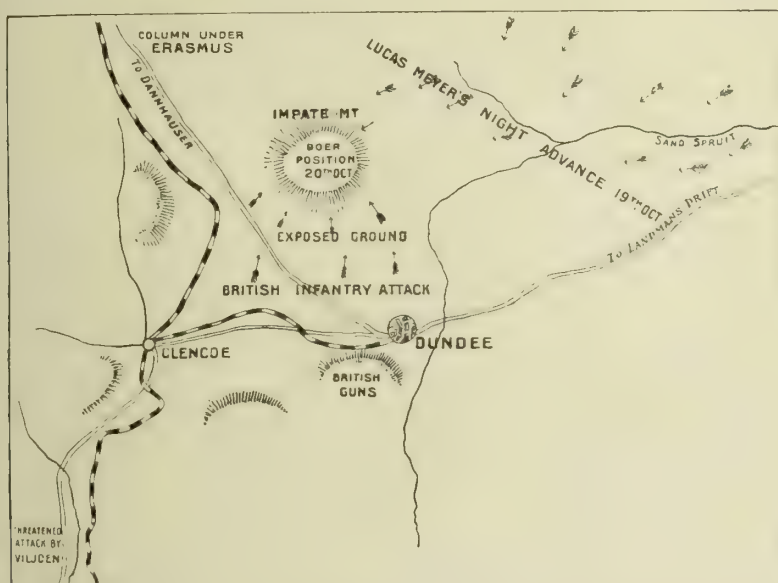
THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR—TRANSPORT LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE CAPE.

Drawing by Charles J. de Lacia.

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failed to appear, and the first big engagement of the war terminated in a glorious victory for British arms.

From all accounts the two hostile columns numbered respectively 4000 and 9000 men, and against these forces Sir Penn Symons had at his command in all about 4000. Among these were the 13th, 67th, and 69th Field Batteries, the 18th Hussars, the Natal Mounted Volunteers, the 8th Battalion Leicester Regiment, the 1st King's Royal Rifles, the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, and several companies of mounted infantry. But on the Dublin Fusiliers, the King's Royal Rifles, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers fell the brunt of the work, the task of capturing the Boer position, and the magnificent dash and courage



with which the almost impossible feat was accomplished brought a thrill to the heart of all who had the good fortune to witness it.

Though the fight was a successful one, a grievous incident occurred. The 18th Hussars had received orders at 5.40 A.M. to get round the enemy's right flank and be ready to cut off his retreat. They were accompanied by a portion of the mounted infantry and a machine-gun. Making a wide turning movement, they gained the eastern side of Talana Hill and there halted, while two squadrons were sent in pursuit of the enemy. From that time, though firing was heard at intervals throughout the day, Colonel Moeller, with a squadron of the 18th Hussars and four sections of mounted infantry, was lost to sight. The rain had increased and the mist covered the hills, and it was believed that in course of time this missing party would return. But the belief was vain. In a few days it was

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discovered that they were made prisoners and had been removed to Pretoria. The following is a list of the gallant officers who were so unluckily captured:—

Colonel Moeller, 18th Hussars; Major Greville, 18th Hussars; Captain Pollok, 18th Hussars; Captain Lonsdale, 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers; Lieutenant Le Mesurier, 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers; Lieutenant Garvice, 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers; Lieutenant Grimshaw, 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers; Lieutenant Majendie, 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps; Lieutenant Shore, Army Veterinary Department, attached to 18th Hussars.

An official account of the circumstances which led to the capture was supplied by Captain Hardy, R.A.M.C., who said: "After the battle, three squadrons of the 18th Hussars, with one Maxim, a company of the Dublin Fusiliers, a section of the 60th Rifles and Mounted Infantry, Colonel Moeller commanding, kept under cover of the ridge to the north of the camp, and at 6.30 moved down the Sand Spruit. On reaching the open the force was shelled by the enemy, but there were no casualties.

"Colonel Moeller took his men round Talana Hill in a southeasterly direction, crossed the Vant's Drift road, captured several Boers, and saw the Boer ambulances retiring. Colonel Moeller, with the B Squadron of the Hussars, a Maxim, and mounted infantry, crossed the Dundee-Vryheid railway, and got near a big force of the enemy, who opened a hot fire, and Lieutenant M'Lachlan was hit.

"The cavalry retired across Vant's Drift, 1500 Boers following. Colonel Moeller held the ridge for some time, but the enemy enveloping his right, he ordered the force to fall back across the Spruit. The Maxim got fixed in a donga (water-hole). Lieutenant Cape was wounded, three of his detachment were killed, and the horses of Major Greville and Captain Pollok were shot.

"The force re-formed on a ridge north of the Sand Spruit, and held it for a short time. While Captain Hardy was attending to Lieutenant Crum, who was wounded, Colonel Moeller retired his force into a defile, apparently with the intention of returning to camp round the Impati Mountain, and was not seen afterwards."

The following list of casualties shows how hardly the glory of victories may be earned:—

Divisional Staff.—General Sir William Penn Symons, mortally wounded in stomach; Colonel C. E. Beckett, A.A.G., seriously wounded, right shoulder; Major Frederick Hammersley, D.A.A.G., seriously wounded, leg. Brigade Staff.—Colonel John Sherston,¹ D.S.O., Brigade Major, killed; Captain

¹ Colonel Sherston, D.S.O., of the Rifle Brigade, in which he held the rank of Major, was a son of the late Captain Sherston, of Evercreech House, Somerset, and a nephew of Lord Roberts. He entered the army on February 12, 1876, and on the Afghan War breaking out two years later was appointed aide-de-camp to his uncle, then Sir Frederick

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Frederick Lock Adam, Aide-de-Camp, seriously wounded, right shoulder. 1st Battalion Leicestershire Regiment.—Lieutenant B. de W. Weldon, wounded slightly, hand. 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.—Second Lieutenant A. H. M. Hill, killed; Major W. P. Davison, wounded; Captain and Adjutant F. H. B. Connor, wounded (since dead); Captain M. J. W. Pike, wounded; Lieutenant C. C. Southey, wounded; Second Lieutenant M. B. C. Carbery, wounded dangerously, face and shoulder; Second Lieutenant H. C. W. Wortham, wounded severely, both thighs. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.—Captain George Anthony Weldon, killed; Captain Maurice Lowndes, wounded dangerously, left leg; Captain Atherstone Dibley, wounded dangerously, head; Lieutenant Charles Noel Perreau, wounded; Lieutenant Charles Jervis Genge, wounded (since dead). 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles.—Killed: Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Gunning,¹ Captain M. H. K. Pechell, Lieutenant J. Taylor, Lieutenant R. C. Barnett, Second Lieutenant N. J. Hambro.—Wounded: Major C. A. T. Boulton, upper thigh, dangerously; Captain O. S. W. Nugent, Captain A. R. M. Stuart-Wortley, Lieutenant F. M. Crum, Lieutenant R. Johnstone, both thighs, severely; Second Lieutenant G. H. Martin, thigh and arm, severely. 18th Hussars.—Wounded: Second Lieutenant H. A. Cape, Second Lieutenant Albert C. M'Lachlan, Second Lieutenant E. H. Bayford.

The Boer force engaged in this action was computed at 4000 men, of whom about 500 were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Three of their guns were left dismounted on Talana Hill, but there was no opportunity of bringing them away.

Our own losses were severe, amounting to 10 officers and 31 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 20 officers and 165 non-

Roberts. He was present in the engagement at Charasiah on October 6, 1879, and the subsequent pursuit of the enemy, his services being mentioned in despatches. A similar distinction fell to his lot in connection with the operations around Cabul in 1879, including the investment of Sherpore. He accompanied Lord Roberts in the famous march to Candahar, and was present at the battle at that place, when he was again mentioned in despatches. His services during the operations were rewarded with the medal with three clasps and the bronze decoration. In 1881 he took part in the Mahsood Wuzereee Expedition, and on August 20, 1884, he received his company. He served with the Burmese Expedition in 1886-87 as D.A.A. and Q.G. on the Headquarters Staff, and was again mentioned in despatches and received the Distinguished Service Order and the medal with clasp. On October 15, 1898, A.A.G. in Bengal.

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Henry Gunning, of the 1st King's Royal Rifles, was the eldest son of Sir George William Gunning, fifth Baronet, of Little Horton House, Northampton, the Chairman of the Conservative Party in Mid-Northamptonshire, by his marriage with Isabella Mary Frances Charlotte, daughter of the late Colonel William Chester-Master, of the Abbey, Cirencester, and was born on July 17, 1852. Educated at Eton, he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant on March 26, 1873, and was gazetted to the 60th Foot (now the King's Royal Rifle Corps) as a lieutenant on September 9, 1874. He served in the Zulu War of 1879 with the third battalion of his regiment, and was present at the action of Gingindlovu and the relief of Ekowe, afterwards serving as adjutant of the battalion throughout the operations of "Clarke's Column," for which he wore the medal with clasp. He was gazetted captain in August 1883, was an adjutant of the Auxiliary Forces (the 5th Militia Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles) from March 1886 to March 1891, having obtained the rank of major on June 25, 1890. In 1891-92 he took part in the war in Burma, being engaged in the operations in the Chin Hills in command of the Baungshe column, for which he wore a second medal with clasp. His commission as lieutenant-colonel bore date April 16, 1898. Colonel Gunning, who was in the Commission of the Peace for the county of Northants, married in 1880 Fanny Julia, daughter of the late Mr. Clinton George Dawkins, formerly Her Majesty's Consul-General at Venice.

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commissioned officers and men wounded, and 9 officers and 211 non-commissioned officers and men missing.

Though General Symons was known to be at the point of death, his promotion was speedily gazetted, and it was some consolation to feel that the gallant and popular officer lasted long enough to read of the recognition of his worth by an appreciative country. The following is an extract from the *Gazette*.—

“The Queen has been pleased to approve of the promotion of Colonel (local Lieutenant-General) Sir W. P. Symons, K.C.B., commanding 4th Division Natal Field Force, to be Major-General, supernumerary to the establishment, for distinguished service in the field.”

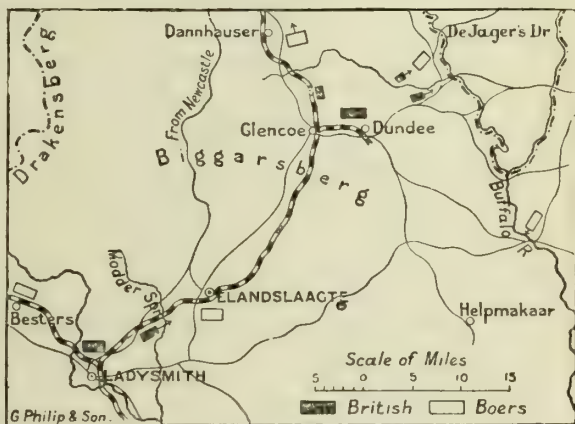
An officer who was taken prisoner by the enemy, writing home soon after this engagement, made touching reference to some of the killed and wounded: “Poor Jack Sherston! Several of the officers here saw him lying dead on the hill at Dundee. When he left with the message entrusted to him he said to me, ‘I shall never return.’ Poor Captain Pechell! He had a bullet through the neck. General Symons was wounded and thrown from his horse, but he remounted and was conducted to the hospital, where he learnt that the height had been taken by our troops. His health improved a little, but he died on the following Tuesday. What a list of losses already! It is terrible to think that our own cannon were fired by mistake on our men, killing a large number. I saw M'Lachlan when he was wounded with a bullet in his leg. He went about on horseback saying that it did not hurt him, but at last he had to go to the hospital. My bugler, such a pleasant fellow, was hit in the head, the body, and the throat, and killed on the spot. . . . From a wounded officer, who is a prisoner, I hear that poor Cape had a bullet in the throat and another in the leg. He emptied his revolver twice ere falling. He is progressing towards recovery. . . . He had the command of our Maxim gun which fell into the hands of the enemy. The entire detachment which worked the gun was killed or wounded. At that moment bullets were whistling all round us. Cape, I think, has been exchanged for one of the enemy's wounded. I suppose that he will be sent home invalided. I wonder what the future has in store for us? It is really heart-breaking to think that we are penned in here without being able to do anything but wait.”

ELANDSLAAGTE

Amongst other things, it was known in Ladysmith on the 18th of October that General Koch's commando was moving to the Biggarsberg Pass on the way to Elandslaagte. The advanced guard of the Boers finding a train at the Elandslaagte station,

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attempted to seize it, but the driver with remarkable pluck turned on steam, and, though pelted with bullets, got safely to Dundee. The second train was captured, however, and with it its valuable cargo of live stock, and two newspaper correspondents, who were made prisoners. Finding that the enemy was gathered in force round Dundee, and that an attack there was hourly to be expected, and, moreover, that several Free State commandoes were shifting about round Ladysmith, the inhabitants of that town had an uneasy time. Major-General French, who had but recently arrived from England, was directed by Sir George White to make a reconnaissance in force in the neighbourhood of Elandslaagte. He moved his cavalry in the pouring rain some twelve miles along the Dundee road, but besides locating the enemy, and beyond the capture of two of their number, who seemed not ill-disposed to be made prisoners, little was done. On the following day, Saturday, another reconnaissance was made. General French with Lieutenant-Colonel Scott Chisholme and the Imperial Light Horse, the Natal Volunteer Artillery with six guns, supported by half a battalion of the Manchesters, with railway and telegraph construction companies, started in the direction occupied by the enemy on the preceding day. General French's orders were simple and explicit, namely, to clear the neighbourhood of Elandslaagte of the enemy and to cover the construction of the railway and telegraph lines. The troops slowly proceeded along a low tableland which terminated in a cliff. On a plain below this cliff lay the station and village of Elandslaagte, and round and about this settlement mounted Boers were swarming. These no sooner espied the British than they made off as fast as their nimble steeds could carry them, ascending in the direction of a high kopje some 5000 yards away. Those who remained in the station were fired on by our Volunteer Battery, while a squadron under Major Sampson moved round to the north of them.



POSITION OF FORCES BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE, NOON

The first two shells caused considerable consternation among the Dutchmen, but they were soon returned with interest. Though the enemy used smokeless explosives, their battery was revealed by the yellow flash of the guns in the purple shadow of the hill. These

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guns were worked with marvellous accuracy, but, fortunately, many of the shells—fired with percussion fuses—dug deep into the sand before bursting. The Volunteer Battery found their own guns so inferior to those of the enemy that there was little chance of silencing them, and General French, seeing there was no question of occupying Elandslaagte with the small force at his disposal, moved his guns back towards his armoured train, telephoned to Sir George White, and withdrew in the direction of Modder's Spruit. There he awaited reinforcements from Ladysmith. These at 11 o'clock began to appear: One squadron of the 5th Dragoon Guards, one squadron of the 5th Lancers under Colonel King, and two batteries of artillery, the latter having come out at a gallop with double teams. Then the infantry arrived under Colonel Ian Hamilton, the second half-battalion of the Manchester Regiment, a battalion of the Devonshire Regiment under Major Park, and five companies of the Gordon Highlanders under Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C.

At 3.30 P.M. General White arrived on the scene, but the executive command of the troops engaged remained in the hands of General French. The Boers were discovered to be magnificently posted on a horseshoe-shaped ridge about 800 feet above the level of the railway to north of the Ladysmith-Dundee road, standing almost at a right angle from the permanent way, though some 2000 yards removed from it. On the side nearing the railroad the ridge was crowned with a peaked kopje, which hill was connected by a nek with another eminence of the same kind. These hills were held by the enemy, while their laager was situated on the connecting ridge. The position was strewn on both flanks by very rough boulders which afforded excellent cover. On the main hill were three big guns strongly posted at three different points so as to command a wide expanse of country and leave a retreat open over the hills in the direction of Wessel's Nek. Facing the ridge was a wide expanse of veldt rising upwards in the direction of Ladysmith.

At four—an unusually late hour for the commencement of hostilities—the first gun boomed out; the range was 4400 yards. A few moments of furious cannonading, then the enemy's guns ceased to reply. The silence enabled the artillerymen to turn their attention on a party of the foe who were annoying them with a persistent rifle-fire on the right flank at a range of 2000 yards. It was an admirable corrective, and the Boer sharpshooters retired discomfited. Meanwhile the infantry had been brought up in preparatory battle formation of small columns covered by scouts. The position of the infantry was then as follows:—

The first battalion Devonshire Regiment, with a frontage of 500 yards and a depth of 1300 yards, was halted on the western



LIEUT.-GENERAL J. D. P. FRENCH.

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son, Folkestone.

Elandslaagte

extremity of a horseshoe-shaped ridge. The opposite end of this ridge, which was extremely rugged and broken, was held by the enemy in force. The first battalion Manchester Regiment had struck the ridge fully 1000 yards to the south-east, just at the point where it begins to bend round northwards. The second battalion Gordon Highlanders were one mile in rear.

Now, no sooner had the Devonshire Regiment commenced to move forward than they attracted the shell of the enemy, but owing to the loose formation adopted, the loss at this time was slight. In spite of the furious fire, the regiment still pushed on to within 900 yards of the position, and then opening fire, held the enemy in front of them till 6 P.M. The batteries also advanced and took up a position on a ridge between the Devonshire and Manchester Regiments, about 3200 yards from the enemy. Then began an animated artillery duel, the roar of guns mingling with the thunder of heaven, which at this juncture seemed to have attuned itself to suit the stormy state of the human tempest that was raging below. At this period considerable damage was done. Captain Campbell, R.A., was wounded, an ammunition waggon overturned, and many men and horses were killed or injured. For some time the interchange of deadly projectiles was pursued with vigour, then the 42nd Field Battery came into action. The Imperial Light Horse now moved left of the enemy's position; some mounted Boers at once pushed out and engaged them. Soon after this the guns from above ceasing firing, our gunners turned their attention to the mounted Boers, who rapidly fell back. Then, as the sun was setting and dark clouds were rolling over the heavens and screening the little light that remained, the infantry pressed forward. The plan was that while the Devonshire Regiment made a frontal attack, the Manchester Regiment, supported by the Gordons with the Imperial Light Horse on the right, were to advance along the sloping ridge, turn the enemy's flank and force him back on his main position. This movement was to be supported by the artillery, which was to close in as the attack developed.

The Devons, under Major Park, marched out, as said, leading the way across the plateau and into the valley coolly and deliberately, though under a terrific fire from above. The Boer guns, which were served with great courage, invariably gave tongue on the smallest provocation, and the ground was ploughed up in every direction with bursting shell. But fortunately few of the gallant Devons were hit. Later on they drew nearer the position, and the regiment, halted under cover of convenient ant-hills, and opened fire. The rifles of the enemy were not slow to reply. Their Mauser bullets whirled like swarms of bees around the heads of the plucky fellows, who, heedless of them, dauntlessly advanced to within some

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350 yards of the summit of the hill. There they awaited the development of the flank attack.

Meanwhile the Manchesters, with the Imperial Light Horse and the Gordons, were winding round the lower steeps, the Gordons bearing to the right through a cutting in the hills. Here, ascending, they came under the artillery fire of the enemy, the Boers having moved their guns. Shells, and not only shells but huge boulders, dropped among the advancing troops, crushing and mutilating, and leaving behind a streak of mangled bodies. But though the ordeal was terrible, and the sound and sight of wounded and bleeding were enough to paralyse the stoutest heart, the ever "gay" Gordons plodded on, passing higher and higher, while their officers leading, cheered and roared them up the precipitous ascent. Thus they clambered and plodded, with men dropping dead at their elbows, with torn and fainting comrades by their sides. A storm of rain from the gathering thunderclouds drenched them through to the skin, but they heeded it not. A storm of bullets from the Boers sensibly diminished their numbers, but they never swerved. Then their gallant commander fell. Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, the honoured and beloved, was shot in two places. Several other dashing Scottish officers were wounded, but many still heroically stumbled and reeled over the boulders, some even waving their helmets to pretend they were unhurt, and to encourage their companions to the great, the final move. . . .

At last the signal for the charge was sounded. The bugle blared out and was echoed and re-echoed. Then came flash of bayonet and sound of cheering throats, the rush of Devons, Manchesters, Gordons, and dismounted Imperials—a wild, shouting mass making straight for the enemy's position.

To account for the presence of the Devons in the grand *melée* it is necessary to go back somewhat, as the great assault was not accomplished in a moment.

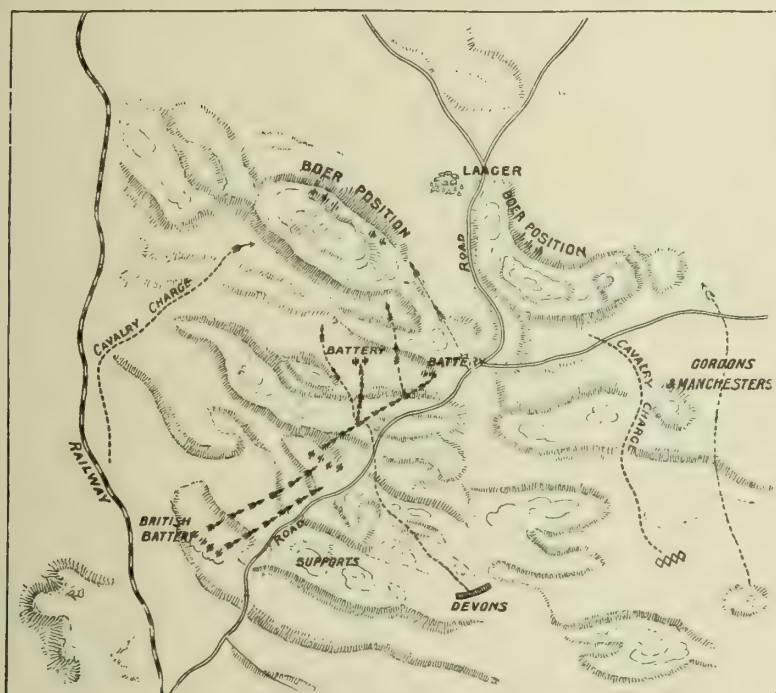
Our men were advancing in short rushes of about fifty yards, the Boers all the while lying under cover and shooting till the troops were within some twenty or thirty yards of them. Then the Dutchmen, as suited their convenience, either bolted or surrendered.

When the end ridge was gained and the guns captured, the enemy's laager was close in sight. A white flag was shown from the centre of the camps. At this Colonel Hamilton gave an order. The "Cease fire" was sounded. There was a lull in the action, some of our men commencing to walk slowly down-hill towards the camp. Suddenly, without warning, the crackle of musketry was heard, and a deadly fire poured from a small sugar-loaf shaped kopje to east of the camp. For one short moment our men, staggered by the dastardly action

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and the fierce suddenness of the attack, fell back, and during this moment a party of some forty Boers had stoutly charged uphill and effected a lodgment near the crest.

But this ruse was a failure and their triumph short-lived. The 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment, who, as we know, had been holding the enemy in front during the commencement of the infantry attack, and had since then pushed steadily forward, had now reached to 350 yards from the enemy. Here they lay down to recover breath before charging with fixed bayonets. Five companies assaulted the hill to the left and five to the right; and a detachment of these,



PLAN OF BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE

arriving at the critical moment when the Boers were making their last stand, helped to bring about the triumphant finale.

Like the lightning that shot through the sky above, the Boers, at the sound of the united cheers, had fled! Some scampered away to their laager on the Nek, and from thence to other kopjes. Others filed in troops anywhere, regardless of consequences. While they were in full retreat, and the mists of darkness, like a gathering pall, hung over the scene, the 5th Lancers and the 5th Dragoon Guards charged the flying enemy—charged not once nor twice only, but thrice, dashing through the scattered ranks with deadly purpose, though at terrible risk of life and limb. Never were Boers so amazed.

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The despised worms—the miserable Rooineks—had at last turned, and, as one of them afterwards described it, they had “come on horses galloping, and with long sticks with spikes at the end of them, picked us up like bundles of hay!”

The cost of victory, however, was heavy. Roughly estimated, we lost 4 officers and 37 men killed; 31 officers and 175 men wounded. Ten men were missing. The Boers lost over 300 Burghers killed and wounded, besides several hundred horses. Their hospital with wounded prisoners was placed under the care of the British hospital, they having only one doctor, who, with his primitive staff, was quite unable to cope with the arduous work of attending the multitude of sufferers.

Numbers of the enemy of all nationalities—Germans, Hollanders, Irish, and others—were made prisoners, and among them were General de Koch and Piet Joubert, nephew of General Joubert. General Viljoen was killed. The mongrel force, estimated at about 1200 strong, was commanded by Colonel Schiel, to whom it doubtless owed its excellent tactical disposition. This officer was wounded and taken prisoner. The *Times* gave somewhat interesting character sketches of prominent Boers who were killed or wounded on this occasion:—

“General Koch was Minute-Keeper to the Executive, and was President Kruger’s most influential supporter. His son, Judge Koch, was appointed to a seat on the Bench, but was not popular, and was regarded as a puppet. The fighting Koch is not to be confounded with the General Koch, who belongs to Vryheid, and is a sterling warrior.

“Advocate Coster was State Attorney at the time of the Reform trials, but resigned owing to President Kruger having insulted him at a meeting of the Executive. He was an accomplished man, a member of the Inner Temple, and was very popular with the Dutch Bar.

“General Ben Viljoen was responsible for most of the fire-eating articles which appeared in the *Rand Post*.

“Colonel Schiel was court-martialled in past days for shooting four natives whom he accused of insubordination.”

The courage of the Boers during this battle was immense. About two thousand were engaged, and these, though certainly aided by the strength of their position, fought valiantly, facing doggedly the heavy consummately well-directed fire of the British artillery, and returning it with undiminished coolness.

An interesting incident is mentioned in connection with the battle. When the fire of the British guns became overwhelming, eight plucky Boers dashed forward from cover, and, standing together, steadily opened fire on the men of the Imperial Light Horse, with the evident purpose of drawing their fire, while their comrades should change position. Out of this gallant little band, only one man was left to tell the tale!



THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE—CHARGE OF THE 5th LANCERS.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

Elandslaagte

The following is the casualty roll of officers killed at the battle of Elandslaagte :—

Imperial Light Horse.—Colonel Scott Chisholme,¹ commander, killed; Major Wools Sampson, bullet wound, thigh, severely; Captain John Orr, bullet wound, neck, severely; Lieutenant William Curry, bullet wound, foot, severely; Lieutenant Arthur Shore, bullet wound, chest, severely; Lieutenant and Adjutant R. W. Barnes, wounded severely; Lieutenant Lachlan Forbes, wounded severely; Captain Mullins, wounded; Lieutenant Campbell, wounded; Lieutenant Normand, wounded. 21st Battery Field Artillery.—Captain H. M. Campbell, bullet wound, chest, severe; Lieutenant W. G. H. Manley, shell wound, head, severe. Staff.—Captain Ronald G. Brooke, 7th Hussars, bullet wounds, thigh and head, severe. 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment.—Second Lieutenant H. R. Gunning, severely, bullet wound in chest; Second Lieutenant S. T. Hayley, severely, bullet wounds in hand and leg; Second Lieutenant G. F. Green, severely, bullet wound in forearm; Captain William B. Lafone, slightly, bullet wound. 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment.—Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Curran, bullet wound, shoulder; Captain Charles Melvill, bullet wound, arm, severe; Captain William Newbigging, bullet wound, left shoulder, severe; Captain Donald Paton, bullet wound, thigh, severe; Lieutenant Cyril Danks, bullet wound, scalp, slight. 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders.—Killed: Major H. W. D. Denne, Lieutenant C. G. Monro, Second Lieutenant J. G. D. Murray, Lieutenant L. B. Bradbury. Wounded: Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, bullet wound, arm, severe; Major Harry Wright, bullet wound, right foot, severe; Captain J. Haldane, bullet wound, leg, severe; Captain Arthur Buchanan, bullet wound, right side, severe; Lieutenant M. Meiklejohn, fractured humerus, severe; Lieutenant C. W. Findlay, bullet wound, arm and thigh, severe; Lieutenant J. B. Gillat (attached from Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders); Second Lieutenant I. A. Campbell, bullet wound, head and chest, dangerous; Lieutenant A. R. Hennessy (3rd Batt.), bullet wound, head and chest, severe.

The following tribute to the memory of Colonel Scott Chisholme is taken from Mr. John Stuart's correspondence to the *Morning Post* :—

“No death has been more severely felt than the Colonel's. He was a good man and a good soldier, brave to the point of recklessness, a wonderfully-inspiring leader, and, as I judged from about

¹ Colonel John James Scott Chisholme, who was killed at Elandslaagte, belonged to the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, and who was detached on special service in South Africa, came of an old Scottish family, the Chisholmes of Stirches, Roxburghshire, his family seat being situate at the latter place. He was the only son of the late Mr. John Scott Chisholme (who assumed the name of Scott in 1852 under the will of his uncle, Mr. James Scott of Whitehaugh), by his marriage with Margaret, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late Mr. Robert Walker of Murrells, Stirlingshire, and was born in 1851. He entered the army in January 1872, his first services being with the 9th Lancers, and reached the rank of captain in March 1878. From that year till 1880 he served with the 9th Lancers in the Afghan War, was present at the capture of Ali Musjid, took part in the affair of Siah Sung, where he was severely wounded, and in the operations around Cabul in December 1879, when he was again wounded, and obtained mention in despatches, being rewarded with the brevet of major (May 2, 1881), and the medal with two clasps. He reached the substantive rank of major in December 1884, and from that year till 1889 was a major of the 9th Lancers, when he was transferred to the 5th Lancers. He was Military Secretary to Lord Conemara when Governor of Madras from 1888 to 1891. He reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel in August 1894, and that of colonel on August 12, 1898.

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a month's knowledge of him, single-minded, fervent in all his work, passionately in earnest. His regiment almost worshipped him. On the day of the fight their keenness was increased because he was keen, and they ignored the hardships they had gone through because he shared them and took them lightly, and did his best to improve matters.

"During the fight he only took cover once or twice, going from troop to troop, praising and encouraging the men in words that were always well chosen, for no man could phrase his blame or praise more aptly. At the last ridge he stopped to tie up the leg of a wounded trooper, and was shot himself in the leg. Two of his men went to his assistance, but he waved them off, telling them to go on with their fighting and to leave him alone. Then he was shot in one of the lungs, and the men went to his help, but while they were trying to get him to cover, a bullet lodged in his head and killed him. The last words he was heard to say were, 'My fellows are doing well.' His fellows will always remember that.

"I may be allowed to recall one or two interesting recollections of the Colonel. One is the speech he delivered when the Maritzburg Club dined him and his officers. Both he and General Symons spoke. Neither man was an orator, and yet each was more convincing than many orators, speaking simple, soldierly, purposeful words, words whose simplicity drove them home. Almost a week before the battle I saw the Colonel arranging his camp. He had taken off his tunic and helmet, and did twice as much direction as any other officer, and he worked as hard as any of the men. It was then, when I saw his vigour in full activity, that I realised his wonderful capacity for work—a capacity of which I had often heard, but which I had not been able to comprehend before.

"The last time I saw him was at the outspan before the battle began. He came to a group of us and gave one or two orders in such pleasant words that one knew that to obey him must in itself be a real delight. Then he sat down and gossiped with us, first about his luck in the morning, when a shell that hit the ground between his horse's feet had failed to burst, and afterwards about luck in general. He advised the officers to tell their men to sleep while they could, and then he said, 'Now I'll go and get half-an-hour's sleep myself.' But at that moment an aide-de-camp came saying that General French wanted to see him. When the Colonel returned, it was to order his regiment to saddle up and prepare to mount. In half-an-hour he was leading the attack on the first kopje.

"I like to think that before death smote him he knew that the battle was won, and that his fellows had done well, as he expected that they would, as he had helped them to do by example and generous encouragement."

Elandslaagte

A private of the Gordon Highlanders, in a letter dated Ladysmith, November 2, gave a vivid account of the charge of the Gordons at Elandslaagte, and described how Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham was wounded when leading his men, and that officer's chagrin at his being rendered impotent. He said: "We charged three times with the bayonet, and my gun was covered with whiskers and blood, though I don't remember striking anybody, but I was nearly mad with excitement, shells bursting and bullets whizzing round like hail. I was close behind the commanding officer when he was wounded. He was shot and had to sit down, but he cheered on his men. 'Forward, Gordons,' he cried, 'the world is looking at you. Brave lads, give it to the beggars, exterminate the vermin—charge.' He then started crying because he could no longer lead his battalion, and he would not retire from the field until the day was won. He is a fine man to lead a battalion—as brave as a lion. The Gordons were the last line, and we raced through the Manchesters and the Devons and the Light Horse Volunteers, all charging together."

Here we have a proof how much the morale of soldiers may be influenced by their immediate chief.

The *Natal Advertiser* in its account of the final scene said:—

"By a quarter past six the Devonshire Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Manchester Regiment, with the Imperial Light Horse, were in a position to storm the Boer camp from the enemy's front and left flank, and the signal for the bayonet charge was sounded. Then was witnessed one of the most splendid pieces of storming imaginable, the Devons taking the lead, closely followed by the Gordons, the Manchesters, and the Light Horse, in the face of a tremendous, killing fire, the rattle and roar of which betokened frightful carnage. . . . A bugler boy of the 5th Lancers shot three Boers with his revolver. He was afterwards carried round the camp amid cheers."

So many acts of gallantry were performed that they cannot all be related. It is impossible, however, to allow the wondrous pluck of Sergeant Kenneth M'Leod to go unrecorded. During the charge this gallant Scot was twice struck, once in the arm and once in the side. He however continued to pipe and advance with the Gordons to their final rush. Presently came more bullets, smashing his drones, his chanter, and his windbag, whereupon the splendid fellow had to give in.

Perhaps the most heart-rending period was that following the last gleam of daylight, when the Medical Staff went forth to do their melancholy duty. All were armed with lanterns, which, shining like pale glow-worms, made the dense gloom around more impenetrable still. Yet, groping and shivering through the black horror of

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the night, they patiently pursued their ghastly task with zeal that was truly magnificent. Dead, dying, wounded, were dotted all over the veldt. There, bearded old Boers, boys, Britons in their prime, were indiscriminately counted, collected, tended, the Field Hospital men and Indian stretcher-bearers working incessantly and ungrudgingly till dawn. Gruesome and heart-rending were the sights and scenes around the camp-fires when such wounded as could crawl dragged themselves towards their comrades. Pitiably the faces of the survivors as news came in of gallant hearts that had ceased to beat. A pathetic incident was witnessed in the grey gloom of the small hours. One of the bearers chanced on an ancient hoary-headed Boer, who was lying behind a rock supporting himself on his elbows. The bearer approached warily, as many of the enemy were known to have turned on those who went to their succour. This man, however, was too weak from loss of blood to attempt to raise his rifle. Between his dying gasps he begged a favour—would some one find his son, a boy of thirteen, who had been fighting by his side when he fell. The request was obeyed. The little lad, stone-dead, was discovered. He was placed in the failing arms of his father. The unhappy old fellow clasped the clay-cold form, and hugged it despairingly to himself, and then, merciful Providence pitied him in his misery—his stricken spirit went out to join his son.

An officer who was wounded, and who spent the night in the terrible scene, thus described his own awful experiences: "I lay where I fell for about three-quarters of an hour, when a doctor came and put a field-dressing on my wound, gave me some brandy, put my helmet under my head as a pillow, covered me with a Boer blanket which he had taken from a dead man, and then went to look after some other poor beggar. I shall never forget the horrors of that night as long as I live. In addition to the agony which my wound gave me, I had two sharp stones running into my back; I was soaked to the skin and bitterly cold, but had an awful thirst; the torrents of rain never stopped. On one side of me was a Gordon Highlander in raving delirium, and on the other a Boer who had his leg shattered by a shell, and who gave vent to the most heart-rending cries and groans. War is a funny game, and no one can realise what its grim horrors are till they see it in all its barbarous reality. I lay out in the rain the whole of the night, and at daybreak was put into a doolie by a doctor, and some natives carried me down to the station. The ground was awfully rough, and they dropped me twice; I fainted both times. I was sent down to Ladysmith in the hospital train; from the station I was conveyed to the chapel (officers' hospital) in a bullock-cart, the jolting of which made me faint again. I was the last officer taken in. I was then put to bed, and my wound was dressed just seventeen hours after I was hit.

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They then gave me some beef-tea, which was the first food I had had for twenty-seven hours."

The amazing spirit of chivalry that animated all classes, general officers, medical officers, chaplains, and even stretcher-bearers, in this campaign has been the subject of much comment. It was thought that modernity had rendered effete some of the sons of Great Britain, and the war, if it should have done no other good, has served to prove that times may have changed, but not the tough and dauntless character of the men who have made the Empire what it is.

The following, from a Congregational minister of Durban, who had volunteered to go to the front as honorary chaplain to the Natal Mounted Rifles, in which corps many of his congregation enrolled, is of immense interest. It gives us an insight into the inner core of valour—the valour of those who, unarmed, share the dangers without the intoxications of the fight. It runs:—

"The Lancers, who were mistaken by the Boers in the growing darkness for a body of their own men, fell upon them and turned a rout into a wild flight. Commander Schiel was very furious at losing the battle, and said he would like to kill every man, woman, and child in Natal. In this he was the exception to the rule, for the captives whom we liberated said the Boers had treated them with great kindness. After the battle Dr. Bonnybrook and I spent the night on the field of battle, and also followed the retreating Boers for a distance of six or seven miles, searching for and tending the wounded and dying. In the early hours of the morning we came to a Boer field-hospital, and shouting out, 'Doctor and Predicant,' we entered and rested, and slept there awhile. By daybreak we were out again. About six miles from camp Dr. Bonnybrook rode up to twenty-five mounted and armed Boers, and told them they were his prisoners. Ordering two to take the weapons of their comrades, he marched them into camp prisoners. For an unarmed man to accomplish alone, this was an exceedingly brave thing to do. After the battle one of the captured held up his gun and said, 'Look through this. I have not fired a shot. I am a Britisher. They forced me to come.'"

Among other heroes of Elandslaagte was Lieutenant Meiklejohn of the Gordon Highlanders. This young officer, one of the "Dargai boys," helped the charge in an endeavour to embarrass the Boer flank. Supported by a party of Gordons, so runs the narrative, Meiklejohn waved his sword and cried out to his party hastily gathered round him. But the Boer ranks were alert, and poured in a deadly fire on the gallant band. Lieutenant Meiklejohn received three bullets through his upper right arm, one through the right forearm, a finger blown away, a bullet through the left thigh, two bullets through the helmet, a "snick" in the neck, while his sword and scabbard were literally shot to pieces. He has by now lost his right arm, but, happily, being left-handed, it is hoped he may remain in the profession he is so well calculated to adorn.

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A private soldier in the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders recounted an extraordinary personal experience. He said :—

"We, the Devons, Imperial Light Horse, and others, had a fight at Elands-laagte with the Boers, and I never enjoyed myself so much before. You first have to get christened to fire, and then you think nothing of the shells bursting about you, and the bullets which go whistling past like bees. We went forward by fifty-yard rushes, and at every rush you could hear a groan, and down would go one of our comrades, either killed or wounded, poor chap. When we were miles from the enemy they opened fire on us with shell, and as we were going along in mass, one of the shells burst on the left of the company, and one of our men of my section—Bobby Hall—got shot dead with a piece of the shell going straight through his head. That was what made more than one wish to turn and run. But what would Britain do if her soldiers ran from the enemy? At last we got to where we could get a shot at the Boers with our rifles, and you may bet we gave them more than one, as perhaps the papers have told you. I got through the rifle-fire down to the bayonet charge on the hillside, when I felt a sting in the left arm, and looking down, found I was shot in the wrist. In changing my position I got shot in the centre of the forehead. The bullet did not go straight through. It glanced off my nose-bone, and came out above my right temple. . . . On looking round, I was just in time to see the blood squirt from the first wound. I shifted my position in quick time, for I did not want another from the same rifle. I lay still after doing this for a while, when the thought came to me to get my wrist bandaged and try to shoot again. On changing my position I got a bullet right in the 'napper.' I was out of action then, for all was dark. I heard the officer I was going to get the bandages from say, 'Poor chap! he's gone.' But no, I am still kicking."

THE RETREAT FROM DUNDEE

Owing to the Boers having posted their 15-centimetre gun on the Impati for the purpose of shelling the camp and town, the troops and inhabitants removed to a position some three miles south of Dundee village. The movement was fraught with many discomforts. Rain fell in torrents, making the roads a mass of slush and enveloping everything in a thick mist, while provisions, which had been hastily gathered together, were scarce. On the following day, Sunday, an attempt was made to return to camp, but the Boer firing continued so active that the project had to be abandoned. Thereupon, on Sunday night the whole column, having first loaded four days' supplies from their old camp and set there lighted candles sufficient to cause such an illumination as would suggest to the Boers an idea of occupation, quietly stole away. No one exactly knew their destination. At nine of the clock the Army Service Corps waggons moved to the camp, were loaded, and by midnight commenced rumbling along in the damp obscurity. The advance column, after passing through Dundee, where it was joined by transport and rear-guard, proceeded along the Helpmakaar road on the way to Ladysmith.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. PENN SYMONS, K.C.B.

Photo by R. Stanley & Co., London.

The Retreat from Dundee

On Monday afternoon the first halt was called, but the rest was of short duration, for at ten the column was again plodding along through the miry roads in hourly dread lest the whole scheme should be spoilt, and the Boers suddenly arrest the course of the two-mile-long column.

And they had indeed good reason for alarm. They were forced to plod through a narrow pass in the Biggarsberg range of mountains, so narrow indeed that a hundred Boers might have effectually barred their way. Here, through this perilous black cylinder of the hills, they marched at dead of night. It took them between the hours of half-past eleven till three, stumbling and squelching in the mire, and knowing that should the enemy appear, should they but shoot one of the oxen of the leading waggon of the convoy, and thus block the cramped defile, all chance of getting safely through to Ladysmith would be at an end. This was by no means a happy reflection to fill men's minds in the dripping, almost palpable, darkness of the night, and the resolute spirit of the gallant fellows who uncomplainingly stowed away all personal wretchedness and stuck manfully to their grim duty is for ever to be marvelled at and admired. Fortunately the Dutchmen, "slim" as they were, had not counted on the possibility of this march being executed at all, still less of its being executed in pitch darkness. They were caught napping, and the party, who had left kit, provisions (except for the four days), and everything behind them, who were now drenched to the skin in the only clothes they possessed, at last reached Sunday River in safety.

Here they eagerly awaited an escort of the 5th Lancers, which had been detached by Sir George White from Ladysmith to meet them. These, to the great joy of the worn-out travellers, appeared on Wednesday afternoon. On that evening the column again started off for a last long wearisome tramp, the men, who had not been out of their clothes for a week, being now ready to drop from sleeplessness and exhaustion. But valiantly they held on. Not a word, not a grumble. All had confidence in General Yule and his officers, who shared with the men every hardship and every fatigue; each realised his individual duty to make the very best of a very bad job, and pluckily kept heart till the last moment. Torrents of rain fell, making the night into one vast immensity of slough and pool, but the stumbling, straining left, right, left, right, of the retreating men continued ceaselessly through the weary hours. On Thursday morning, the 26th, to their intense relief, they found themselves at last in the long-looked-for camp at Ladysmith.

The excitement of arrival was almost too much for the exhausted, fainting troops, but the cheers that went up from a thousand throats brought light to their sleep-starved eyes and

The Transvaal War

warmth to their chilled frames. There was rest at last—rest and safety, food and warm covering, though of a more practical than artistic kind. The Devons—who had just come grandly through the fight at Elandslaagte and looted the Boer camp of innumerable saleable odds and ends—out of their newly-gained wealth “stood treat.” In the joy of their hearts each of the men subscribed sixpence, and the gallant Dublin Fusiliers, the heroes of Glencoe, who, all unwashed and unshorn, now looked like chimney-sweeps rather than the warriors they were, were invited to a fine “square meal.” It is difficult to imagine the condition of those battered braves after their week of hardship, fighting, and privation, and sticklers for etiquette would have been shocked at the manners and customs enforced by warlike conditions. One who dined with the Dundee column gave the following graphic description of the luxurious repast:—

“To begin with, there was no sort of furniture either in the messroom or the anteroom. If you wanted to sit down, you did so on the floor. We each got hold of a large tin mug, and dipped it into a large tin saucepan of soup and drank it, spoons not existing. A large lump of salt was passed round, and every one broke off a piece with his fingers. Next you clawed hold of a piece of bread and a chunk of tongue, and gnawed first one and then the other—knives and forks there were none. This finished the dinner. Add to this two or three tallow-candles stuck on a cocoa tin, and the fact that none of the officers had shaved, or had had their clothes off for a week, and had walked some forty-five miles through rivers and mud, and you will have some idea of how the officers’ mess of one of the smartest of Her Majesty’s foot regiments do for themselves in time of war. Not a murmur or complaint was to be heard.”

Their state must certainly have been pitiable, for it will be remembered that on the retirement from Dundee rations for four days only were loaded, and provisions for two months, besides all officers’ and men’s kit and hospital equipment, were left behind.

And, sad to say, so also were the wounded. It was necessary for their future well-being to desert them. The men who had so gloriously led to victory now found themselves stranded and in a strange position—the vanquishers at the mercy of the vanquished! Most melancholy of all must have been the plight of those unhappy sufferers when they first learnt that their comrades were marching farther and farther away, and that they, in all their helplessness, must be left lonely—unloved, and perhaps untended—in charge of the enemy. One dares not think of the agonies of those sad souls—the nation’s invalids—bereft of kindly words and kindred smiles; one cannot linger without a sense of emasculating weakness on the

Sir W. Penn Symons—Glencoe

sad side-picture of battle that, in its dumb wretchedness, seems so much more paralysing than the active horror of facing shot and shell in company with glorious comrades in arms. Let us hope there was some one to whisper to them, to persuade them that all was for the best ; that the safety of their sick selves and their sound mates depended on this retreat, this wondrous retreat which, when the tale of the war in its entirety shall be told, will shine like a dazzling light among records whose brilliancy in the history of British achievements cannot be excelled. Perhaps, too, they had faith to inspire them with the certainty that all that they had suffered in that dark hour for their country and for the weal of their fellows, would be remembered to their glory in the good times to come.

While the retreat was going forward Glencoe's gallant hero was breathing his last. After hopelessly lingering for three days, General Sir W. Penn Symons passed away. He expired in the hands of the enemy at Dundee hospital on Monday the 23rd of October. The next day he was quietly buried with profound signs of mourning.

SIR W. PENN SYMONS—GLENCOE

By the death of Major-General Sir William Penn Symons, the British army lost a brilliant and distinguished soldier, and a man of great valour and courage. He came of a Cornish family, the founder of which was a Norman knight who came over with William the Conqueror. The eldest son of the late William Symons, Recorder of Saltash, he was born in 1843, and in 1863 joined the South Wales Borderers—the old 24th Regiment. He became lieutenant in 1866, captain in 1878, major in 1881, lieutenant-colonel in 1886, and colonel in 1887.

His first experience of active service was in 1877, when the Borderers took the field against the Galekas. In the Zulu War of 1879 he served with distinction, but was not present at the battle of Isandlwana, being away from his regiment on special duty. In 1885 he served as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General, organising and commanding the Mounted Infantry in the Burmese Expedition. Being honourably mentioned in despatches for his services with the Chin Field Force, he received a brevet-colonelcy. In 1889-90 he was given a brigade in the Chin-Lusha Expedition, was again mentioned in despatches, made a C.B., and received the thanks of the Government of India. He commanded a brigade of the Waziristan Field Force in 1894-95 with like distinction, but he will best be remembered in connection with the campaign on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-98, after which he was made a K.C.B. In 1898 he gave up his

The Transvaal War

appointment in India and took command of the British troops in Natal.

He was one of the best shots in the army, his military hobby in fact being musketry, though he was also a great authority on the subject of mounted infantry. He was a keen sportsman, an excellent linguist. He was highly respected by all who knew him. As an evidence of how he was regarded by his brother officers, one may quote from the telegram which was sent from Sir G. White to the War Office on the morrow of the battle of Glencoe. The communication said: "The important success is due to his great courage, fine generalship, and gallant example, and the confidence he gave to the troops under him."

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's remarks about him, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, show how fully he was appreciated for his social as well as for his military qualities.

"So Sir Penn Symons is killed! Well, no one would have laid down his life more gladly in such a cause. Twenty years ago the merest chance saved him from the massacre at Isandhlwana, and Death promoted him in an afternoon from subaltern to senior captain. Thenceforward his rise was rapid. He commanded the First Division of the Tirah Expeditionary Force among the mountains with prudent skill. His brigades had no misfortunes; his rearguards came safely into camp. In the spring of 1898, when the army lay around Fort Jumrood, looking forward to a fresh campaign, I used often to meet him. Every one talked of Symons, of his energy, of his jokes, of his enthusiasm. It was Symons who had built a racecourse on the stony plain; who had organised the Jumrood Spring Meeting; who won the principal event himself, to the delight of the private soldiers, with whom he was intensely popular; who, moreover, was to be first and foremost if the war with the tribes broke out again; and who was entrusted with much of the negotiations with their *jirgas*. Dinner with Symons in the mud tower of Jumrood Fort was an experience. The memory of many tales of sport and war remains. At the end the General would drink the old Peninsular toasts: 'Our Men,' 'Our Women,' 'Our Religions,' 'Our Swords,' 'Ourselves,' 'Sweethearts and Wives,' and 'Absent Friends'—one for every night in the week. The night I dined it was 'Our Men.' May the State in her necessities find others like him!"

THE BATTLE OF REITFONTEIN

On the morning of the 23rd, thirty men of the 18th Hussars rode into camp at Ladysmith, after having had some exciting adventures. The facts were these. On the arrival at Glencoe

The Battle of Reinfontein

camp of the news of the Boer defeat at Elandslaagte, General Yule had detached a force to cut off the flying Boers. Unfortunately, the Hussars who were sent out for this purpose were themselves cut off, but at last, with the enemy at their heels, succeeded in fighting their way down a dangerous pass, and eventually effecting their escape. This, too, without the loss of a man!

To return to the great retreat. While General Yule was falling back to effect a junction with General White, the latter officer conceived a brilliant plan to ensure the safety of the returning force. He was aware that Yule's column was marching *viâ* the Helpmakaar road, Beith, and the Waschbank and Sunday River Valleys, and therefore, to cover the movement, he sent out a strong force to the west of the road. The force consisted of the 21st, 42nd, and 53rd Field Batteries, 1st Devons, 1st Liverpools, 1st Gloucesters, 2nd King's Royal Rifles (just arrived from Maritzburg), 19th Hussars, 5th Lancers, Natal Carabiniers, Border Mounted Rifles, and Imperial Light Horse.

The enemy was already strongly posted on the kopjes a mile and a half west of the railway and two miles south-east of Modder Spruit station, in all, some seven miles from Ladysmith. It was necessary, therefore, to keep him well occupied, and divert his attention from the Dundee column. On both sides firing soon commenced, but our guns were promptly silenced. Then the British took up a position three-quarters of a mile west of the railway, and for some twenty minutes kept up a heavy artillery fire supplemented by sharp volleys from the infantry. Before long the kopjes were cleared and the object of the British attack accomplished. The main body of the Boers retired in the direction of Besters, a point to the south of Ladysmith, where, in the circumstances, it was more advisable for them to be. In this battle a great deal of sharpshooting, especially at officers, took place on the part of the foe, who also resorted to their old tactics of discharging their guns and running away, again discharging them and again running—a trick they had been mightily fond of in their dealings with the Zulus, and which was calculated to tire out the fleetest antagonists. Colonel Wilford of the 1st Gloucester Regiment was mortally wounded. Sir George White had a narrow escape, as the Boers turned their artillery on the Staff, and their first shell came screaming within fifteen yards of the General. Captain Douglas, 42nd Battery, had also a marvellous escape, his horse having been wounded and his haversack ripped open by a splinter. In this smart engagement, as Sir George White in his official statement declared, "Our side confined its efforts to occupying the enemy and hitting him hard enough to prevent his taking action against General Yule's column." The manœuvre, as

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we know, was eminently successful, but was not executed without cost to those who assisted in it. The following was the official list of the officers killed and wounded :—

1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment.—Killed : Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel Edmund Percival Wilford. 42nd Battery Field Artillery.—Wounded : Lieutenant S. W. Douglas, shell-graze of abdomen, slight. 53rd Battery Field Artillery.—Major Anthony J. Abdy, shell-graze of right knee, slight ; Lieutenant Arthur Montague Perreau, bullet wound, right leg, severe ; Lieutenant George Herbert Stobart (from 34th Battery), bullet wound, finger, slight. 19th Hussars.—2nd Lieutenant A. Holford, bullet wound, slight. 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment.—Lieutenant Carlos Joseph Hickie, slightly.

The Boers, triumphant, entered Dundee about the same time as General Yule and his worn-out troops were being enthusiastically greeted in Ladysmith. They attacked the Dundee Town Guard, putting it to flight, and turned many civilians out of their houses. Later, they mounted two big guns at Intintanyone, some 4500 yards from the Ladysmith camp, and their energies pointed to further activities.

LADYSMITH

Here it may be as well to review the geographical position of this now famous place. Ladysmith, as a position for purposes of defence, is very badly situated. It lies in the cup of the hills, and stony eminences command it almost in a circle. Towards the north is Pepworth's Ridge, a flat-headed hill fringed at the base with mimosa bushes. North-east is Lombard's Kop, which is flanked by a family of smaller kopjes. South of this hill and east of Ladysmith is a table-headed hill called Umbulwana. South of this eminence runs the railway through the smaller stations of Nelthorpe and Pieters towards Colenso. To the west of Pepworth's Ridge is Surprise Hill, and other irregular hills which rise from four to five hundred feet on all sides. The place is watered by the Klip River, which enters the valley between the hills on the west, twists gracefully in front of the town, and turns away among the eastern hills before making its way to the south. The position, commanded as it was on every hand, was not an enviable one, but the glorious fellows who had fought in two brilliant engagements were in no wise disconcerted.

Yet all were on the alert, for the Boers had now closed in round the town, and an engagement was hourly expected. A little desultory fighting took place, but when the British troops advanced, those of the Orange Free State at once retired towards the border. The town, however, was somewhat harassed for want of water, owing to the Boers having cut off the main pipes. The inconvenience was merely temporary, as the Klip River, which runs

Ladysmith

through the main position, was fairly pure, and there were wells which could be made serviceable. A captive balloon was inflated by the Royal Engineers, and was used for the purpose of making observations, much to the annoyance of the Dutchmen, who had securely perched themselves at points of vantage on the surrounding hills. They were at this time on the north and east, having laagered south-east of Modder Spruit and Vlaak Plaats, some seven miles from Ladysmith, and were preparing to arrange a closely-linked chain of earthworks that should effectually surround the garrison. An exchange of shots now and then, however, was all that took place for a while between the contending parties, though both sides were evidently gathering themselves together for some definite move. The situation was thus described by a captive in Ladysmith :—

“Saturday and Sunday have passed without any demonstration being made by the enemy. The camp has again assumed its condition of readiness and watchfulness. On Saturday afternoon it was rumoured that General Joubert, with the commando encamped at Sunday River, was experiencing difficulty in transporting the 40-pounders across the spruit, which was swollen after the heavy rains. Small parties of Boers are constantly on the alert, and are harassing the British outposts.

“Scarcely a day passes without the outlying pickets being fired upon. The latest reports say that the enemy are gathered in considerable force on Dewdrop Farm.

“Great excitement has been caused in the Artillery camp by the capture of a supposed spy, who was caught in the act of tampering with the guns. The man had eluded the vigilance of the sentry, and had opened the breech of one of the 15-pounders when he was noticed. He was promptly arrested. When asked what he was doing, he said he was a lieutenant in the 18th Battery. Questioned further, he contradicted himself, and said that it was quite by accident that he opened the breech. He admitted that he belonged to Johannesburg. He was marched off in custody of the guard. The sequel of the story has not been made public.

“No camp followers are allowed, and all here have been ordered to leave. The enemy are now undoubtedly closing round Ladysmith. A large commando is reported to be on the Helpmakaar road, and a large camp has been formed between the Harrismith Railway Bridge and Potgieter's Farm. The camp on Dewdrop Farm extends for four miles. The enemy have an exceptional number of waggons. The Boer patrols are very venturesome; they have approached within three and a half miles of the town, and one party actually removed carcasses ready dressed for consumption from within the slaughtering lines.”

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The prospect was far from cheering, particularly as Sir George White was well aware that his field-guns were ineffective against the powerful guns of position which the enemy were handling with unpleasant dexterity. At this critical period the united forces of Ladysmith and Glencoe only amounted to some 10,000 men, more than half of whom were infantry. The General, however, put the best face he could on the matter, telegraphed home for big guns—and waited!

General Joubert now expressed his opinions on the causes of the war. His ideas, published in the German journals, were of interest as showing the sentiments of the opposite camp:—

“It was evident to our Government after the Jameson raid, that Great Britain would be forced in time by various sordid elements into a war of extermination with the Boers. It was equally clear that this danger could only be averted by armaments on a most extensive scale. We were conscious that the impending war of annihilation would incur the sharpest condemnation on the part of the other European Powers, but history had taught us that not one of these Powers would be roused to intervene in our favour. In these circumstances we had to rely on our own strength.

“By indefatigable zeal and heavy sacrifices to augment our forces, and yet to secrete them from the observation of the British—these were the objects of our noblest exertion. Well, we succeeded, and hoodwinked the British. Spies were permitted to obtain glimpses of our obsolete artillery, but until the war was on the point of breaking out they had no suspicion of the formidable extent of our stores of modern material.

“We counted on the unreliability of the British announcements concerning their own preparedness, and attended as little to their cries of ‘To Pretoria!’ as did the Germans in 1870 to the Parisian boasters who shouted ‘À Berlin!’ Without completely denuding her colonies of troops, Great Britain cannot possibly despatch more than about 85,000 men to South Africa. Of this imposing force, only half will be available for the chief battles. It may be possible for Great Britain to effect the landing in various places of these troops by the middle of December. I estimate, however, that the losses in prisoners, killed, sick, and wounded will amount in the meantime to some 10,000. There will thus remain 75,000 men.

“Even should we fail to prevent the junction of the British troops under Sir Redvers Buller and be compelled to retreat, the British army would become from natural causes so debilitated that it would represent a force for operative purposes not exceeding 35,000. The remainder would have to be employed in protecting lines of communication extending some 700 miles.

“Our lines of dépôts, on the contrary, are in home territory. They are constructed at regular distances in three directions, and barely 500 men are necessary to cover them. Excellently-organised communications have been established between them, and if any one of them be seriously threatened, the stores—if rescue be impossible—will be destroyed.

“Moreover, defensive warfare—to which we need not think, however, of resorting for a long time to come—is fraught with far greater advantages to us than offensive operations. With a change of *terrain* there will be a change of tactics. In Natal and the south we have to deal with unfamiliar conditions. On the high plains of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State we shall be at

The Battle of Lombard's Kop

home, and the British will meet opposition from us and from Nature at every step of the way, and at all times be prepared for action on two or three fronts. In this way will be developed a guerilla warfare of a most inconceivably bloody character, such as the British will be unable to endure for more than a few months."

General Joubert then protested that the Boers were fighting merely for the freedom of their own "narrower" Fatherland, and not with a view to the destruction of British preponderancy in South Africa. He acknowledged the bravery of the British soldiers, but imagined that hardships and deprivations would so demoralise them that they would be unable to hold out against an enemy superior in numbers.

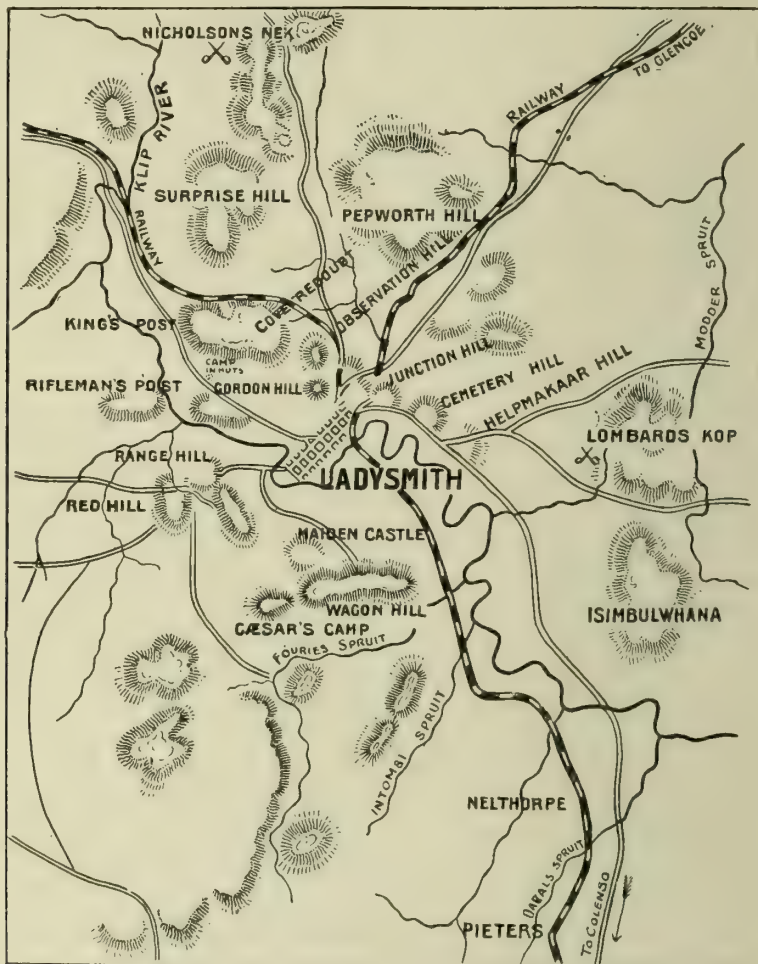
"In these circumstances," he continued, "do not accuse me of boasting when I frankly say that victory will be ours. Every one of us is filled with the same conviction and unshakeable faith in God, that He will remain as true to us in this as in former wars, and that He will not allow the blood shed and to be shed in this struggle, that will probably last yet a year, to extinguish us and our children."

THE BATTLE OF LOMBARD'S KOP

Towards the end of October Sir George White decided that something must be done to protect his line of communication with the south. The Boers were spreading out in crescent form and drawing gradually nearer to the town. On the north were troops commanded by General Joubert. On the west was a Free State commando, and on the east was General Lucas Meyer, who owed us a grudge after the events of Talana Hill. Reinforced by troops from General Erasmus, he now desired to press towards the railway with a view to seizing it at some point south of the town. It was necessary at all costs to put a stop to this scheme. Colonel Ian Hamilton with an Infantry Brigade was therefore despatched on the 27th to Lombard's Kop, a hill some five miles east of Ladysmith. There he bivouacked for the night, with a view to clearing the enemy out at the point of the bayonet on the morrow. He never brought his plan into execution, however, for Sir George White, having been informed of the size of Meyer's force, ordered him to fall back on the town. On Sunday the 29th it was discovered that the Boers were intrenched in lines that extended over twenty miles, while "Long Tom," their six-inch gun, was perched on Pepworth Hill, its big ominous muzzle being situated some 7500 yards to the north of Ladysmith. In addition to this formidable weapon, field-guns with a range of some 8000 yards were posted about in well-concealed positions. For the protection of our line of communication it was necessary that the enemy, though three times as strong as the British force, should be dispersed, and that night, at half-past ten o'clock, Colonel Hamilton again set out with three battalions, the Devons,

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the Gordons, the Manchesters, and a Brigade Division of Artillery. The night was dark but clear, and the troops marched along the Newcastle Road to Limit Hill, a strong kopje some three miles north of Ladysmith, and half-way between that town and Pepworth Hill. There they bivouacked for the night. While this party was moving as described, a small force under Colonel Carleton, composed



MAP OF LADYSMITH AND SURROUNDING HEIGHTS

of four and a half companies of the Gloucestershire Regiment and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and No. 10 Mountain Battery, was moving towards Nicholson's Nek with a view of seizing it. But of Colonel Carleton's column anon.

On Colonel Ian Hamilton's right flank, towards Lombard's Kop, was Colonel Grimwood, with the 1st and 2nd King's Royal Rifles,



BEFORE LADYSMITH—HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING TO TAKE UP A NEW POSITION.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

The Battle of Lombard's Kop

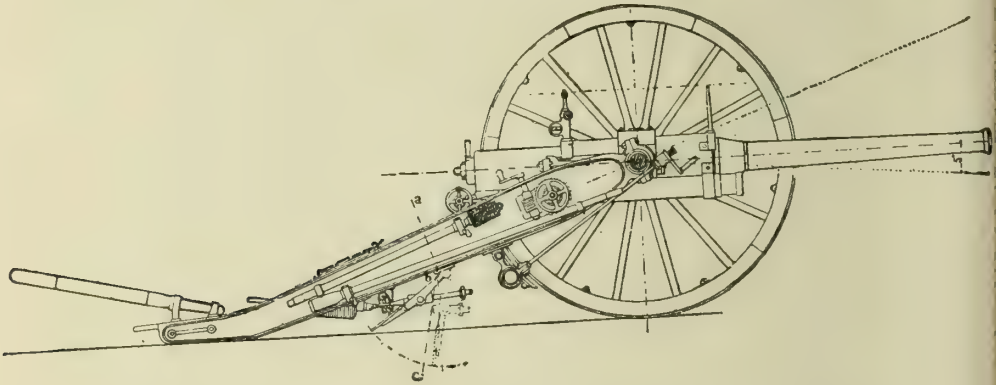
the Liverpools, Leicesters, and Dublin Fusiliers, three Field-Batteries, and the Natal Volunteer Artillery. On the extreme right, when day broke, was General French with a Cavalry Brigade and some volunteers. The idea was, that while Colonel Grimwood was shelling the Boer position to the north of Lombard's Kop, General French should prevent any attempt to turn his right; the enemy's artillery silenced, Colonel Grimwood was to drive him along the ridge running to Pepworth, and, under cover of the British guns, press the Boers towards their centre. Meanwhile our centre, under Colonel Hamilton, was to attack a hill where the enemy was in force, rout him and join in the general scheme, while Colonel Carleton protected the centre from a flank movement. Unfortunately "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and General White's admirable scheme failed, as we shall learn. An artillery duel began operations, and this continued for two long hours, while the warm spring morning developed, and the Boers, who had been warned of our plans and had changed their position during the night, were laughing in their sleeves at the capital surprise they had prepared. They had drawn off their men from the point that was to have been the objective of our centre, and extending and reinforcing their left, were calmly waiting our attack. The artillery duel continued till seven o'clock, our batteries with great difficulty searching out the enemy's position. Colonel Grimwood, with two battalions of the King's Royal Rifles, held the kopjes and ridges in front of Farquhar's Farm, while mounted infantry and troopers of the 18th Hussars, supported by the Liverpools and Leicesters, were posted on the hills on the right. Behind them came the artillery, who directed their fire at the hill above the farm, where the enemy was supposed to be intrenched.

The Boers, who in great hordes had streamed from the hills like a mountain torrent and concealed themselves in the surrounding ridges, now made all Colonel Grimwood's plans impossible. He seemed, indeed, in danger of being annihilated by sheer force of superior numbers, when troops from the centre were pushed forward to his support. A smart engagement ensued, the Boers making energetic efforts to penetrate the line between the Infantry and Artillery, while the 53rd Battery changed front to meet the attack and the 5th Lancers struggled to form up on the left of the rifle regiments. But the enemy's automatic quick-firing gun vomited forth its death-dealing steel with such persistence that the cavalry was forced to retire at a gallop. The gunners again came to the rescue, and six field-batteries, spread over in a semicircular front of three-quarters of a mile, sent their shrapnel over the heads of the infantry to crash on the ridges occupied by the Boers.

At this critical moment, when the turmoil of warfare was at its

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hottest, and when our gallant troops were struggling unsuccessfully to hold their own against an overwhelming number of the enemy, a message came from Sir George White to retire. Some sort of a panic had taken place in the town, owing partly to the fact that the Boers were threatening it from another quarter, partly to the persistent shelling of "Long Tom," which, as some one described, was like a voluble virago, determined to have the last word! All efforts to silence the horrible weapon had failed, and for some three or four hours it had sent its eighty-four-pound shells shrieking into the town. There was no resource but to fall back, which was done to the appalling detonations of the Boer guns all going at once, while "Long Tom," like some prominent solo-singer, dominated the whole clamouring orchestra. To silence him and to cover the retreat, a Lieutenant of the *Powerful*, in charge of a gun drawn by a team



TYPES OF ARMS—THE CREUSOT QUICK-FIRING FIELD GUN, OR "LONG TOM"

of oxen, went out on the road between Limit Hill and Ladysmith. Before the gun could be got in position, however, "Long Tom" had spotted it—barked at it—overturned it, and killed several of the oxen. But his triumph was short-lived. Another rival performer had come on the scene, namely, the twelve-and-a-half-pounder of the Naval Brigade. It came, saw, and conquered, knocking out "Long Tom" at the fourth shot!

The whole action of the Naval Brigade reads like a fairy story. Ladysmith on the point of exhaustion, with all its troops engaged and no big guns wherewith to meet the terrific assaults of the six-inch cannon on Pepworth Hill, was almost in despair. At the eleventh hour up came the Naval Brigade under Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton of H.M.S. *Powerful* with 280 Blue-jackets, two 4.7 guns, and four twelve-and-a-half-pounders. Then the affair was done. It was just one, two, three, and away—for the fourth splendidly-directed shot saved the situation.

The Disaster of Nicholson's Nek

In this engagement great feats of daring were accomplished, feats which have now become so general that we have almost ceased to gasp in wonder at the heroism of the "mere man" of the nineteenth century. When the regiments were forced to retire from the death-laden region of Lombard's Kop, Major Abdy of the 53rd Battery R.A., dashing across the plain under a storm of shells from a quick-firing gun, brought his battery between the enemy and the straggling mass of retreating soldiers. Horse and man rolled over, but the fire of the 53rd never slackened till the imminence of danger was past. The correspondent of the *Standard*, who was present, said: "When the moment came for the battery to fall back, the limber of one of the guns had been smashed and five horses in one team had been killed. Captain Thwaites sent back for another team and waggon limber, and brought back the disabled gun under a concentrated fire from the enemy, who were not more than four hundred yards distant. Lieutenant Higgins, of the same battery, also distinguished himself for gallantry. One of the guns was overturned in a donga. In the face of a close and heavy fire the Lieutenant succeeded in righting the gun and bringing it into a place of safety."

The following is a list of killed and wounded among the officers who were engaged on Lombard's Kop:—

13th Field Battery, R.A.—Major John Dawkins, wounded, slightly. 42nd Field Battery.—Lieutenant James Taylor M'Dougall, killed. 69th Field Battery.—Lieutenant Harold Belcher, bullet wound, forearm, severely. 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles.—Major W. T. Myers (7th Battalion), Lieutenant H. S. Marsden, and Lieutenant T. L. Forster, killed; Lieutenant H. C. Johnson, bullet wound in shoulder, severely. 2nd Battalion King's Royal Rifles.—Major H. Buchanan Riddell, bullet wound, abdomen, severe. 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment.—Captain Willcock, bullet wound, shoulder and wrist; Captain Bertram Fyffe, bullet wound, forearm and chest, severe; Captain Frederick Staynes, bullet wound, forearm, severe. Royal Army Medical Corps.—Major Edward G. Gray, killed. Natal Mounted Rifles.—Lieutenant W. Chapman, killed.

THE DISASTER OF NICHOLSON'S NEK

The circumstances which attended the movements of Colonel Carleton's column are even now somewhat fraught with mystery. He carried out the night march unmolested until within two miles of Nicholson's Nek. Then some boulders, loosened evidently for the purpose, rolled down the hill, and a sudden crackling roll of musketry stampeded the infantry ammunition mules. The alarm became infectious, with the result that the battery mules also broke loose from their leaders, practically carrying with them the whole of the gun equipment. The greater part of the regimental small-arm ammunition reserve was similarly lost. In consequence of this

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misfortune, Colonel Carleton's small force, after a plucky fight and heavy loss, had to capitulate. The real truth about the affair may never be known, but for the lamentable result Sir George White in an official dispatch, with heroic courage—greater perhaps than any required by warriors in the field—took upon himself the entire blame. The General knew well that the failure of his programme in the engagement of Lombard's Kop had inevitably brought about the disaster to the isolated force.

The list of officers taken prisoners by Boers was as follows :—

Staff.—Major W. Adye. 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.—Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. C. Carleton; Majors F. H. Munn and C. S. Kincaid; Captains Burrows, Rice, wounded, and Silver, severely wounded; Lieutenants A. E. S. Heard, C. E. Southey, W. G. B. Phibbs, A. H. C. MacGregor, H. B. Holmes, A. L. J. M. Kelly, W. D. Dooner, wounded; Second Lieutenants R. J. Kentish, C. E. Kinahan, R. W. R. Jeudwine; Chaplain Father Matthews. 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment.—Majors S. Humphrey, H. Capel Cure, and W. R. P. Wallace; Captains S. Duncan and R. Conner, both slightly wounded; Lieutenants A. Brvant, F. C. Nisbet, J. O'D. Ingram, R. M. M. Davy, C. S. Knox, W. A. M. Temple, A. H. Radice, F. A. Breul, W. L. B. Hill, P. H. Short; Second Lieutenants H. H. Smith, W. S. Mackenzie, R. L. Beasley, Lieutenant and Quartermaster R. J. Gray. Royal Artillery Mountain Battery.—Major G. E. Bryant; Lieutenants Wheeler, G. R. H. Nugent, W. H. Moore, Webb (attached); Newspaper Correspondent, J. Hyde.

Some details of their misfortune were given by the prisoners in Pretoria, and they serve to throw more light on the subject.

Colonel Carleton, as we know, was sent towards Nicholson's Nek to hold it and prevent the Free Staters from coming to the assistance of the other Boers. Having lost his reserve ammunition and the water of all the battery through the stampede of the mules, he set to work to construct a defensive position. But stones were scarce and the defences were slender, and by the light of dawn his position was revealed. At this time a long-range fire was opened from three hills to south and west, dropping from 1500 yards into the position, and taking it both in flank and in rear. From his observations Colonel Carleton discovered that General White's scheme had failed—that it was being abandoned. In consequence of this failure the whole Boer force was enabled to swarm from all directions towards the isolated column. Firing fierce and incessant, exhausted the already worn-out Irish Fusiliers, while the advanced companies of the Gloucesters were severely mauled by the Martini bullets of the enemy. The hill was now completely surrounded, the ammunition expended; still Colonel Carleton had no idea of giving in. The bayonet was left, and by the bayonet he meant to stand or fall. Suddenly a wounded officer ordered the white flag to be raised. It was then hoisted, but uncertainty prevailed as to the authority for

The Disaster of Nicholson's Nek

the exhibition of the flag, and some of our men still continued to fire. However, the mischief was done, and the surrender was merely a matter of moments.

The most vivid account of the disaster, from an outsider's point of view, was given by the *Times* special correspondent at Ladysmith. He wrote:—

"This column, consisting of six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, four and a half companies of the Gloucestershire Regiment, and No. 10 Mountain Battery, left camp on Sunday night at 10.30, with the object of occupying a position from which it would be able to operate upon the right of the Boer position on Pepworth Hill. The column was guided by Major Adye, of the Field Intelligence, and a staff of the headquarters guides. Their destination was Nicholson's Nek, a position which, when reconnoitred from this side, appeared to possess the necessary tactical advantages for a detached force. Nicholson's Nek lies about four miles up Bell's Spruit, a donga due north of Ladysmith. The men blundered along in the darkness, the Irish Fusiliers leading, the battery in the centre, the rear being brought up by the Gloucestershire Regiment. There seems no doubt upon one point, and that is, the enemy were aware of this part of the movement from the beginning. Probably they were aware of the whole of the plans for Monday, for in Ladysmith it was impossible to say who was a Boer agent and who not. However that may be, it is certain that the enemy were on the flanks of the column all night, one of the survivors positively stating that he constantly heard the snapping of breeches, and once the peculiar noise which a rifle makes at night when it is dropped.

"Two hours before daybreak, while the column was in enclosed country, either a shot was fired or a boulder rolled into the battery in column of route. The mules stampeded, and easily broke away from their half-asleep drivers. They came back upon the Gloucestershire Regiment, the advance party of whom fired into the mass, believing in the darkness that it was an attack. This added to the chaos; the ranks were broken by the frenzied animals, and they dashed through the ranks of the rearguard, carrying the first and second reserve ammunition animals with them. It became a hopeless panic; the animals, wild with the shouting and the turmoil, tore down the nullah into the darkness, and the last that was heard of them was the sound of ammunition-boxes and panniers as they were splintered against the boulders. The hubbub of those few minutes was sufficient to have alarmed the enemy. By a strenuous effort the officers succeeded in getting the men again under control, and when daylight came they seized the first position which presented itself, and which was about two miles short of the original goal. They were forced to take advantage of the first kopje, as Boer scouts were all round them, and the day was ushered in with desultory firing. It was a sorry position which they had chosen, and the men were in a sorrier plight. All their reserve ammunition was gone, and though they had saved pieces of the screw-guns, they were not able with these pieces to patch up a single mounting.

"The position itself was a flat kopje commanded on the south by a self-contained ridge. To the east was another kopje, which commanded the top of the position at about 500 yards. On the west were two similar spurs, also commanding the position at short ranges. The summit of the kopje was a plateau, all the sides being gradual slopes except the eastern, which was almost

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sheer, this latter being the side from which access had been gained. From below it appeared a defensible position, but when once the top was reached it was evident that it was commanded from all sides. The men busied themselves attempting to build breastworks. The Gloucestershire companies, with their Maxim gun, were given the northern face to hold, two companies being detached on to a self-contained ridge of the position which lay on the south side. The Irish Fusiliers had the precipitous flank to defend.

"From earliest daybreak Boer scouts were reconnoitring, and about eight o'clock mounted Boers could be seen galloping in small groups to the cover at the reverse of the hill on the west. Later two strong parties of mounted men took position on the far side of the two hills commanding the kopje from the west. About nine o'clock these two parties had crowned the hills and opened a heavy fire at short ranges right down upon the plateau. Our men made a plucky attempt to return this fire, but it was impossible; they were under a cross-fire from two directions, flank and rear. The two companies of Gloucesters holding the self-contained ridge were driven from their shelter, and as they crossed the open on the lower plateau were terribly mauled, the men falling in groups. The Boers on the west had not yet declared themselves, but about 200 marksmen climbed to the position which the two companies of the Gloucesters had just vacated. These men absolutely raked the plateau, and it was then that the men were ordered to take cover on the steep reverse of the kopje. As soon as the enemy realised this move, the men on the western hill teemed on to the summit and opened upon our men as they lay on the slope. They were absolutely hemmed in, and what had commenced as a skirmish seemed about to become a butchery. The grim order was passed round—'Faugh-a-Ballaghs, fix your bayonets and die like men!' There was the clatter of steel, the moment of suspense, and then the 'Cease fire' sounded. Again and again it sounded, but the Irish Fusiliers were loth to accept the call, and continued firing for many minutes. Then it was unconditional surrender and the men laid down their arms."

An officer of the Gloucestershire Regiment described the affair thus:—

"HOSPITAL, WYNBERG, 9/11/1899.

"We were ordered out with six companies of Royal Irish Fusiliers and No. 10 Mountain Battery, Royal Artillery, to make a night march through the Boer lines and hold a hill behind their right flank till the rest of the troops took us off, which they expected to do about 11 A.M. As it turned out, they were not able to do this, but they did keep the Boer guns employed, luckily for us. We started off at 8.30 P.M., and got to the foot of our hill about 2 A.M. The Royal Irish Fusiliers were in front, then the battery and S.A.A. mules, and last ourselves. The Royal Irish Fusiliers had got part way up the hill—a very steep one—when three mounted Boers galloped down amid clouds of dust, rolling stones, &c. They started off the battery and S.A.A. mules, the Boers firing as they passed. The mules cut right through the regiment, and all was chaos for a time.

"It was pitch dark, and the noise of the mules and the loads and the stores falling about was enough to put any one off. Several men were hurt, some got in next day, some are missing.—Part of Stayner's, Fyffe's, and my company were cut off from the rest altogether, and when we got them in some sort of order, we had quite lost the rest of the column. The orders were to push on, no matter what happened, and every one left to look out for himself.



GENERAL JOUBERT.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

The Disaster of Nicholson's Nek

After some time trying to find the path, we came across a straggler, who told us which way the regiment had gone, and eventually we found them on the top of a hill. We were ordered, as soon as we got on the hill, to put up sangars, which we worked at by the light of a very small moon till daylight. Then the Boers began on us all round, not very many, till about half-past eight. From then till 2.30 the fire was hot, and hottest at 2.30, when our ammunition being almost down and the fire devilish from all sides, we had to give in.

"I got a grazing shot on my left hand and a bullet in my right forearm early (about 8.30 A.M., and two more grazers—right thigh and left elbow)—later, finally, a bullet from behind through the right shoulder about a quarter of an hour before the end. I don't know who gave the order to 'Cease fire,' The firing could not have gone on five minutes more on our side for want of ammunition, and the Boer fire was tremendous from all round. It was like 'magazine independent' at the end of field-firing. The astonishing thing is so few were hit. If we had had our guns and ammunition, I think we could have held on until night and then got off, but there were 1200 of them, they said, to our 800, not counting gunners, and you could not till the very end see a dozen of them. The way they take cover is simply wonderful. All the prisoners were marched off at once and sent by rail to Pretoria. It was a terribly hot day, and no shade or water except what the Boers gave us. They were very good about water, giving us all they had, and fetching more from the bottom of the hill, one and a half mile away."

An officer of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, writing from Staatsmodel Schule, Pretoria, said :—

"We were all taken prisoners, together with the Gloucester Regiment and a Battery of Mounted Artillery, which accounts for us being in Pretoria so soon. As we were going up the hill in the dark, a small party of Boers dashed through our ammunition mules, causing them to stampede. By this move we lost all our mules, 200 in all, and with them all our ammunition and artillery. . . . You don't know what it means shooting a Boer; he is behind a rock, and all you can ever see is his rifle sticking out. For the last hour of the fight I had a rifle and ammunition which I took from a dead man, and blazed away for all I was worth. Then we fixed bayonets and prepared for a rush, when the 'Cease fire' sounded. Our senior Captain has told me that my name has been mentioned to our Colonel, who was commanding the force, as having caused a lot of men to rally. We were all then taken prisoners, except two officers killed and eight wounded, and marched to the Boer laager, and sent off that night to a station twenty miles distant in waggons. While we were in their laager they treated us extremely well, and gave us food and tobacco. All you read about the Boers in England is absolutely untrue. They are most kind to the wounded and prisoners, looking after them as well as their own wounded, and anything they've got they will give you if you ask them, even if they deprive themselves. We came up to Pretoria in first-class sleeping-carriages, and the way they treated us was most considerate, feeding us and giving us coffee every time we stopped. The day we arrived we took up quarters on the racecourse, but we have been moved into a fine brick building with baths, electric light, &c. They provide us with everything, from clothes down to tooth-brushes. They also feed us, and we are constantly getting presents of vegetables and cigars from private people. In fact, we can have

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everything we like except our liberty ; for some reason or other they won't at present give us parole, and we are surrounded by sentries. There are close upon fifty officers in this building, and they have got any amount of wounded ones in different places. They say they won't exchange the officers at any price."

As this letter had evidently to pass through the hands of the prison censor, we may take the eulogies of the Boers for what they were worth! However, it is but just to own that there are Boers and Boers. For instance, it is a fact that Captain Gerard Rice, who was wounded in the ankle and unable to move, offered a Boer half-sovereign to carry him off the field. The man refused the money, but performed the action with great kindness.

Father L. Matthews, chaplain of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was captured at Nicholson's Nek on October 31 and subsequently released, gave the following version of the disaster:—

"We were sent out to occupy the position with the object of preventing the two Boer forces from joining. We started at 8.30 on Sunday night, marched ten miles, and got to the hill at 1 A.M. The first mishap was that the mountain battery stampeded and scattered the whole lot of mules. We formed up again and gained the top of the hill. The guns were gone, but not all the ammunition. I do not know what stampeded the mules. They knocked me down. It was pitch dark.

"We had one hour's sleep. Firing began just after daylight. It was slack for some time, but the Boers crept round. Then the firing became furious. Our men made a breastwork of stones.

"After 12 o'clock there was a general cry of 'Cease fire' in that direction. Our fellows would not stop firing. Major Adye came up and confirmed the order to cease fire. Then the bugle sounded 'Cease fire.' In our sangar there was a rumour that the white flag was raised by a young officer who thought his batch of ten men were the sole survivors.

"We were 900 alive, having started perhaps 1000. I think that many of the battery men escaped. Our men and officers were furious at surrendering. The Boers did not seem to be in great numbers on the spot, but I heard that the main body had galloped off.

"The men had to give up their arms. The officers were sent to Commandant Steenekamp. The officers then ordered the men to fall in. The officers were taken away from the men and sent to General Joubert. On the same day the officers went in mule-waggons and slept at some store *en route*, and next day took the train at Waschbank for Pretoria. The officers are very well treated, and so, I have heard, are the men. There has been no unpleasantness in Pretoria. The officers are in the Model School, and are allowed to walk as they please in the grounds.

"I think that the surrender was a great blunder, and was caused by a misunderstanding. Major Adye was much put out. The white flag was not hoisted by the Irish Fusiliers."

Father Matthews puts the case mildly. Some of the officers of the Irish Fusiliers were so exasperated at the exhibition of the white flag, that they set to work and smashed their swords rather than give them up.

The Siege of Ladysmith

The final figures of the losses sustained at Nicholson's Nek were as follows: The total of missing of the Gloucesters and Royal Irish Fusiliers was 843. Thirty-two of the Gloucesters, 10 of the Fusiliers, and 10 of the Mountain Battery were found dead on the field, while 150 wounded were brought into camp at Ladysmith. Between 70 and 100 of the men escaped and got back to camp.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH

It was now found necessary to issue a proclamation giving all strangers the option of leaving the town at twenty-four hours' notice. In spite of this notice, however, many civilians remained. Meanwhile, shells continued to drop uproariously, if harmlessly, into the town, while the balloon corps worked steadily in their task of locating the hostile guns. The enemy objected to that original form of spy, and aimed at him many a shot, but, fortunately, without effect. The Naval Brigade, always animated, active, and efficient, completed the mounting of the long-range guns which were to add to the safety of the place and the discomfiture of its besiegers. On the whole, the position was becoming somewhat serious, particularly for those whose nerves were unaccustomed to the uproar of diurnal thunderstorms. Lord Wolseley has somewhere said that "the effect of artillery fire is more moral than actual; it kills but very few, but its appalling noise, the way it tears down trees, knocks houses into small pieces, and mutilates the human frame when it does hit, strikes terror into all but the stoutest hearts." It may be imagined that the early days of this experience must have been somewhat embarrassing, though later on, so attuned became the nerves, even of women, that they engaged in shopping in the midst of bombardment, quite unmoved.

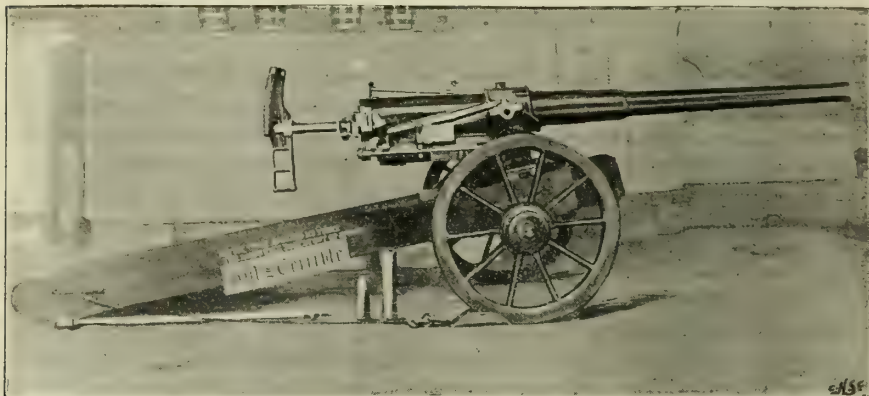
On 2nd November at 2.30 P.M. the telegraphic communication with Ladysmith was interrupted, but it was undecided whether the Boers had got sufficiently far south to promote the interruption or whether the wires had been cut by Dutch sympathisers or small scouting parties of the enemy. The Boers applied for an armistice with a view to burying their dead, their real object most probably being, as in many previous cases of a similar nature, to obtain time for refitting their heavy guns. This request was refused, but they were permitted to bury their slain under a flag of truce. Meanwhile, General Joubert's force received large reinforcements of Free State burghers under the command of Lucas Meyer, and additional commandoes from the Middleburgh and Leydenburg districts under Schalkburger were expected.

After this the siege of Ladysmith began in real earnest. "Long Tom," though temporarily incapacitated, soon resumed his volubility,

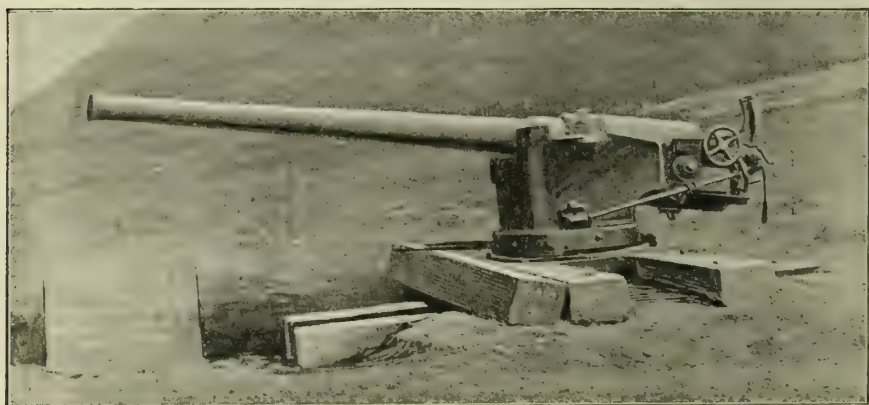
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and was assisted by another of his calibre nicknamed "Slim Piet." Curiously enough, the first house hit during the siege was a commodious bungalow-shaped residence with large verandah belonging to Mr. Carter, the author of the now well-known "Narrative of the Boer War." The owner fortunately had left before the bombardment, and the premises were then occupied by nurses.

Lieut. Frederick Egerton, of the *Powerful*, who was wounded



TYPES OF ARMS—12-POUNDER NAVAL GUN ON IMPROVISED CARRIAGE



TYPES OF ARMS—4.7-INCH NAVAL GUN ON IMPROVISED MOUNTING

by a shell in the left knee and right foot, was promoted to the rank of Commander in Her Majesty's fleet for special services with the forces in South Africa. But his promotion came too late. He expired after some hours of suffering.¹

The Boers by now had established batteries on Grobler's Kloof,

¹ Commander Egerton was a nephew of the Duke of Devonshire and of the first Earl of Ellesmere. He was the son of the late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, M.P. for East Derbyshire, 1868-86. Commander Egerton, who was in his thirty-first year, entered the

The Siege of Ladysmith

a commanding eminence from whence they could attack both Ladysmith on the north and Colenso on the south. Women and children vacated the place, and the trains coming in and out had to run the gantlet of the Boer fire, both Nordenfolt quick-firing guns and Mauser rifles being brought to bear on the refugees. The Boers, however, continued to salute the town without much effect, while the naval gunners replied with telling emphasis. They succeeded in dismounting the Boers' 40-pounder which had been so comfortably posted on Pepworth's Hill.

The carriages and platforms on which the naval guns were mounted at Ladysmith, and which proved so important a feature in promoting the defence of the place, were specially designed by Captain Percy Scott of the cruiser *Terrible*. In regard to this officer's resourcefulness the *Times* expressed an opinion that is worthy of remembrance :—

"Captain Percy Scott, of the *Terrible*, came to the rescue, adding one more to the numerous instances in which this country has owed to individual resource and initiative its escape from the disasters invited by the incompetence of the War Office. There is no need to inquire just now into the balance of political and military considerations which determined the policy of making a stand at Ladysmith. It is enough that that policy was definitely adopted in ample time to allow of providing Ladysmith with the long-range guns which its position renders peculiarly necessary, dominated as it is by hills on three sides. Why were such guns not provided? Why was it left to fortunate accident to furnish the garrison at the very last moment with the means of defence? The conclusions of German military science, as will have been noted by all who read the interesting account of German manœuvres which we published yesterday, are all in favour of saving the lives of the infantry by a very free use of artillery at long ranges. The country around Ladysmith seems to be one that calls loudly for even a more lavish artillery equipment than might normally suffice. Yet, in spite of science and of common-sense, the Ladysmith garrison, occupying a predetermined position open to artillery fire from all sides, was left absolutely destitute of long-range guns, and none too well provided with field-artillery. But that Captain Scott proved himself able, just in time, to improvise out of the rough materials at hand an effective gun-carriage, there would have been nothing to prevent the Boers from using their big guns at half the distance they have actually had to keep."

At this time British troops were withdrawn from Colenso and

navy seventeen years ago. He became a lieutenant in 1891, and in 1897 he was appointed gunnery officer in the cruiser *Powerful*, having specially qualified in gunnery. He possessed honorary certificates from the Royal Naval College, but he had had no previous experience of war service.

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moved farther south, and Boer armies continued to close round Ladysmith. Isimbulwana Hill, lying east of Ladysmith, was taken possession of, and a force advancing from Dewdrop, on the west of the town, moved south towards Colenso, and there on high ground posted its guns. Yet, in spite of this, the town showed itself to be "all alive and kicking." Though cut off from the telegraph, it sent out pigeon-posts; though engirdled by Boers, it made sorties of the most animated description, and literally laughed at the hint of surrender. On the 2nd, Colonel Brocklehurst made an attack on the enemy's laagers with a force of cavalry, mounted infantry, and mounted volunteers, surprising the Dutchmen and driving them back with comparatively small loss, and on the following day fighting lasted for some hours between the British cavalry, supported by field-artillery, Imperial Light Horse, and Natal Mounted Volunteers, and the Republicans. Many shells were pitched into the town, and an artillery duel rampaged with such relentless vigour that the general sensation to those who remained enclosed in the town was as though a thunderstorm with earthquake was passing over the place. Nothing worse happened, and the enemy for a while were driven back to their camp and some thirty or more prisoners were taken. Major Charles Kincaid, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, with nine wounded prisoners, was exchanged by the Boers for eight of their countrymen in similar plight. Others of them were not fit to travel. The enemy continued active, replacing disabled guns with new ones and dragging fresh powerful weapons to bear on the situation. On the 4th of November they announced their annexation of Upper Tugela, and a counter-proclamation of the nature already quoted was issued by the Governor.

A large commando of the enemy commenced the bombardment of Colenso, and the troops forming the garrison of that place fell back on Estcourt, where was stationed a force of considerable strength. By "considerable strength" it must be understood that the force was sufficiently strong for purposes of defence, though not for purposes of offence. As a matter of fact, the force in Natal was not, and has not since been, sufficiently strong for attack of a foe in such powerfully intrenched positions. From beginning to end our military commanders on that side of the theatre of war were sorely handicapped by the tardy recognition by the Home Government of the gravity of the situation. But here it is now desirable that something should be said of the early history of the towns of Mafeking and Kimberley, which, like Ladysmith, were by this time almost completely isolated, rails and telegraph wires having been cut around both places respectively.



LADYSMITH, NATAL.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

CHAPTER II

THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S Ultimatum having been accepted in its full significance, General Cronje crossed the border and the telegraph wires to Mafeking were cut. Mafeking is a smart little town on the Bechuanaland Railway. It stands about eight miles from the Transvaal border, about 200 miles north of Kimberley, and some 875 miles from Cape Town. It is the headquarters of the Bechuanaland Border Police, a crack corps, whose every member is thoroughly wide-awake and well versed in the niceties of the guerilla style of warfare favoured of the Boers. In the town is the "Surrey Hotel" and others; English, Dutch, and Wesleyan churches; a cricket-ground and a racecourse. Its supplies, in time of peace, are drawn from Dutch farms situated in the Marico Valley, while its pure water is drawn from the springs at Rooi Grond in the Transvaal territory.

Mafeking itself is less than a mile square. The railroad, running north and south, takes a westerly bend as it crosses the Molopo River some 300 yards south of the town. In this westerly direction is a native Stadt, a constellation of mushroom huts wherein the blacks congregate. To east, north, and west the surrounding country is flat; elsewhere it rises and affords a certain amount of cover. Towards the south-east is Sir Charles Warren's old fort, named Cannon Kopje, which was viewed as the key of the position and promptly rendered impregnable. In the north-west corner of the town was the railway station, now useless; on the north-east, the convent; on the south-east, Ellis House; and south-west, the Pound, near which were the quarters of the British South African Police. The population of the town consisted of some 2000 whites, while in the Stadt, owing to the presence of native refugees, there were about 7000 blacks.

On the outbreak of hostilities, Colonel Baden-Powell, who had been sent out on special service to South Africa to report on the defences of Rhodesia, applied himself at once to face a situation which made demands on all his extensive capabilities. In the very early days of the investment he got guns into position and made dashing sorties, determining to show the besiegers that they would not have what in popular phrase is known as "a walk over." So

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great was the versatility of this officer, that, while these energetic measures for the protection of those around him were going forward, he yet managed to correct and send home proofs of a "Manual on Scouting," a work at the moment most interesting and precious to the military man, while to the layman it makes as good reading as the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." In Mafeking was also Major Lord Edward Cecil (Grenadier Guards), D.S.O., the fourth son of the Prime Minister—whose activity and energy were remarkable, even in a community where those qualities were ubiquitous—and Captain Gordon Wilson (Royal Horse Guards), with his wife, Lady Sarah Wilson, a lady of much enterprise, to whose energies the garrison owed not a little. Among others there were Colonel Hore (South Staffordshire Regiment), Major Godley (Royal Dublin Fusiliers), Captain Marsh (Royal West Kent Regiment), Captain Vernon (King's Royal Rifles), Captain FitzClarence (Royal Fusiliers), Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck (9th Lancers), the Hon. H. Hanbury-Tracy (Royal Horse Guards), Lieut. Singleton (Highland Light Infantry), Captain the Hon. D. Marsham (4th Bedfordshire Regiment), Captain Pechell (3rd King's Royal Rifles), and Major Anderson (R.A.M.C.). There were in addition several Colonial officers who proved themselves the soul of activity—notably Captain Goodyear, Captain Nesbitt, V.C., Lieuts. Paton and Murchison, and several others. Colonel Vyvyan and Major Panzera also worked like Trojans to secure the safety of the town. Major Baillie of the *Morning Post* made himself useful in every capacity. Later on he forwarded a description of the garrison which gave a good idea of the splendid plan of organisation adopted. He said:—

"The town was garrisoned by the Cape Police under Captains Brown and Marsh. These and the Railway Volunteers were under Colonel Vivian, while Cannon Kopje was entrusted to Colonel Walford and the B.S.A.P. Colonel Baden-Powell retained one squadron of the Protectorate Regiment as reserve under his own immediate control. These arrangements were subsequently much augmented. After the convent had been practically demolished by shell-fire, and the railway line all round the town pulled up or mined during the close investment by the Boers, the small work was erected at the convent corner, garrisoned by the Cape Police and a Maxim under Lieutenant Murray, who was also put in charge of the armoured train, which had been withdrawn to the railway station out of harm's way.

"The Railway Volunteers garrisoned the cemetery, and had an advance trench about 800 yards to the front and immediately to the right of the line. To the westward came Fort Cardigan, and then again Fort Miller; to the south-west was Major Godley's Fort, at the north of the native stadt, with Fort Ayr, and an advance fort crowning the down to the northern end of the stadt, and though rather detached, having command of the view for a great distance. To the south of the northern portion of the stadt the Cape Police were intrenched with a Maxim, and 500 yards to the west front of Captain Marsh's

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post lay Limestone Fort, commanding the valley, on the other side of which lay the Boer laager and intrenchments. At the south-western corner, and on the edge of the stadth Captain Marsh's fort was situated. The whole of the edge of the stadth was furnished with loopholes and trenches, and was garrisoned by the native inhabitants. Near the railway were situated two armoured trucks with a Nordenfeldt, and Cannon Kopje with two Maxims and a 7-pounder lay to the south-east. And now to the immediate defences of the town. At the south-western corner is the Pound, garrisoned by Cape Police under Captain Marsh, then eastwards is Early's Fort, Dixon's Redan, Dall's Fort, Ellis's corner, with Maxim and Cape Police, under Captain Brown. On the eastern front are Elliston's Kraal, Musson's Fort, De Kock's Fort with Maxim, Recreation Ground Fort. To the left of the convent lies the Hospital Fort. All these, unless otherwise mentioned, are defended by the Town Guard."

Operations began on the 12th with an episode that cannot afford to be forgotten. It was discovered that two trucks of dynamite were in the station yard, and it was at once decided, for the safety of the population, that they must be removed. An engine was, therefore, despatched in charge of a plucky driver (Perry) for the purpose of conveying the trucks into the open, where they might explode without danger to the town. While he was engaged in the work of deporting the destructive material, the enemy suddenly appeared and commenced to fire. Perry, with the utmost coolness, a coolness which in the circumstances was nothing less than heroism, uncoupled his engine, and leaving the trucks to their fate, steamed back to the town. Before he could reach his destination, however, the shock of an awful detonation greeted his ears. The Boers had again fired on the trucks, believing them to be full of passengers, and, as a natural consequence, the dynamite had exploded!

The garrison, numbering from 800 to 1000, now began to furbish itself up, to arm and practise with the rifle. The old forts round the place were put into repair, and the armoured train, with a Maxim gun and a Nordenfeldt, was made ready for coming excursions. Nothing was neglected. It was well known that the Boers looked upon the town as their personal property, and when it came to fighting, meant to make it so—if they could! The two available regiments, the Protectorate Regiment and the Mounted Police, spent most of their time manœuvring, with a view to awakening the intelligent interests of the ranks and instructing the men on the nature of the ground in the vicinity. Colonel Baden-Powell lost no opportunity of preparing for the gallant Cronje, and, in order to show that he did not mean to be caught napping, some nights were passed by the garrison in their day kit.

On the 12th October an armoured train that was escorting two light guns of old pattern from the Cape to Mafeking was seized by the Boers, who had torn up the rails at Kraalpan. They pounded the machine with artillery, and captured it with guns and men in charge—

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all, save the engine-driver, being made prisoners. Lieutenant Nesbitt was wounded and the driver lost five fingers. The latter escaped through hiding himself in the sand and thus avoiding observation. In Mafeking itself the Sisters of the Roman Catholic Convent busied themselves. These noble women refused to leave the place, electing to remain face to face with danger in order to nurse the sick. Many of the houses were converted into hospitals, all the streets were barred with waggons, and even the inhabitants of the town were supplied with rifles and taught the use of them. The telegraph wires were now cut at Maribogo, some forty miles south of Mafeking. The bridge that crossed the Molopo River above Mafeking was next blown up by the Boers with tremendous uproar. Still the inhabitants were not dismayed. They had implicit confidence in their commander and worked incessantly. As a defensive position, Kimberley, whose history will be told later, had the advantage of Mafeking. The refuse heaps from the mines at the former place served as natural fortifications. But Mafeking was in one way fairly secure: its troops, though few, were efficient, and owing to its not being the abode of Mr. Rhodes, it was no longer looked upon by the Boers as the most attractive prize of the war. Besides this, Colonel Baden-Powell's plans of defence were very complete.

The town was divided into sections, each one of which had its separate arrangements for defence. The perimeter was about six miles in circumference. Huge earthworks were thrown up. Shelters were built, with panellings and roofings of corrugated iron. Colonel Baden-Powell had decided to hold the town, and declared that if he should hold it at all, his grip should be a firm one. For himself, he constructed a bomb-proof bureau, where his literary work could safely be pursued, if need be, to the accompaniment of a score of guns, and round him were telephonic communications with each of his outposts. He had also a private signaller placed with telescope on the watch to inform him of outside doings and forewarn the garrison in case of assault. Wire communications were arranged so that each discharge of a shell might be reported by an alarum, in order that inhabitants of the threatened quarter might have time to burrow in places of safety. During the daytime the bell of the signaller was actively employed, but at night the Boers seldom bombarded the place, and its inhabitants were free to emerge from their hiding-places and breathe the fresh air.

Fortunately in the matter of food much foresight had been exercised. With everything against him, Colonel Baden-Powell had succeeded in making provision for, if necessary, a prolonged state of siege.

At daylight on the 14th, the whole garrison was on the alert. Reports declared the Boers to be advancing on the south. Firing



COLONEL ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL,
THE DEFENDER OF MAFEKING.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

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was at the same time heard from the north, and Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck was reported to be in action. While the firing continued the armoured train was hurriedly got in readiness, and started with the object of engaging the enemy.

The crew of the leading truck, "Firefly," consisted of a detachment of the British South African Police and Railway Volunteers, Captain Ashley Williams himself being in command, Mr. Gwayne being the driver of the engine, and Mr. A. Moffat acting as stoker. The second truck was in charge of Lieutenant More, an engineer on the Bechuanaland Railway. No. 1 truck was armed with a Maxim, and its crew mostly with Lee-Metfords. Truck No. 2, which carried another Maxim, rejoiced in the name of "Wasp." A third truck, the "Gun," carried a Hotchkiss. The crew of the trucks numbered barely fifteen in each. The train, after passing Lord Charles Bentinck's squadron, who hailed it with a cheer and various humorous sallies, came on the enemy, about 500 strong, to right front of the trucks.

A fierce interchange of bullets followed, the Mafeking party firing with such success that the enemy cautiously withdrew into the distance; still they kept up a rattling fire against the armour of the train, which careered up and down the line for some time with imperturbable yet cheerful activity. Presently, however, Colonel Baden-Powell despatched Captain FitzClarence with a squadron of men to cover its retreat, but before this could be effected the Boers again appeared, and a determined engagement ensued. Some sharp fighting took place, and Captain FitzClarence, though ordered to return to Mafeking, was unable to do so without reinforcements on account of the number of his wounded. The phonophore having been connected with the railway line, a telegraph message to this effect was sent to headquarters. Thereupon Lord Charles Bentinck was ordered to take his squadron to the relief of Captain FitzClarence. Meanwhile Captain Ashley Williams and a party of the South African Police alighted from the train, and went unarmed to the assistance of the wounded. Among these was Lieutenant Brady of Queenstown. Soon, the helpless were removed into the trucks, and the train was steaming on its return to Mafeking after having done great execution among the enemy.

Travelling in an armoured train, even when you are not wounded, is scarcely an enjoyable experience; indeed, it may be described as one of the most superb tests of warrior qualities. The machine itself resembles a species of tank-truck, boxed round with seven-feet high walls of iron or steel, without doors or windows, and with no covering for the occupants save the dome of heaven. You climb in and you climb out as you would into a bath, by hanging on to the loopholes made for the rifles, and planting your feet on the exterior ridges that act as

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steps for the nimble toe. Once in, there is comparative safety. From all sides there is shelter from rifle-fire save when going down-hill below the enemy, who can then with ease pour cascades of bullets upon the heads of the travellers. The machine is painted kharki colour to make it less observable to the enemy, and has the distinction of being quite the ugliest of the many ugly inventions of modern science. Occasionally the exterior is of varied hue—particularly in green country, when it is made to look verdant and covered with boughs to give it an arboreal aspect, and render its shape less observable. But the ugliness and inconvenience of the train are nothing to the dangers it may have to encounter. The occupant may find himself surrounded by a party of the enemy before he has been a mile out from his base; he may find the rail cut behind him; he may steam straight into an ambush at any moment, or be blown up before he can wink. It has rightly been called a "death trap," for it provides chances of dissolution many and varied.

But notwithstanding these risks, the machine was at this time continually in use, and the pluck of the defenders of Mafeking rose superior to all tests. The engagement of the 14th, with all its thrilling and painful experience, bore good fruit; for all felt that the encounter had been beneficial in many ways, more especially in strengthening the sense of security that everywhere began to prevail. To show how much courage and determination was the order of the course, it must be noted, in somewhat Irish phrase, that the manning of the town was assisted by women, some of whom refused to go into laager, but elected to handle their Lee-Metfords for the protection of themselves and their companions.

In the engagement of this day, Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck and Lieutenant Brady were both slightly wounded. Major Baillie had a narrow escape, his horse having been shot under him, while his water-bottle was also struck by a bullet. In the evening Colonel Baden-Powell issued a general order congratulating the A and L squadrons, commanded by Captain FitzClarence and Lord Charles Bentinck, and the crew of the armoured train, under Captain Williams and Lieutenant More, for their highly creditable performances.

About this time some discomfort and anxiety was occasioned by the fact that water became scarce in the town, owing to the Boers having taken possession of a fountain from which the inhabitants were supplied. Still, as Colonel Baden-Powell is an officer of genius, full of resource and infinite capacity for taking pains, all had confidence that he would not allow himself to be overcome by a temporary difficulty, and that he and his would emerge from all tests much as Colonel Pearson and his gallant party emerged from the ordeal of Eshowe. So the water difficulty was soon settled. Under Major Hepworth's supervision all the wells were cleaned

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out, and Sir Charles Warren's old well re-opened. On the 16th of October Commandant Cronje's commandoes took up a position among the thorns above the racecourse and opened fire on the town. Then a Boer party bearing a flag of truce was sent by Cronje to demand surrender to avoid further bloodshed. "Certainly, but when will bloodshed begin?" asked Colonel Baden-Powell, who, alive to all the little dodges of his enemies, knowingly kept the Burgher messenger blindfolded while he formulated his reply. Of course he meant to hold out, and he said so in round terms, and the Burgher departed discomfited and without having secured a plan of the fortifications! Subsequently some Boer Krupp batteries



TYPES OF ARMS—15-POUNDER FIELD-GUN. PHOTO BY CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

were brought up to cover the town, to impress those concerned and to show that the enemy meant business. But the bombardment so far was not fraught with much damage, for Colonel Baden-Powell, telegraphing on the 21st, thus comically described the situation: "All well. Four hours' bombardment. One dog killed."

The Boers had now begun to penetrate to Tuli in Rhodesia. Tuli is the nearest post on the north to Transvaal territory. It stands on a river that comes down from the Matopo Hills, and joins the Limpopo about twenty miles beyond the town, which commands the cross-roads from the Transvaal to Buluwayo and from Mafeking to Victoria. The troops here were under the command of Colonel Plumer, who, from the time that Mafeking was besieged, was un-

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tiring in his efforts to come to the rescue. With Colonel Plumer were the following officers: Majors Pilsen and Bird, Captain Maclaren (13th Hussars), the notable polo-player, Captain Blackburn (Cameronians), Captain Rolt (York and Lancashire Regiment), Lieutenant Rankin (7th Hussars), Lieutenant French (Royal Irish Regiment), and several others.

On the 19th of October a party of the enemy was suddenly met on the Rhodesian side of the river by a reconnoitring patrol. The Dutchmen fired on the patrol, wounding a trooper. Captain Glynn went off for the purpose of locating the enemy, and discovered the presence of a Boer column in his neighbourhood. Two days later a smart skirmish took place between a strong patrol and the enemy, who was encountered at Rhodes's Drift, with the result that two troopers were killed and two wounded. The Boers afterwards took up a strong position on a kopje at Pont's Drift, fired in a dastardly manner on Major Pilsen, Sergeant Shepstone, and his party while they were removing dead and wounded to an ambulance and a cart brought for the purpose, and their work of mercy had to be carried on under the most trying and aggravating conditions. There were also some skirmishes at Crocodile River. An armoured train got within about 1500 yards of a Boer laager three miles south of Crocodile Poort. Captain Blackburn (Cameronians) was seriously wounded and died on the road to Tuli, whither the British retired by Colonel Plumer's orders. It is satisfactory to note that Sergeant Shepstone, who gallantly came to Captain Blackburn's assistance, received his commission.

Skirmishing took place at odd intervals, and Colonel Plumer continued to send reconnoitring parties up and down the river. On many occasions these were fired upon, but without serious result. On the 28th, however, Captains White and Glynn reconnoitred a kopje at Pont's Drift—each approaching the hill on a different side—whereupon a brisk skirmish ensued, when five of their men were shot by the enemy and four wounded. Later on, after his reconnaissance westward along the Crocodile River, Colonel Plumer returned to Tuli. Boer commandoes were at that time supposed to have retired to the neighbourhood of either Pietersburg or Mafeking. Colonel Spreckley's camp was shelled by the enemy on the 3rd of November, and the mules and horses belonging to the squadron promptly stampeded.

To return to Mafeking. The Boers had now begun their activities, and miniature artillery duels were continually taking place between the British and the enemy. More guns were brought to bear upon the position by Cronje and his gang, and they set to work to do as much damage as possible. The Convent was hit, but no one was injured. Finally, after several days of bombard-

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ment and reciprocated shelling, Colonel Baden-Powell decided to give the enemy a taste of cold steel. A council of war was held, and on the 27th of October a most courageous night attack was made on the Boer trenches by Captain FitzClarence. As darkness descended, the little force stole noiselessly out of their stronghold with fixed bayonets, creeping like cats along the veldt, breath even being almost suspended lest a sound should put the enemy on guard. Then, on a given signal—a whistle from Captain FitzClarence—the men dashed forward on the foe, cheering lustily, while from the town the echoes and the voices of anxious watchers gave back cheer for cheer. The tussle was short and sharp. It was a case of fifty desperate men with fifty bayonets dealing destruction to a roaring rabble under the tarpaulins! Then came a storm of hostile bullets from the rear of the trenches, a swift reply from the attacking party, followed by Captain FitzClarence's whistle, "Cease fire. Scatter homeward." Under a withering fire the forces obeyed, returning as they went, in silence and in darkness. Then came the roll-call. Six were killed and eleven wounded, but of the latter all returned, none being left on the field. Here we may read Colonel Baden-Powell's general order:—

"The Colonel commanding wishes to record his high appreciation of the dash with which the attack on the enemy's trenches was carried out last night by D squadron of the Protectorate Regiment, under Captain FitzClarence, supported by the Cape Police under Lieutenant Murray. The whole operation was executed exactly as was wanted, and the results, though gained at the cost of several gallant lives, were entirely successful and of great value. By this action the intention of the enemy to push their intrenchments to within rifle distance of the town has been checked, and the heavy loss that they have sustained has given them a wholesome fear of the dash of our men, and they have had an introduction to cold steel such as will not encourage them willingly to face it again. The steadiness of the Town-Guard on the east front was noticeable later in the night, when the enemy had a scare, and broke into wild firing, to which the guard made reply.—By order (Signed) E. H. CECIL, Major, C.S.O."

After this the Boers brought a big gun to bear on the position, and blazed away at a distance of seven miles from the town. Out of sixteen shells only one struck. This set fire to a store. The huge weapon evidently proved a white elephant, for before long the besiegers, much to the joy of the besieged, ceased their attempts to work it.

But heavy bombardment still took place. The Boer hosts attacked the town from three sides at once and were steadily repulsed by the British Maxims. All through the week Cronje's commandoes indulged in desultory rifle-fire, now and again throwing a shell by way of variety, to which attentions Colonel Baden-Powell and his smart garrison responded with such zest and anima-

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tion, that the Boers, discomfited, declared that the place contained "not men, but devils!"

On Tuesday, the 31st of October, in the early hours of the morning, some hard fighting again took place. Colonel Walford and his detachment of the British South African Police held the fort called Cannon Kopje against an advance of the enemy, made under cover of four heavy guns and one 100-pounder. The affair ended in an entire defeat of the Dutchmen, but not before some gallant lives were sacrificed. The following order, issued the same day by Colonel Baden-Powell, describes the action:—

"The detachment of British South African Police forming the garrison at Cannon Kopje under the command of Colonel Walford, have this day performed a brilliant service by the gallant and determined stand made by them on their post in the face of a very hot shell-fire from the enemy. The intention of the Boers had been, after getting their guns and attacking force into position during the night, to storm Cannon Kopje at daybreak, and thence to bombard the south-east position of the town and carry it with a large force. They collected in the Molopo Valley. Their whole scheme has been defeated by the gallant resistance made by the garrison at Cannon Kopje, who not only refused to budge from their position under a cross-fire of artillery, but succeeded in inflicting such losses on the enemy as compelled them to retreat. In this way they were assisted by the timely and well-directed fire of a seven-pounder, under Lieutenant Murchison. The Colonel Commanding deplores the loss of the gallant officers and men who fell this day. By the death of the Hon. Douglas Henry Marsham and Captain Charles Alexander Kerr Pechell, Her Majesty loses two officers of exceptional promise and soldier-like qualifications. The Colonel Commanding believes he is giving voice to the feeling of the whole Mafeking garrison in expressing the deepest sympathy with the British South African Police in their loss. At the same time he congratulates Colonel Walford and his men on their brilliant achievement."

A pathetic funeral followed, the honoured dead being wrapped in the Union Jack, and buried by the grim light of a lantern, while the Rector and Roman Catholic Chaplain each said over the graves the last solemn words according to the rites of his Church. There was no Dead March, nor were any volleys fired, but the dumb grief of the community told its own tale of mourning.

KIMBERLEY

Kimberley, as has been said, is by no means a picturesque place. On first acquaintance it appears to be surrounded by redoubts or forts, being dotted with mounds of greyish slag, technically called "tailings," which represent the refuse soil from which the diamondiferous ore has been extracted. The buildings are somewhat formal and unpleasing, being for the most part of corrugated iron, and conveying the impression that they are constructed with a view to being carried off at any moment. There are a few private residences,



NIGHT SORTIE FROM MAFEKING.

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville

Kimberley

which the orthodox house-agent might style "handsome" or "commodious." The hotel is merely useful as a place for passengers to alight at and depart from, and that it is no more may be accounted for by the fact that Kimberley hospitality is so double-handed that visitors are seldom left to the tender mercies of public caterers. The Kimberley Club dispenses hospitality royally, and for this reason travellers are made independent of outside luxury. Round Kimberley are the suburbs of Beaconsfield, Kenilworth, and Gladstone. Beaconsfield, which was once a growing town, has become stunted, while Kenilworth has blossomed forth under the auspices of Mr. Rhodes.

When the Boer Ultimatum was pronounced, all eyes turned naturally in the direction of the Diamond City, and as naturally the Diamond City, under the direction of Colonel Kekewich, prepared to defend itself. The population to be protected numbered some 33,000, of whom 19,000 were blacks. Among these latter were 4000 women. At that time it was doubtful if the Zulus, Matabeles, and Basutos were to be trusted, and consequently the position of the Colonel in supreme command was one of great responsibility. Fortunately the place was stocked with arms and ammunition, though the number of the regulars was absolutely inadequate to the requirements of so large an area.

The Imperial garrison sent to Kimberley for the defence only consisted of the 23rd Company Royal Garrison Artillery, with six 7-pounder mountain guns, Major Chamier commanding; one section of the 7th Field Company Royal Engineers, under Lieutenant M'Clintock; Captain Gorle and three non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service Corps, and the headquarters and four companies of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, under Major Murray; in all, 564 officers and men. The staff included Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich, North Lancashire Regiment, commanding; Major Scott-Turner, Royal Highlanders (staff officer); Captain O'Meara, Royal Engineers (Intelligence Officer); and Lieutenant MacInnes, Royal Engineers. The volunteer forces, when first called out for active service, consisted of one battery Diamond Fields Artillery, six 7-pounder field-guns, Major May, 3 officers, and 90 rank and file; Diamond Fields Horse, Major Rodger, 6 officers, 142 rank and file; Kimberley Regiment, Colonel Finlayson, 14 officers, 285 rank and file:—total all ranks, 1060.

The whole garrison was reviewed, and a town-guard was formed at Beaconsfield, under the command of Major Fraser. Colonel Harris commanded the Volunteers, most of these being employees of the De Beers mines. Preparations were made for the arrival of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was hastening to the scene of his early life-work, and for whose body, alive or dead, it was reported the Boers

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had sent out an offer of £5000. The artillery was exercised and defences were erected on all sides. Ladies and children made haste to leave by every train, but one lady of note, the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, remained. The Commandant of Kimberley gave orders that trees should be felled and the bush cleared, in order to open a fine field for firing, the garrison to a man exerting themselves so as to give a warm reception to the enemy directly he should show a head above the kopje. On the 12th of October Mr. Cecil Rhodes arrived. His entry was somewhat melodramatic, as his train was delayed and spies were actually on the platform lying in wait for him. Fortunately he was not recognised. The magnetism of his presence added fresh zest to the proceedings in the town, while the calm confidence of his bearing became absolutely infectious. In fact, he soon delighted every one by stating that he considered Kimberley to be every bit "as safe as Piccadilly." At this time the town was well provisioned and the mines were kept working. Most of the garrison occupied the brigade grounds, while the detachment of regulars and the Kimberley regiments were stationed at the Sanatorium. The Town-Guard soon numbered 2000.

Skirmishing took place on Friday, the 14th of October, and on the following day there were more encounters. One squadron in an armoured train was held up by the Boers, and their attack was supported by a second force. The second squadron of the Protectorate regiment grandly repelled the attack. The train, in which were several Imperial officers, was uninjured. The Boer artillery gave way at last, and the forces withdrew, but not before having sustained heavy loss.

On the 15th a proclamation was made establishing martial law in Griqualand West and Bechuanaland. Persons not members of the defending forces were ordered to register their firearms, and no one was allowed to leave their houses between nine at night and six in the morning. The canteens without permits were opened only for a few hours during the day. Death was to be the punishment for acts contrary to civilised warfare. Fourteen Streams and Vryburg were now evacuated, the police detachments retiring from them on Kimberley.

In order to maintain internal order, Colonel Kekewich divided the town into four sub-districts, and the people were cautioned against holding communication with the Queen's enemies. The consumption of meat was regulated, each man being allowed 1 lb. daily, while the exports of foodstuffs and forage were prohibited. Roads were closed, and no one without authority or a permit was allowed to pass in or out. The defences everywhere were strengthened.

On the 21st of October, an armoured train that went out to reconnoitre discovered the enemy in the neighbourhood of Spy-

Kimberley

fontein. A proclamation having been issued by the Boers at Vryburg annexing Bechuanaland, most probably for the purpose of impressing the disloyal Dutch, Colonel Kekewich forthwith issued another, threatening that British subjects found assisting the Queen's enemies would be summarily dealt with as base rebels. He also declared that, in spite of the hoisting of the Vierkleur in Vryburg, the status of British subjects in Griqualand and Bechuanaland would remain unaltered. An armoured train was again engaged on this date, but only one man was killed. Two trucks of dynamite, however, which had been safely removed, were blown up by the Boers. The town was now completely isolated, the railway line being cut north and south.

On the 24th inst. the garrison, supported by two armoured trains, had a fresh and an exceedingly animated encounter with the enemy. Colonel Scott Turner and 270 mounted volunteers marched north to Macfarlane's Farm. There they off-saddled and kept a look-out for the Boers. Soon afterwards they appeared, and Colonel Turner opened fire. The Boers promptly intrenched themselves behind a sandheap, and from thence kept up a hot fusilade. To Colonel Turner's assistance there came the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, followed at noon by their Colonel—Colonel Murray—with two guns, two Maxims, and 70 mounted men.

The Boers advanced on Colonel Murray and tried to cut off the party, and in endeavouring to frustrate their efforts Colonel Turner found himself in the thick of a furious fire which burst from a dam wall 500 yards on his left.

The British guns promptly began to blaze on the enemy, who very briskly responded. In the end, however, they were compelled to fall back. At this juncture the Lancashires, whose pluck and dexterity were magnificent throughout, hastily occupied the position, fixed bayonets, and gallantly drove off the enemy whenever he turned to make a stand. The fight, which was in every way a brilliant success, lasted four long hours. The British loss was three killed and twenty-one wounded, while that of the Boers was considerable. Commandant Botha was said to be among the killed. During this engagement Kimberley, as may be imagined, was in a state of frantic excitement, and the return of the troops was looked for by swarms of people, including women, who crowded the trenches and received the gallant defenders with great enthusiasm. Mr. Rhodes afterwards made an amusing speech to the Volunteers, complimented them on their splendid work, and explained that there was one man whom the Boers wished to capture, and that man was himself. Owing to the efficiency of the troops, however, he declared that he rejoiced in a sense of complete security. Cheers followed, for the Queen, the Governor, Mr. Rhodes, and the officers of the

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corps. After this things were fairly quiet, though the garrison remained on the alert. Lord Methuen, it became known, had started from the Orange River on the 22nd, and was daily decreasing the distance between his relieving force and the town; and, in order to meet his energetic advance, the Boers were unable to afford a sufficient number of troops to force the town into surrender. So Kimberley kept up its spirits—it viewed life with “one auspicious and one drooping eye”—mingling the discharge of guns with the chime of marriage-bells. This is no figure of speech, for there was actually a wedding—two people, at least, having found time to be romantic in their love amid the storm and stress of war. A dance and a concert also took place. Indeed, things were conducted with



AN ARMoured TRAIN

such high spirit and in so convivial a manner that it might have been imagined that the Boers were commissioned to supply the fireworks, and that a species of “Brock’s benefit” was got up whenever events were inclined to wax monotonous. Reports computed the investing force at 4000, and it was further stated that General Cronje’s commando would be reinforced by the arrival of some 1500 more. Yet the gallant little town smiled within itself and said “The more the merrier.” Colonel Scott Turner made a reconnaissance on the 1st of November, found the enemy posted on a kopje, was thundered at with thirteen shells, but returned with his force in safety. On the 4th of November Commandant Wessels invited Colonel Kekewich to hand over the troops and town on pain

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of bombardment. The exact terms of the invitation are not known, but some portions of the communication were as follows :—

“In case your Honour should determine not to comply with this demand, I hereby request your Honour to allow all women and children to leave Kimberley, so that they may be placed out of danger, and for this purpose your Honour is granted time from noon on Saturday, November 4, 1899, to 6 A.M. on Monday, November 6, 1899. I further give notice that during that time I shall be ready to receive all Afrikaner families who wish to remove from Kimberley, and also to offer liberty to depart to all women and children of other nations desirous of leaving.”

The Boers soon began to receive the reinforcements which have been mentioned. These came from the direction of Mafeking, that place having proved too much a “spitfire” for their liking. As a last resource, they directed their attention to Kimberley, and by way of exercise blew up some £3000 worth of dynamite which was stored in some huts belonging to the De Beers Company. While these exciting events were taking place, and with the roar of intermittent explosions in his ears, Mr. Rhodes pursued a placid way. His labours were eminently horticultural—at least so they appeared on the surface. He engaged himself at Kenilworth, the suburb which he may be said to have created, in planting an avenue a mile long with orange-trees, espalier vines, and pepper-trees. It was called his Siege Avenue. There was suggestion in the arrangement, and the mind instinctively conjured up visions of mystery—mystery somewhat prolonged and clinging, with spice of a stimulating kind thrown in.

News from the Orange River, which came in by fits and starts, hinted that after the evacuation of Colesberg would come the abandonment of Stormberg. Stormberg was intended to be the dépôt where stores, tents, ammunition, and all the commissariat details of the Third Division under General Gatacre would be accumulated. These stores, owing to the Boer advance from Bethulie and Aliwal North, were now being removed to Queenstown, some sixty miles down the line.

CHAPTER III

NATAL

IN consequence of the incursion of about 3000 refugees—some of them most undesirable in character—it was deemed expedient to issue a proclamation of martial law in Natal. This was followed by the seizure of the Transvaal National Bank at Durban, a most exciting episode, which caused quite a ferment in the town. All around the offices a curious and somewhat rowdy rabble congregated, and it was found necessary to guard the premises with Bluejackets and marines. However, after the place had been searched, the men, looking strangely transmogrified in their kharki, returned to Her Majesty's ship *Tartar*, and affairs went on as usual. At the Cape, owing to widespread rumours of disloyalty, Sir Alfred Milner issued the following proclamation, dated October 28 :—

“Whereas it has been reported to me that a proclamation has been made by or on behalf of the Government of the South African Republic purporting to declare as part of the territory of the Republic certain portions of that part of this Colony situated north of the Orange River, and which have been invaded by the forces of the said Government; and whereas it is necessary to warn all Her Majesty's subjects, especially those resident in the aforesaid portions of this Colony, of the invalidity of such proclamation :

“Now therefore, in virtue of the authority committed to me as Governor of this Colony, I do hereby proclaim and make known that any such proclamation, if made, is null and void and of no effect, and I do hereby further warn and admonish all Her Majesty's subjects, especially those resident in the aforesaid portions of this Colony, that they do, in accordance with their duty and allegiance, disregard such proclamation, as being of no force and effect whatsoever, and observe their obligations to her Majesty, her Crown and Government, and in no way voluntarily accept or recognise the Government of the South African Republic in any part of this Colony which may have been proclaimed territory of that Republic.

“And I do further warn that any one failing, in contravention of the law, to obey the terms of this proclamation, will render himself liable to be prosecuted for the crime of high treason.”

To Mr. Chamberlain he wrote on the subject on the same date :—

“It is impossible accurately to find out what has happened as regards the alleged annexation by the Government of the South African Republic or Orange Free State of portions of the Cape Colony.

“No copies of any proclamation by either Government to that effect have

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reached me here, but news coming from various parts of districts west and north of Kimberley clearly show that the people there credit the annexation theory.

"It seems, however, more probable on the whole that it is the Government of the South African Republic which has annexed the district north of the Vaal River.

"With the consent of Ministers, I issued yesterday the proclamation contained in my previous message, in order to check the mischief which this widespread report is causing."

Apropos of Sir Alfred Milner's letter, it must be mentioned that several of the Bechuanaland Dutch had openly joined the Boers; and on the occasion of the hoisting of the Transvaal flag in Vryburg, Commandant Delarey took occasion to deliver himself of an effective speech, in which he said that the flag of the country was now floating over the whole Orange River, and that the flag of Britain would never again do so unless it were hoisted over the dead bodies of the Burghers. At Klipdam also the Boers put in an appearance, and celebrated their incursion by holding "at homes" in the Magistrates' Court; but hearing of the British successes at Kimberley, and judging discretion to be the better part of valour, they decamped northwards, leaving food and stores behind.

The disaffection of the Dutch was as yet almost confined to the western border. On the eastern side the inhabitants for the most part were staunch. Indeed, in the history of the war the splendid loyalty of Natal as a whole will ever be remembered. Her trials were many and her faith almost sublime. Weekly the *Times of Natal* had poured forth its plaint on the dilatoriness or insouciance of the Imperial Government, yet nothing was done till those who put their trust in the good faith of the mother country were deprived of home and fortune, and in their bitterness were tempted to declare that British protection was as Dead-Sea fruit—a profitless show, that was apt to turn to ashes in the mouth. The following letters serve to show the attitude of a staunch loyalist under the severe strain put upon him, and they are quoted because they are descriptive, not of individual anxiety and distress, but of the general feeling of the Colony in those months of supreme trial.

One letter, dated October 27, began:—

"Those brave fellows up at Ladysmith have been fighting all day. We heard their cannon even after dusk. What is the result, I wonder? I fear we shall not hear till to-morrow. That essential but most aggravating censor causes such delays, and dishes up such garbled accounts of the actual facts, as to astound those who know the truth. . . . There is little chance of our being able to attempt even to defend this place. It simply means evacuation or surrender, and stand by and see the Transvaal flag go up! O England! England! As ever, unprepared."

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The next letter, dated October 31, said :—

“Here we are in peace and quiet, such as it is possible to enjoy with the roar of artillery booming over the few miles of echoing hills which divide us from the scene of battle and bloodshed, torn limbs and ceaseless pain. I am weary of the contemplation of all this frightful suffering and brutality. . . . I do not know what opportunities you have of obtaining correct information, for the trash the papers publish after the real facts have been distorted by the censor is as good as useless. I hardly like to say too much, as one never knows into whose hands one's letters may fall, and our own noble defenders are as severe in suppressing the knowledge of the true facts of the battles and movements of the forces as any enemy could possibly be. However, the game is with the English still. . . . If only Ladysmith is held, the Colony is safe. This shocking flight of women and children from town after town is too awful to witness. Shame on the British Government to make our Colony the scene of this bloody struggle, and leave the handful of soldiers sent out all unsupported, unprepared—unprepared as usual—all smug and self-confident in the little overcrowded, over-comfortable island, and forgetful of the horrors to which unfortunate colonists are exposed across the sea.”

The Governor of the British prison at Misina, Pomeroy, Natal, wrote in a similar heart-breaking strain :—

“I have only time for a few lines. I am tired out, having been turned out of house and home by the cursed Boers. I have ridden the ninety-one miles to Pietermaritzburg. I and four other Government officials had to remain at our posts till the last. We had to ride for our lives. I never shall forget these times. We waited almost too long—long enough for the five of us to have a shot at the advanced guard, of whom we captured two, and rode with them to the Volunteer camp, eighteen miles from Pomeroy, at Tugela. I never felt like shooting any one before a commando of about 400 came down for myself and the magistrate.”

In regard to the readiness of Natal to support British supremacy, a visitor who participated in the raising of the volunteer regiments there stated that there were 4500 volunteers in the field, three-fourths of whom were drilled men. They were enrolled at the rate of 200 a day. Durban a month later raised a splendid corps of colonial scouts for the purpose of checking Boer raiding. It was composed of some sixty or seventy men of the best families in the place.

The conduct of the Natal women was especially noteworthy. Their patience, their fortitude, their eager desire to be of service, their readiness to face sacrifice, won general esteem. One eye-witness stated that while shells were hurtling through the air and bursting on the ground, they—the women-folk of the place—calmly traversed the streets in ordinary costume and with ordinary demeanour, as though no hostile Boer or bellowing gun was within a hundred miles of them. Not a trace of fear or panic was manifest. It was not surprising to learn that a community boasting such noble specimens of womanhood decided to remain where they were rather than accept the dubious shelter offered them by the Boer general.

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Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, writing of the Natalians in the *Morning Post*, feelingly said: "There are several points to be remembered in this connection. Firstly, the colonists have had many dealings with the Boers. They knew their strength; they feared their animosity. But they have never for one moment lost sight of their obligations as a British colony. Their loyalty has been splendid. From the very first they warned the Imperial Government that their territories would be invaded. Throughout the course of the long negotiations they knew that if war should come, on them would fall the first fury of the storm. Nevertheless, they courageously supported and acclaimed the action of the Ministry. Now at last there is war—bitter war. It means a good deal to all of us, but more than to any it comes home to the Natalian. He is invaded; his cattle have been seized by the Boer; his towns are shelled or captured; the most powerful force on which he relies for protection is isolated in Ladysmith; his capital is being loopholed and intrenched; Newcastle has been abandoned, Colenso has fallen, Estcourt is threatened; the possibility that the whole province will be overrun stares him in the face. From the beginning he asked for protection. From the beginning he was promised complete protection; but scarcely a word of complaint is heard. The townsfolk are calm and orderly, the Press dignified and sober. The men capable of bearing arms have responded nobly. Boys of sixteen march with men of fifty to war—to no light, easy war. The Imperial Light Infantry is eagerly filled. The Imperial Light Horse can find no more vacancies, not even for those who will serve without pay. The Volunteers and Town-Guards bear their parts like men." Of the excellence of the service of the Natalians a great deal remains to be said. At present the story must proceed.

The arrival of Sir Redvers Buller at Cape Town on the 31st of October was a signal for general rejoicing. The streets were filled to overflowing, and cheer after cheer rung from thousands of throats. As the General drove to Government House, he was greeted by cries of "Avenge Majuba!" and "Bravo, General!" and by the amount of emotion expended and the universal expression of relief evidenced, it was plain that the Cape colonists, like the cockney Londoner, were prepared "to bet their bottom dollar" on the combination of Sir Redvers Buller and Mr. Thomas Atkins!

On the 2nd November the Boers proclaimed the Upper Tugela division of Natal to be Free State Territory, and they seized Colesberg Bridge, some eighteen miles north of the town of Colesberg, where the road between that place and Philippolis crosses the Orange River. However, as Orange River, De Aar, Colesberg, and Stromberg were still held by our forces, the inhabitants remained confident. Yet reports of the Boer advance on Colesberg

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were scarcely reassuring, and rumours of increased disaffection among the Dutch farmers in this region were rife.

It was a curious fact that some of the Boers started from Johannesburg for the frontier wearing in their hats the national colours, red, white, and blue—and green, with above them a yellow band, thus completing the insignia of the United South Africa for which they were to fight. It would be interesting to know how the red, white, and blue became associated with the green, and whether Aylward, the agitator, and his Fenian friends introduced it for the purpose of giving prominence to the sympathy of the Anti-English brotherhood in the Emerald Isle. The disloyal Natal Dutch, such of them as there then were, were distinguished by a red rose badge. These signs were of no consequence in themselves, but they served to demonstrate the preconcerted nature of Boer actions, which were supposed by certain persons to have been a sudden and spontaneous outcome of British oppression.

Racial feeling grew stronger and fiercer day by day, and Mr. Kruger's threat to "stagger humanity" was by some declared to be within an ace of being fulfilled. The Boer is inherently as tough as the Briton, and as obstinate: he was now well equipped for warfare, well led, and the chances of a terrific and bloody struggle seemed hourly to become more and more certain. Fortunately, each day brought our troops nearer to the Cape, and after the 9th of November they began to disembark—a total, so far, of 11,000 in all. At first sight this military multitude seemed an imposing addition to our force, but, in view of the losses we had sustained and the general complications of the position, some 100,000 was nearer the figure required. However, the Home authorities chose to send out their help in dribblets, and the same Home authorities were supposed to know how the dribblets might be adequately disposed. It was only to the ignorant "man in the street" that the problem of how to meet the massed armies of the Boers with diffused handfuls of troops became incomprehensible.

Among the misfortunes with which the British had to contend was the unfit state of the horses after prolonged travel. Horses are intensely liable to sea-sickness; they also suffer much from being cribbed, cabined, and confined for any length of time; and the difference between the state of the Australian and the British animals on landing was very marked. The former were in good working fettle, while the latter had swollen and stiff joints, and were generally below par. The New Zealand chargers were all that could be desired, and they made an excellent show when compared with those of some of the other mounted regiments. Horse-sickness had also to be contended with, and it was with great difficulty averted. Some of the officers, however, discovered that by keeping the horses



Rt. Hon. SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, K.C.B., V.C.

Phot. by Knight, Aldershot.

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protected by their nosebags during the dewy hours of early morning the liability to the complaint was lessened. The question of horses was a serious one, almost as important as the question of guns. The exceeding mobility of the Boer army for long had been a matter of surprise, if not to the initiated, at least to the general public, and, as it later appeared, to the Government itself. They had sent out important generals and learned tacticians, and a fairly large and unwieldy mass of men, who were bound by their healthy appetites to stick to their base and hug the railway lines, while the enemy shifted about with the most annoying and confounding velocity, delighting to deceive as to their position, and in their deception being for the most part eminently successful. There is a passage in the Scriptures that mentions that "the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountain," and this quotation on the approach of our weighty military machine, the Boers, ever Biblical, must have been inclined to remember and to appreciate.

The opinion seemed prevalent, particularly in Colonial circles, that English generals, in consequence of their European or Indian experiences, were unequal to a struggle with the "slim" and shifty Boers. Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba had all proved that some extraordinary weakness, either tactically or mentally, seemed to possess the bravest warriors in the face of this incomprehensible foe. Since the date of Majuba the ways of the Boers had become still more of a conundrum. They had kept up their habit of sharp-shooting, and had acquired an insight into German tactics. For all that, on occasion certain of their old commanders resorted to the primitive tricks of the Zulus, and advanced in horn fashion, keeping one horn in ambush as long as possible, so as to create a surprise for an unprepared enemy. Even to eminent tacticians like General Clery and others, the blend of modern German and antique Zulu in the ordering of war must have been confounding, and it is scarcely surprising that they took some little time to master the subject.

The landing, on the 8th November, of the Naval Brigade with twenty guns for the defence of Durban was a move in the right direction, and the arrival and marching in of the brigade was an inspiring sight. The streets swarmed with an enthusiastic multitude that welcomed the jolly Jack Tar with delight, and cheered itself hoarse, almost drowning the vigorous strains of the band of the *Terrible*, which played outside the Town-Hall. Captain Percy Scott of the *Terrible*, inventor of the now celebrated gun-carriages, replaced Major Bethune as commandant of the forces defending the port, while the latter officer returned to the active command of the Uitlander corps.

The tide of reinforcement now began to flow evenly into Cape

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Colony and Natal, and there was great excitement owing to the arrival of the *Moor*, which left Southampton on October the 21st. Among those on board were Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, commanding the First Division of the Field Force; Major-General Sir C. F. Clery, commanding the Second Division; and Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre, commanding the Third Division; and a large number of officers for service on the Staff.

THE INVASION OF CAPE COLONY

The position of affairs in the direction of the Orange River was at first somewhat stationary. The British were awaiting the arrival of troops and keeping on the alert; the Boers were making proclamations and annexing adjacent villages.

A column from Cape Colony had started, and more troops were pushing up as fast as train could carry them in the direction of De Aar. A letter from a British officer from that place describes the state of affairs on the 20th of October. He said:—

“This place is to be a big base when the British troops arrive; 10,000 are to come here, but are not expected for at least a month. At present we are the only regiment here, and have to keep the line open and guard all the stores coming up for the 10,000 troops. We have not got half enough men, as the front of our position is nearly five miles, and we cannot watch it properly. Our position is strong as long as we can hold the hills; but if the Boers can get artillery near us, they will wipe us out in a few hours without getting within rifle range at all, as we have no guns ourselves. We keep on telegraphing for them, but the officials at home and at Cape Town do not seem to understand the position. The worst of this place is that there is not a loyal native within twenty miles of us, and they are only waiting for a good opportunity to rise. We can only be ready for them—that is, we cannot attack them, as they have not yet declared openly for the Transvaal, though they are all spies, and give the Boers information on all our dispositions.”

In this short letter we find the keynote of all our subsequent troubles. The complete and almost absurd confidence of the British, supported as it was by valour without wisdom or activity, was a “voice” and nothing more. Deeply have we suffered since those words were written, for an arrogant under-estimation of the enemy, a reprehensible delay in preparing for him, and a parsimonious system of carrying out those preparations when attempted. However, it is useless to cry over spilt milk.

To thoroughly appreciate the situation at this period it is necessary to understand the direction in which our troops were moving.

The Invasion of Cape Colony

Modder River, Hope Town, and Orange River are situated on the railway between Kimberley and the junction of the lines which run south to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth respectively. De Aar, of which we began to hear so much, is an important station at the apex of the triangle, just over 500 miles from Cape Town, and here towards the end of the month of October many troops were congregating. Here, though no hostilities were actually taking place, there was a good deal of simmering activity ; for it must be remembered that De Aar Junction was our advanced supply base in the Colony, and owed its strategical importance at this critical period to the fact that it was the junction of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth railways. It is situated about sixty miles from the Orange River and Free State border.

The contrast at this time between camps British and camps Dutch in the neighbourhood of the border was curious. The Boers were prepared, taking their ease. The British were in suspense. Disaffection was visible on all sides, and yet inaction, irritating inaction, was obligatory. Morning, noon, and night a perennial sand-storm blew ; overhead, the sun grilled and scorched. Meals, edibles, and liquids were diluted with 10 per cent. of grit, and when perchance Tommy strove to strain his hardly-earned beer—to make a filter of a butter-cloth—phut ! would come a gust of wind and bring the experiment to a melancholy conclusion. Poor Thomas's temper was much tried ! He was, of necessity, an exceedingly temperate fellow in those days, but when he got a pot of beer he preferred it to be beer, and not porridge. He did not relish in his mouth the same thing that the wind was distributing impartially into ears and eyes. He said he could take in—at the pores—enough of that to suit his liking. But he was no grumbler, as a rule. He worked hard and incessantly, Colonel Barter determining to keep his men of the Yorkshire Light Infantry quite up to the mark. It was necessary to take every precaution against surprise, and for commanding officers to remain eternally on the *qui vive*. It needed considerable tact to order sufficient work, and only sufficient. It was dangerous to over-fatigue troops who might be required to leap to arms at any moment ; it was also risky to allow active men in a hot sun to give way to inertia. There was the never-ceasing routine of guards and picquets, the practice of route marching and field manœuvres, and the daily round of minor camp duties to keep the warriors hale and hearty, and prepare their thews for a tough tussle. A regular system of scouting was matutinally carried on, and it was thought that the enemy would not be able to encroach beyond his border without enjoying a startling reception. At this time he was not visible, and all that scouts could detect, beside some innocent hares and springbok among the hills, was now and then a flying horseman who disappeared on their approach.

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But the Boers were not far off. They were encamped close to the border. One adventurous individual, for his personal satisfaction, performed the feat of travelling north and swimming across the Orange River to reconnoitre. In the darkness of the night he stole out, plunged cautiously into the river, clothes and all, and swam safely to the other side. Then striking out in a north-easterly direction, he made for a small kopje overlooking the Boer camp. Meanwhile the moon had sailed out, and began to throw a sheet of silver over the panorama. Below, the three lines of tents were outlined, and these were flanked and interspersed with multitudinous waggons, which formed a chain almost along the entire length of the valley. In the early dawn more objects became discernible, the flickering red tongues of the camp-fires, the winking eye of a lantern that hung from a pole. By this illumination it was possible to note the general scene of disorder. Scattered garments and goods in promiscuous array—ammunition and provisions, harness, saddles, biltong, and gin-bottles—a multifarious, slovenly litter, shed here, there, and everywhere. Only two sentries were visible, and these our friend stealthily evaded. One Cerberus sat on the ground with his back planted against a waggon wheel yawning dolefully, and farther on slouched another, hands in pockets, head on chest, walking back and forwards with the air of an automaton. The individual creeping past them, close under their noses, smiled softly to himself. How simple to sweep off a dozen or two of the inmates of the camp before these so-called sentries recovered from their dozing. Fifty men and fifty bayonets could have got in without difficulty, and the rout of the rebels would have been an affair of moments. Now, perhaps before nightfall the whole commando would have melted away!

Presently at the bottom of the kopje came horsemen—some five of them—galloping along, and the adventurous one made haste to hide. The Boer patrol passed within some two hundred yards of him, and he was safe. It was now time to hurry off. The day was breaking. Again a plunge into the icy river, again a fight with the racing current, again a safe landing, this time on the British bank. So the escapade ended, but it enabled those interested to form a fair idea of the lack of organisation among the Dutch, and to argue that if once they should leave their naturally strong fortifications and intrenchments, the first united and sustained attack on the part of the British would mean their certain discomfiture.

At the end of October the Border Regiment arrived upon the scene. The Yorks almost immediately struck camp and prepared to entrain for Orange River; but presently a counter-order arrived, and, much to their regret, the regiment again resumed its former routine.

The place at this time was under military law, and precautions were rigorously taken against spies. The railway stations were

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cautiously guarded night and day, and none was allowed to approach without proper authority. Troops soon began to pour through on the way to Orange River, whence the advance was shortly to take place. Tremendous labour came on the hands of Lieut.-General Sir F. Forestier Walker, who took trips along the lines of communication to ascertain that all arrangements were satisfactory.

In readiness for the influx of troops new sidings were constructed to north and south of the railway station, and the little karoo junction began to assume an air of wonderful importance. Among the



TYPES OF ARMS—THE MAXIM GUN. PHOTO BY GREGORY, LONDON

innovations was a branch of the Standard Bank adjoining Friedlater's Store, showing that, though not a Klondyke, this place, which has been described as "the windiest, dustiest, most unfinished, most inhospitable corner of the South African wilderness, the veritable jumping-off place of the globe," was fast becoming the base of gigantic military operations. The outlying farms were still in occupation, though inhabitants were few. These apparently were indifferent to the progress of coming events, but possibly at that time they were engaged in careful investigation as to the side of the bread which held the most butter before committing themselves to an atti-

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tude. Their sole obvious desire was that patrols should not omit to close the gates after them whenever they chanced to pass through their domains. The Border Regiment soon after its arrival moved to Naaupoort, and a battery and a half of artillery swelled the little garrison. The development of the place now went on more rapidly.

Mr. E. F. Knight, the brilliant correspondent of the *Morning Post*, wrote an interesting description of this now important locality only a few days before he had the misfortune to lose his arm through the treachery of the Boers. He said :—

“ The township, which surrounds the railway station, is merely a congregation of a few houses belonging to people connected with the railway. It stands in the midst of a desert—a dusty, treeless plain covered with sparse low sage brush and enclosed by rocky ridges. The camp is ever increasing in size, but, as I write, it consists of two encampments, one to the north and one to the south of the township, all the troops being under canvas. In the North Camp are the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, eight hundred strong, and a field-battery and a half-battery (15-pounders), and in the South Camp, in which I have pitched my tent, is the remount camp, with a company of the Army Service Corps, a supply detachment of the same corps, with a field-bakery, two half-sections of the Royal Engineers, a company of the Army Ordnance Corps, and a detachment of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. A wing of the Berkshire Regiment has also just come in from Naaupoort, which we have abandoned as being untenable by the small force which could at present be spared to defend it. There are at De Aar now about two thousand men all told, including Major Rimington's two hundred scouts. More artillery is expected from Cape Town, and by the time this letter reaches England we shall probably be largely reinforced. Several redoubts, lines of intrenchments, and sangars on the heights protect the camps, and a few small guns have been posted on the neighbouring kopjes. The surrounding country is being well patrolled, and we cannot well be taken by surprise. . . . In short, one sees here all that skilled, laborious, indispensable preparation for the campaign of which the British public knows so little, and which never receives its due credit at home.

“ It is wonderful, indeed, that the Boers did not attempt to seize this valuable prize a week or so ago, when the camp was practically undefended, and when our officers, momentarily expecting attack, were sleeping in their boots. Our position is far from secure even now; our force here is insignificant, and it seems that the Boers are getting nearer. They have crossed the river at various points.

“ Our scouts have been in touch with their commandoes. We have had some false alarms since I have been here; it is rumoured to-day that they are close to, and that the attack on De Aar is but a question of hours. But still the heavily-laden trains come in with their valuable freight and the military stores accumulate. It is to be hoped that we shall have the men, too, without delay.”

In the above words we have, repeated, the story of suspense and anxiety that was told by one and all who had the misfortune to spend October and November on the Transvaal border, a story of brave Britons, practically unarmed—heroically valorous but im-

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potent—standing almost in the teeth of the enemy and sickening with hope deferred.

The Dutchmen came to work much fresher. The warrior-farmer was untrammelled by red tape—unwearied by routine. He was not hampered by minute regulations, though he was bound to look after himself and rely on his own resources. He provided his own provisions, his own waggon and horses, but the Government in the event of his requiring it supplied him with the necessities of the campaign. He could have luxuries *ad libitum* sent from home, and while battle was not absolutely going on he had little to do but to eat, drink, and sleep. Drills and field exercises were unknown, though, of course, each had to take his turn at guard duty. In action the operations of the Boer commandoes were presided over by field-cornets, and in camp the work was carried out by corporals, who superintended the supply department—the munitions of “war” and “mouth,” as we call them, on which the fighting line depended for ammunition and food.

General Wood arrived at De Aar on the 4th of November and took over the command of the troops. His first action was to employ the Engineers and some Cape boys to throw up defensive works and erect sangars on a ridge—some 2000 yards from the camp—which by a sheer accident had not been seized by the Boers. From this point of vantage it was possible for the British guns to command the plain for many miles round. He then put the place under martial law, as Dutchmen and spies were slinking about in the neighbourhood of the railway and the camps. The General's regulations ran thus:—

“No person is allowed to remain in or to quit De Aar without a permit signed by the Magistrate, and countersigned by the Camp Commandant. The permits for railway officials will be signed and issued by the heads of the traffic, locomotive, and engineering departments, those for postal officials by the heads of that department. Any person found selling intoxicating liquors to a soldier or to a native or coloured person will be immediately apprehended and the whole of his goods will be seized. The sale of intoxicating liquors to others can only take place between the hours of 11 A.M. and 6 P.M. This includes sale of liquors to persons staying in any hotel or boarding-house in De Aar. Every person keeping an hotel or boarding-house, or any one receiving persons into his private house to stay for one night or more, is required to obtain permission of the Camp Commandant before doing so. No persons other than railway and postal officials, who will be provided with a special pass, will be allowed to be out of their houses after 9.30 P.M. Any person infringing these regulations will be dealt with by martial law.”

We must now move in the direction of the Orange River, where more activities were taking place. Information having been received that the Boers in great numbers were gathered at Kaffir's Kop, a hill some 500 feet high east of Belmont, a reconnaissance

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was made in that direction on the 10th of November. The reconnoitring force was composed of a couple of squadrons of the 9th Lancers and detachments of the Munster Fusiliers, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and the Loyal North Lancashires. With these were a handy lot of mounted infantry and a half battery of field-artillery. They bivouacked two nights before on the north side of the bridge, in order to be ready to move on at daybreak. Early on Thursday morning they marched out, the cavalry forming a wide screen, behind which were the mounted infantry and guns. Belmont, which was some twenty-eight miles off, was reached at 2.30, but not a sign of the Dutchmen was to be seen. The troops consequently returned to Fincham's Farm, some ten miles back, where they spent the night. In the morning they went east, where the enemy was reported to have retired. The object of the reconnaissance was to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and this was soon achieved, for he was found to be in immense force in a position of natural strength flanked by huge hills. Some smart skirmishing ensued. Colonel Gough with a battery of field artillery engaged the Boers and sent one and a half companies of mounted infantry to turn the enemy's left flank and discover his laager. Fighting continued for more than three hours, during which Colonel Keith-Falconer,¹ Northumberland Fusiliers, was killed. Lieutenant Wood, North Lancashire Regiment, was shot through the head, and Lieutenants Bevan and Hall of the Northumberland Fusiliers were also wounded. An armoured train came to the rescue and attracted the Boer fire, pouring from two Maxims a withering storm of bullets on the enemy and inflicting heavy loss. The Dutchmen were discovered to be in great force all around, and as they blocked the road to Kimberley, the promise of more spirited engagements was in the air. Already it was ascertained that a number of culverts on the railway line had been destroyed by the hostile troops, and rumours of Boer invasion were continually being brought in.

The next day, amid universal regret, the two gallant officers who had lost their lives in leading their men against the powerful enemy, were buried.

Lieutenant Brook (9th Lancers) on the day of the reconnaissance

¹ Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Edward Keith-Falconer, born in October 1860, was gazetted to the Northumberland Fusiliers in January 1883. He was promoted Captain in 1892 and passed through the Staff College with honours. He served with the 13th Soudanese Battalion in the Dongola Expeditionary force under Lord Kitchener in 1896, and acted as Brigade-Major to Colonel H. Macdonald at the engagements of Abu Hamed, Berber, Atbara, and finally at the battle of Omdurman. In recognition of these services he was three times mentioned in despatches, promoted as Brevet-Major in March 1898, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in November 1898, and received the Khedive's medal with four clasps. He acted as A.D.C. to Lord Loch when Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Victoria from 1887 to 1889, and subsequently at the Cape of Good Hope from 1889 to 1890. Colonel Keith-Falconer was the eldest son of the late Major the Hon. Charles J. Keith-Falconer, son of the seventh Earl of Kintore.

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had a narrow escape, and experiences more exciting than pleasurable. Early in the morning he had gone on ahead of the column for the purpose of making a route sketch. This done, he sent it back by his orderly, and while continuing his investigations found himself confronted with the enemy. A shower of bullets greeted him. His horse was shot and he was brought to the ground. It was neck or nothing now, and he ran for dear life pursued by a horde of mounted Boers. Fortunately he came to a wire fence, vaulted it, and was for a moment safe. The enemy's ponies could not follow. But the Boers sent shots after his retreating form, shots which luckily missed him, and he was enabled to reach two troops of the 9th Lancers which galloped up to the rescue.

On the 12th Lord Methuen arrived, and there was general satisfaction among the troops. They were now in fine fighting condition, and, having had one taste of battle, were longing to advance and get in touch with the enemy.

But the advance of Lord Methuen's column was no simple affair. It must be remembered that from Cape Town to the base, De Aar, is 500 miles, to Belmont 591, to Kimberley 647, and to Mafeking 870 miles, and the railway from place to place needed continual guarding, and especially the bridges in localities where the disaffected portion of the Dutch community resided. Lord Methuen's route, too, lay across a species of dusty Sahara, over boulder-strewn plains with scarcely a tree to offer shade, though dotted about now and then with some ancient kopjes to vary the monotony of the South African scene. On these kopjes it was as likely as not that Boer sharpshooters might already be hidden, for the affluent Dutchmen forced their poorer countrymen to maintain eyrie-like positions—padded with blankets and hedged in with boulders—in readiness for the approach of an army, while they themselves arrived fresh, spick and span, only on the rumour of battle.

With all its alarms, however, life in camp was not without its joviality. The Naval Brigade prepared for action laughing and singing, and Jack Tar indulged in promiscuous hornpipes between the conversations of his big guns. A correspondent of the Central News Agency gave an entertaining account of his sojourn among the military. He said:—

“There are, of course, pleasantries and pleasantries. The other night a correspondent was returning to camp when he was met with the usual challenge. ‘Who goes there?’ shrieked the sentry. ‘A friend,’ replied the correspondent. ‘Stand, friend, and give the countersign,’ promptly demanded the watchful guardian of the camp. The correspondent had forgotten the countersign. He knew it related to Yarmouth. As a matter of fact, it was Yarmouth. So he made a desperate bid for bed, and replied ‘Bloaters.’ The

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sentry replied, 'Advance, friend,' and the scene closed. You doubt this as *ben trovato*. Well, do not doubt any longer when I plead conviction in personal guilt. I was 'Bloaters.' Nevertheless, to an active sentrydom, as well as to vigilant curfew, we were becoming cheerfully accustomed. It is martial law, and the camp is the centre of Boerdom. Anything, indeed, is welcome, even martial law, if it relieves boredom at the same time."

On the 14th of November General Wauchope, commanding the Highland Brigade, arrived on the Orange River, followed a day or two later by Major-General Sir H. Colville, who assumed command of the Guards Brigade and camp north of the river. The First Division was composed of two brigades. The Ninth was an Infantry Brigade, consisting of portions of the Northumberland Fusiliers, a wing of the North Lancashires, portions of the Manchester, the Yorkshires, and the Northamptonshire Regiment. The Guards Brigade was composed of the Scots Guards, two battalions of the Coldstreams, and one of the Grenadiers. To this brigade was attached the Naval Brigade (Captain Prothero, H.M.S. *Doris*). There were also two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, "bits" of the Engineers, of the A.S.C. and the Army Medical Corps—the whole force numbering some 9000 men. The transport arrangements having been completed, the advance was to be made in the course of the week. Officers and men were to wear uniform as similar as possible, in order not to give the sharpshooters a chance of distinguishing them. The men covered their buttons with mud and sand in order to make them more of a piece with their kharki, and their haversacks in the same way were darkened to match.

At this time Naauwpoort and Stormberg were evacuated by order of Sir Redvers Buller, on the ground that our frontier line was weak and too much extended. The troops from the former place reinforced De Aar, those from the latter strengthened Queenstown. The enemy, though he left De Aar in peace, was active elsewhere. A Boer commando of 1300 to 2000 strong entered Colesberg on the 15th November before dawn, and planted itself on the kopjes surrounding the town, much to the surprise of the inhabitants. The invaders possessed themselves of the keys of the town, and endeavoured with great parade to hoist the Free State flag. The ceremony was a fiasco, however, as before the flag reached the top of the staff, the halyard, which had been secretly cut partly through by some loyalists, broke, so that the flag, flying a little above half-mast, could neither be hoisted properly nor hauled down again. Ultimately the Boers tied another flag on to the end of a long bamboo, and sent that up instead. The Mayor endeavoured, in impassioned periods, to address the loyal inhabitants, but his elo-

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quence was useless. He could not make himself heard, and had at last to desist.

The Mounted Police, who were forced to retreat from Colesberg, joined the New South Wales Lancers at Naauwpoort, and from thence went on to De Aar. Aliwal North was occupied by a Free State commando, and the inhabitants of Lady Grey were ordered to vacate the place. They were allowed until the 25th November to obey orders. The public offices there were closed, and preparations were made to occupy the town.

Here must be noted the story of a woman in a thousand—the post-mistress of Ladygrey. When the Boers came to seize the post-office, she “stuck to her post” with a vengeance. She refused to budge or to give it up, and when the Free State flag was hoisted, she promptly hauled it down and substituted the Union Jack. Not content with this, she tore down the proclamation of the Boers annexing the district, and put in its place the Governor’s proclamation against treason. Pluck carried the day; the Boers were worsted, and the post-mistress remained mistress of the situation. What became of this heroine of the war is not yet known.

Proclamations emanating from Bloemfontein, and signed by Mr. Wessels, President of the Volkraad, were also issued, declaring the whole of Griqualand West, except Kimberley and Mafeking and the districts four miles around each of these places, to be Free State territory. In the face of these energetic movements action on the part of the British was necessary to restore the confidence of the wavering people, and consequently the following telegram was despatched by the General Commanding in Chief to the officer commanding at Queenstown:—

“*November 15.*—General Gatacre, with the 1st Battalion of the Seventh Brigade, left yesterday for East London. More troops will follow as they arrive.

“Owing to the distance from England, it has not been possible to give the frontier districts, at first, the protection they merit, and the enemy’s troops have in places entered our territory.

“Make known as widely as possible that her Majesty’s Government will exact compensation for any actual injury done to the property of individuals who remain loyal, and take every means in your power to obtain and record the names of any who may act disloyally, with a view to the consideration of their cases afterwards. Circulate this as widely as you can in English and Dutch.”

On the other side the enemy exerted himself freely. A curious appeal was made to the farmers about Colesberg by the Boer commander. He addressed the crowd with great fervour, and called on all to join the Republican cause and to throw off the yoke of England, whose tyranny could no longer be endured. War, he declared, had been forced upon them. They were now fighting for liberty, and it was the will of God. He said it depended on the

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Afrikaners themselves whether they would for ever continue to be ruled from Downing Street or become an independent nation. So far, he added, their arms had been victorious, and God had been with them.

Meanwhile Lord Methuen and his troops were preparing to march to the relief of Kimberley *via* Witteputs, and in expectation of his arrival (of which they were duly informed by their many spies and the disloyal Dutch in the neighbourhood), the Boers, reinforced, posted a cannon at Belmont Station, and again took up a powerful position on the Kaffir's Kop range of hills.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT

On the morning of Tuesday, the 21st of November, at three o'clock, Lord Methuen's march to the relief of Kimberley definitely began. The force consisted of the Naval Brigade, the 9th Brigade under Colonel Featherstonhaugh, the Guards Brigade under General Sir H. Colville, two batteries of Field Artillery, Rimington's Guides, and the 9th Lancers. The first halt was made at Fincham's Farm, some twelve miles off, where the troops breakfasted, and whence the 9th Lancers and Rimington's Guides started on a reconnoitring expedition, which was not without its excitement. The Boers were reported to be somewhere in the vicinity, and soon they were espied, some three hundred of them, climbing a kopje with the evident intention of firing down on the party. This they did, and with such rapidity that only by sheer luck the men escaped. They went on to the farm of one Thomas, a supposed loyalist, for the purpose of watering their horses. This person had declared that there were no Boers in the neighbourhood; but no sooner had the tired beasts begun to dip their dusty noses in the cool and longed-for draught than a brisk fire was opened on them from all sides, and the troops had hurriedly to return to the main body at Fincham's. But they lost three horses.

On the following day the division moved on to the said Thomas's Farm. The advance party again came under fire—"Just by way of salute," as Tommy said—but the enemy was promptly silenced. Here the troops bivouacked.

On the night of the 22nd coffee was served out about twelve o'clock, and after this the whole force prepared to move.

The general orders were as follows: "At three A.M. Guards Brigade to advance from small white house near railway on Gun Kopje, supported by battery on right plus Naval Brigade; 9th Brigade on west side of Table Mountain; at same hour, bearing already taken, supported by battery on left, 9th Lancers, two



LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD METHUEN, C.B.

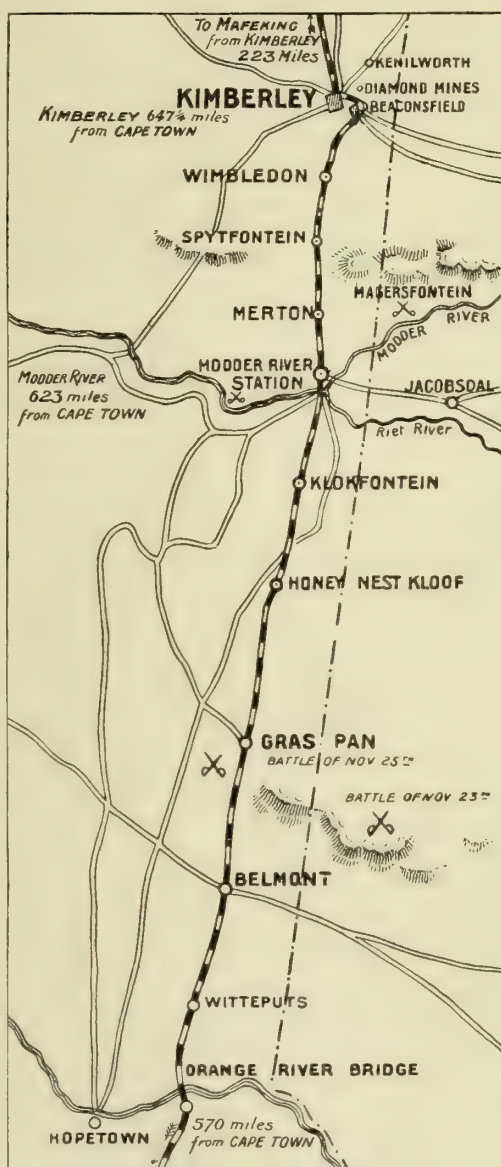
Photo by Elliott & Fry, London.

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squadrons, one company Mounted Infantry, marching north of Belmont Station, keeping one to two miles on left flank and advanced; Rimington's Guides, one squadron Lancers, one company Mounted Infantry from Witte Putt to east of Sugar Loaf; one company Mounted Infantry on right of Naval Brigade, protecting right; the force having got over open ground should arrive at daybreak on enemy; 9th Brigade having secured Table Mountain to swing round left and keep on high ground, and then advance east to west on A (on plan; not printed); Guards Brigade conform, being pivot; then Guards advance on east edge of Mount Blanc, guns clearing entire advance with shrapnel; cavalry to get round rear of enemy, securing horses and laager."

This carefully - arranged programme, however, was not followed in its entirety. In the grim blackness of the small hours the Grenadiers lost direction, and Lord Methuen was committed to a frontal attack. But still the attack was a brilliant success. The Boers were caught napping, for they were in the happy belief that the troops were still at Witte Putt at the very hour when they were marching steadily upon them.

The infantry tramped four miles in pitch darkness and took up their position on a long low hill facing the enemy. The Boers occupied a magnificent horseshoe-shaped position on a series of kopjes and ridges eastward of Belmont railway station. As usual, they had utilised the boulders as screens, behind which they could



LORD METHUEN'S LINE OF ADVANCE

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safely blaze away at the advancing ranks. Near daybreak—the hot summer morning dawned about four o'clock—firing began. The Guards had opened out for the attack, and the Boers, suddenly espying them from the heights, thereupon commenced to pelt and batter them. The Scots and Grenadiers nevertheless proceeded. Their position was far from comfortable, as it was necessary to cross some hundred yards of arid open veldt with no cover at all, while the enemy, ensconced behind tremendous rocks some 500 feet above their level, had nothing to do but to point their rifles and send their bullets whizzing at the advancing mass. But the Guards stoutly held their own, lying down and returning volley after volley for a full half-hour. Meanwhile the 9th Brigade advanced across the plain in extended order, and at half-past four two batteries posted near the railway commenced shelling the enemy's position.

Now the Guards began to proceed. Steadily forward they went—the thin, extended line moved as on parade, no supports being behind them.

Scarcely had they reached the base of the hill than a fierce storm of lead poured like a cascade from guns and rifles. It was useless now to attempt to return the fire—the Boers were invisible. There was no help for it; the men had only to move on and trust to their best “cold Sheffield” and their warm, gallant hearts. They fixed bayonets. Major Kinloch gave the word to his men to advance. “Now, boys, as hard as you can go!” he sang out. The other officers shouted their orders; all were dashing along like lions loosened from a cage. Cheers rent the air, bullets buzzed, cannons roared, blood streamed and spouted, plucky men and brave boys dropped dead on every side. Yet on went the infantry brigades! The first kopje was stormed! The Boers had vanished!

It was a sight to thrill the blood, to make the heart leap to the throat—so grand, so awful, so reminiscent of all the great traditions of British history. The enemy went helter-skelter to their second kopje on the right, where another force was strongly intrenched. Here they were sheltered by a number of “schantz,” or trenches built of boulders and arranged in gallery form, and here our men mounted after them—Coldstreams, Grenadiers, Scots Guards, Northumberlands, Northamptons, and 2nd King's Own Yorkshires, now steadily advancing without excitement and with stern determination, and through a horrible cross-fire from the death-dealing rifles of the enemy.

Their advance was grand—a feat of heroism—with the Boer missiles flying about their heads and the track of blood seeming to tinge the very atmosphere with red. On and on they pushed, cheering loudly up the steep incline and over the boulders, nimble as goats, determined as giants, on and on, and, with a mighty roar,

The Battle of Belmont

took the position. Dead men lay at their feet, but honour, with its laurel crown, wreathed their heads!

Again the Boers made a hasty, a desperate retreat; again they sought a strongly-fortified position; again, our cavalry being too far off to reach them, the infantry combat was renewed.

A hurricane of bullets poured down. Death for the third time stared and gibbered; for the third time our gallant fellows, all in mass, again advanced to the attack. The Naval Brigade brought up four guns, and Captain Prothero got his cannon in position of 1800 yards and blazed out a chorus of distraction.

The enemy fled. The rout was now complete. Away went the 9th Lancers, away went the Mounted Infantry, both pursuing the fugitives for a good five miles. Thus the battle of Belmont was won. The whole of the camp waggons, filled with boxes of clothing, hundreds of horses and bullocks, were captured, and tons of ammunition were destroyed.

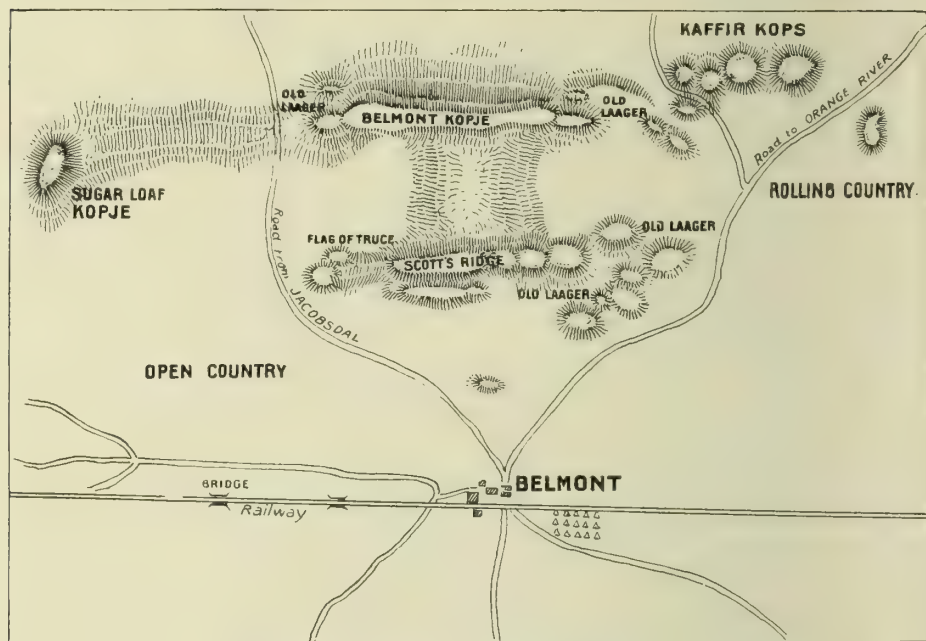
But this fight, that has taken so short a time to describe, and which was over in less than four hours, was hardly won. Forms all bloodily dashed lay here and there and everywhere, and the Scots Guards, who had stormed the kopje to inspiring strains of drums and pipes, were doomed later on to hear the wail of the pibroch for many comrades mourned and buried. In all, our losses—about 200—were comparatively small considering that the engagement was a series of three battles, during which the Boers were constantly carrying off dead and wounded. Very many of our officers were wounded and three were killed. One—Lieutenant Fryer of the Grenadier Guards—was slain while gallantly leading his men and creeping along the bed of a stream in the enemy's rear. After the battle Lord Methuen made the following address to the troops: "Comrades, I congratulate you on the complete success achieved by you this morning. The ground over which we had to fight presented exceptional difficulties, and we had as an enemy a past-master in the tactics of mounted infantry. With troops such as you are, a commander can have no fear of the result. There is a sad side, and you and I are thinking as much of those who have died for the honour of their country and of those who are suffering as we are thinking of our victory."

Three instances were reported of the despicable treachery of the Boers. Lieutenant Willoughby was shot at from an ambush under cover of the white flag; a Boer holding a white flag in his left hand murdered Lieutenant Brine with his right, and Lieutenant Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell (3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards) was shot in the merciful act of tending a wounded Boer. Lord Methuen after the fight sent a remonstrance to the Boer commander, saying, "Acting quite fairly with you, I decline to take Kimberley men

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who know the country, because their parole cannot be accepted. I must ask you to warn your wounded not to shoot our officers. I must warn you not to use Dum-Dum bullets, or use the flag of truce treacherously. Such action is cowardly in the extreme, and I cannot countenance it."

The Boer losses were reported as very small, but no credence can be placed on their statements, for the very good reason that it has been President Kruger's policy to conceal from outsiders, and even from his own country, the extent of his losses. Whenever the Boer dies in battle, his body is weighted and cast into a river, or



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

into a trench as quickly as possible. His family are left in ignorance as to his fate, and their only conclusion is to assume that he is dead. But Mr. Kruger's methods and his ruthless military oligarchy were disapproved even by his own countrymen, and more especially by his own countrywomen, who now began to mistrust the continual story of Boer victory, and asked pitifully for permission themselves to seek for fathers, sons, and brothers from whom they never heard. In some cases many of these were lying not an inch below their feet, for a British search party came upon a portion of the veldt that was literally mosaicked with dead Dutchmen whose bodies were scarcely more than peppered with earth!

Mr. Knight, the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who was a



THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, 23rd November 1899—BAYONET ATTACK BY THE SCOTS AND GRENADIER GUARDS.

Drawing by Frank Dodd, R.I.

The Battle of Belmont

general favourite, was wounded in a singularly treacherous manner. He was in the firing line of the Northamptons, who were then attacking the Boers. Some of the enemy suddenly emerged from behind rocks and displayed a handkerchief attached to a rifle. On this sign Mr. Knight with two others rose, and all three were instantly shot with Dum-Dum bullets. Mr. Knight's sufferings were great, and the arm was amputated. The use of Dum-Dum bullets had been proscribed, as, after hitting the mark, they expand and cause wounds as large as a five-shilling piece. The Boers, besides using them on occasion, so manœuvred the Mauser bullets that they could act in identical fashion. Another treacherous Boer device was the wearing of the red cross upon their sleeves—an action on a par with the display of the white flag—for convenience' sake. However, it must always be remembered that the Boer armies were commandeered and cosmopolitan armies, and not disciplined troops.

During the heat of the fray Colonel Crabbe, commanding the Grenadier Guards, became detached from his regiment. He was instantly surrounded by Boers, and being wounded, might probably have been killed had not a private suddenly rushed to the rescue. The plucky fellow shot two of the enemy, silenced a third with his bayonet, and finally, amid a shower of bullets, carried off the Colonel to the shelter of an ambulance waggon. Colonel Crabbe sustained injuries to wrist and thigh, but was not dangerously wounded.

A curious experience befell the Hon. George Peel, who was trying to reach Kimberley, where his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, was imprisoned. Roaming about after the battle of Belmont, he came by accident on a Boer camp. A Dutchman promptly emerged, and when he was preparing to meet a grim fate, deciding that all hope was lost, he found himself accosted and handed a Bible. He was in the very act of congratulating himself on his lucky escape when on the scene came two grenadiers, who seeing his battered condition and his Bible, mistook him for a Boer spy and carried him off as a prize. Fortunately he was recognised by a member of Lord Methuen's camp and liberated.

Very interesting are the following official particulars given by the General Officer Comanding the 9th Brigade to the Chief Staff Officer of the 1st Division :—

“BELMONT, *Nov.* 23, 1899.

‘SIR,—I have the honour to submit the following report of the part taken by the brigade under my command in the action which took place to-day. The rendezvous was left at 3.7 A.M. in the following formation: Northumberland Fusiliers, in column of companies, on the left, directing, and fifty paces from them moved the Northamptonshire Regiment in similar formation, and parallel

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to them. In rear of both these battalions was the 2nd Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and two companies Munster Fusiliers." (Having described the operations which ended in the occupation of a ridge south of Table Mountain, Major-General Featherstonhaugh continues :) "This party of the enemy was finally dislodged at the point of the bayonet, and 'independent fire' poured into them at a distance of fifty yards, when a white flag was hoisted by the party. On our men ceasing fire, the white flag still being displayed, a shot was fired by this party at our men; but the actual bearer of the flag of truce, followed by some eleven or twelve unarmed Boers, surrendered themselves to Colonel Money and were made prisoners.—Signed for Major-General Featherstonhaugh,

EDWARD S. BULFIN,

Captain, Brigade Major, 9th Brigade."

The following is the list of officers killed and wounded at the battle of Belmont:—

3rd Grenadier Guards.—Lieutenant Fryer, killed; Lieutenant Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell, dangerously wounded; Second Lieutenants Leslie and Vaughan, wounded; Lieutenants Gurdon Rebow and Russell, slightly wounded; and in addition the following officers reported as wounded: Lieutenants Lygon and Cameron, and Lieutenant-Colonel Crabbe. 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.—Lieutenant Grant, wounded. 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.—Lieutenant the Hon. Claude Willoughby, slightly wounded; Second Lieutenant Burton, severely wounded. 1st Battalion Scots Guards.—Major the Hon. North Dalrymple Hamilton, severely wounded; Second Lieutenants Bulkley and Alexander, wounded. 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.—Captain Eagar and Lieutenant Brine, killed; Major Dashwood and Lieutenant Festing, dangerously wounded; Captain Sapte and Lieutenant Fishbourne, Brigadier-General Featherstonhaugh, Captain Freeland, 2nd Northampton, Lieutenant Barton, 2nd Northampton, severely wounded.

THE BATTLE OF GRASPAN

The commandos defeated at Belmont fell back upon Graspán, the next station northwards on the way to Kimberley. There Lord Methuen decided they should not long remain. He thought, to use his own words, "that it would be best to march the division at once to Swinks Pan, which would place me on the left front of the enemy's position, and that if I worked one battery round each flank, sent my cavalry and mounted infantry well forward, the greater part of the cavalry being on the eastern side, I ought to capture the eastern force. The Naval Brigade and 9th Brigade I left for protecting the guns or assaulting a position if necessary. The Guards Brigade I left with the baggage to march to Enslin, where I had my next camp. The brigade could always give a hand if

The Battle of Graspan

wanted. I had left 1st Battalion Scots Guards at Belmont Station, also two companies Munster Fusiliers, because there were 500 Boers and a gun, so it was said, threatening Belmont. I made this my divisional battle, marching straight from Belmont to Enslin. The armoured train with infantry was to give me a help from the line." Thus the General briefly described his programme.

On the day following the battle of Belmont, a hot, blistering day, with the sun glaring pitilessly till the heavens looked like a sheet of burnished brass, the Division, with the Yorkshire Light Infantry as advance guard, moved on towards Graspan. This place is probably called Graspan because it is the centre of a circular phalanx of huge kopjes, which, rising out of the smooth white sand, have an air of quaint picturesqueness resembling that of some ancient ruined arena. There the troops encamped. Here, in the light of the stars and rolled in their blankets, they laid them down to their hard-earned rest.

Before cock-crow, however, the men were up and doing, and as the lavender hues of dawn began to lighten the horizon, the gallant warriors were on the move. It was known that the enemy was near at hand, sneaking on the surrounding heights, therefore the last two miles were covered in fighting formation, the Naval detachment and the 5th Fusiliers being supported by the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Northampton Regiment.

The enemy, not 400 strong as was supposed, but 2500, with six guns, one Hotchkiss, and one Maxim, was posted on a series of five kopjes over 200 feet in height, joined by neks, all of which save one were strongly occupied. In a laager in the remote distance 500 more Boers were reported to be hidden in reserve. The ground on all sides had been previously measured to find the ranges, the Boers having evidently been quite well informed regarding the British plan of action.

In advance of the troops came the armoured train, a pachydermatous monster which moved cumbrously in front of the column, and was saluted by the smoking wrath of big guns as soon as it appeared. It retired cautiously, and disgorged its gallant crew of marines to help in handling the naval guns. Lord Methuen deployed the cavalry on the flanks, while the artillery took up positions in front of the Boer trenches. Meanwhile the 9th Brigade went forward in skirmishing order. This consisted of the Northumberland Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion Northamptons, half-Battalion Loyal North Lancashires, 2nd Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. With the 9th was the Naval Brigade, commanded by Captain Prothero. At six o'clock an active artillery duel began, the guns of the foe being splendidly posted, and their range, as before-said, carefully calculated. Their shells burst with appalling fracas over our batteries, but the brave British gunners never swerved.

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They gave the Boers some smart and telling replies, and presently, on withdrawing their guns to a new position, quite defeated the calculations of the enemy, whose shells now began to fall wide of the mark. The rifle-fire of the Dutchmen was not so accurate as usual, and was evidently under no control, though there were sharpshooters who crept under cover for the purpose of sniping at any prominent person who might be taken for an officer. As has been stated, there was now no outward or visible sign of rank, so for the time being the enemy's efforts were unsuccessful. They were more deadly—grievously deadly—however, when the gallant Naval Brigade, the officers of which were distinguishable by their swords, came to the foot of the hill. The fire from the kopjes was terrific, and every moment men threw up their arms and fell. They had advanced in extended order, but in converging upon the position to be taken, found themselves closed in, and in that formation attempted the ascent.

Meanwhile the rest of the infantry was moving forward in preparation for attack. The Northampton's worked from the left round to the right, where they were joined by the Yorkshires and Northumberlands. All this time a scene of terrific slaughter was taking place, a tremendous and unceasing fire being poured from the Boer positions upon our steadily advancing men. But these were undefeatable, the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Marines, and the 1st North Lancashire acquitting themselves nobly in a most perilous situation. One after another of their numbers dropped. Stones and sand were heaped with the mutilated and fainting, and dyed with the life-blood of trusty comrades that a moment ago had been hearty and hale; but on they went, these gallant lads, while a storm of shrapnel belted overhead, and bullets whistled past their ears, and dust and dirt blinded their eyes. With a ringing cheer the Yorkshire men directed a fusillade towards the crest of the enemy's sangar, and then the whole mass crawled up with splendid effort, neared the summit, and prepared to charge. The Boers, however, began discreetly to remove themselves to a second position still better intrenched, from whence they could fire on the British as they gained the top. At this time the British guns were forced to be almost inactive, as the storming line was now so near the crest that the shrapnel could only be directed on the enemy by enfilading the position from the ridge of the kopje on the left, and it was during the lull that Lieutenant Taylor, Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Jones, of the Marines, scaled the sangar.

The next instant there was a roar and a rush, and all were leaping forward to clear the second position. This was only accomplished after some desperately hard work and a quarter of an hour's hand-to-hand fighting—an eternity it seemed to those engaged—for

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the kopje was stubbornly held. But even Boer pluck, of which in this case there was no lack, could not resist the impetuous advance of the British infantry, and at last, when the hill-top was one crimson crown of blood and half the gallant number were struck down, the Boers bolted one after another down the back of the hill, pursued by our artillery fire, and made for their horses. Finally, as they were retreating in hot haste across the plain, the 9th Lancers charged them, and succeeded in catching up their rear close to a kopje where they were sheltering. But here the place literally swarmed with Dutchmen, and the Lancers, whose numbers were small, and whose horses were exhausted, were forced to retire.

Still the object of the fight was magnificently accomplished. The rout of the enemy was complete. The gallant Naval Brigade, Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Loyal North Lancashires remained masters of the situation. A party of Boers who had rushed from their sheltering kopje were intercepted by the detachment of the New South Wales Lancers, who, charging, forced them back to their hiding-place.

The amazing gallantry of the Marines, who bore the brunt of the desperate fight, was the subject of general eulogy. Many of these splendid fellows had three wounds, while some had four. Sixty per cent. of the officers and sergeants were hit. Nothing could have been more heroic than the conduct of poor Huddart, who so gloriously fell in doing his duty.

Captain Le Marchant, Royal Marine Light Infantry, who was left in command of the Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen's force after the action at Graspan, reported as follows: "It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of Midshipman Huddart, who behaved magnificently, and still advanced after he had been twice wounded, until he was finally struck down mortally wounded." A brother naval officer also wrote: "At the bottom of the hill Huddart was hit in the arm, and half-way up he was shot in the leg, but still he pressed on. On reaching the top of the kopje he was shot through the stomach and fell." Captain Le Marchant, when his senior officers were killed or wounded, led the remnant of the Naval Brigade up the kopje with splendid pluck and ability.

But magnificent deeds were numerous. Lieutenant W. J. C. Jones, Royal Marine Light Infantry, though he had a bullet in his thigh, led his men up the kopje, and only after the day was won consented to have his wound dressed. Colour-Sergeant Waterhouse was also mentioned by Lord Methuen, who said in his despatch, "I beg to bring to your notice No. 1843, Colour-Sergeant Waterhouse, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, who at a critical moment acted with great coolness in shooting down an enemy who had been doing great execution on our men at 1150 yards."

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The General deplored the lack of a cavalry brigade and horse artillery, owing to which he was unable to reap the fruits of his hard-fought action, and all must unite to condole with this much-tried commander on the manner in which he had been handicapped from the first. Lord Methuen in his despatch drew attention to the excellent work done by the Naval Brigade near the line. He said :—

“Lieutenants Campbell and L. S. Armstrong displayed great coolness in conducting the fire of their guns. Petty Officers Ashley, *Doris*, and Fuller, *Monarch*, laid their guns with great accuracy under fire.

“I again draw attention to the exceptional organising power of Colonel Townsend. At Swinks Pan at 11.30 P.M. I was informed that, owing to all the ambulances having been used for taking the wounded to the train at Belmont, I had scarcely a field-hospital mounted officer, only three ambulances and three stretchers. I knew I had to fight next morning, so got together fifty blankets in order to carry wounded with help of rifles. I also sent to Colonel Townsend to make arrangements for wounded by 3 A.M., a messenger having to ride seven miles to him. He met me on the field with full supply of ambulances, and I never saw anything more of him or the wounded, because he had a train ready for them between Graspan and Belmont. His only complaint is that there is not much of his mules left, an observation which applies equally to men and animals.”

To show how completely all the British projects were known, a curious incident of this battle may be quoted. Four men were captured by Rimington's Guides, but three of them being unarmed were released. It was subsequently discovered that these same persons had taken to the Jacobsdal commando minute details regarding the British camp, with the result that a Boer force was detached to attack the station. The total British casualties were estimated at 197, including twenty killed and seven missing. At the close of the action, Lord Methuen complimented the members of the Naval Brigade on their splendid behaviour, and expressed regret at the losses they had sustained.

The following is the list of officers killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of Graspan or Enslin of 25th November :—

2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry.—Wounded : Captain C. A. L. Yate, Lieutenant H. C. Fernyhough, Lieutenant C. H. Ackroyd. Naval Brigade.—Killed : Commander Ethelston, *Powerful*;¹ Major Plumbe, R.M.L.I., *Doris*; Captain Senior, R.M.A., *Monarch*; C. A. E. Huddart, Midshipman, *Doris*.

The following were severely wounded :—

Flag-Captain Prothero, *Doris*, and Lieutenant Jones, R.M.L.I., *Doris*.

¹ Commander Alfred Peel Ethelston, of the cruiser *Powerful*, who was among the killed at the battle of Graspan, joined the navy in 1875, and two years later became a midshipman. In 1882 he attained the rank of sub-lieutenant, was promoted to a lieutenancy in 1885, and was made commander at the beginning of 1897. As sub-lieutenant of the *Helicon* he took part in the naval and military operations in the Eastern Soudan at Suakim in 1884-85, for which he received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. Commander Ethelston was appointed to the *Powerful* two years ago.

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Lord Methuen addressed his division in stirring words, congratulating his men on the work they had done and the hardships they had surmounted. The work, he said, was the severest accomplished by the British army for many a long day. Not a single point, he added, could they afford to give to the enemy. The Boers' tactics had been proved excellent and their courage admirable. The gallant General added that when called on to fight for his country, he preferred to fight against a foe worthy of his steel rather than against savages, whose sole recommendation was bravery. He hoped that he and his men had gained each other's confidence, and that they would all do their duty to their country as Englishmen should. Lord Methuen described as dastardly the firing by the enemy on ambulance waggons, the shooting of a British officer by a wounded Boer, and the use of Dum-Dum bullets; but he refused to believe that these acts were characteristic of the enemy; he would give them credit until he was convinced to the contrary that they wished to fight fair and square. Addressing the Scots Guards, the General said that they had acted as he expected his old battalion would.

The troops rested well on the night of the 27th, and on the following day proceeded towards Modder River, where the General was aware that the passage of the river would involve a bloody fight. By this time General Pole-Carew had taken command of the 9th Brigade, in place of General Featherstonhaugh, who was wounded.

THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER

This battle, to use Lord Methuen's words, was one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British army. He might also have truly said that it was one of the most gloriously-fought engagements that has been known in modern warfare. On reconnoitring the enemy's position, the Boers were found to be strongly entrenched and concealed behind a fringe of furze and foliage and in front of trees in the neighbourhood of Modder River. From native sources it was learnt that the river and the Riet River were fordable anywhere—a statement which was afterwards found to be entirely false. The enemy was discovered on the east of the village to be in strong force and aggressive. His trenches commanded the plain for a distance of 1600 yards, and there was no means of outflanking him, as the Modder River was in flood.

The word Modder means muddy, and this term was appreciated in its full significance when our parched troops came to make acquaintance with it. But there are times and seasons when even ochreous water becomes clear as crystal to the fevered imagination, and before this day of days was over—in the sweltering, merciless

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sun, with the thermometer at 110 degrees in the shade—men felt as though they would stake their whole chance of existence for one half-bottle of the reviving fluid. But this is a digression. The horror of that day's thirst had barely set in at the time treated of—4 to 8 A.M. At that hour there was no suspicion that the enemy, strong in numbers, would continue to fight, and be strengthened by some 8000 more Dutchmen. He appeared to be retiring, and there were no signs that the village would be held. But at 8.10 a fierce roar of guns multifarious declared that the river was fringed by the enemy, and that he was well and skilfully concealed.

Parallel to the river on the north side the Boers had constructed, with their wonted cunning, long sandbag trenches and various complicated breastworks, which afforded them splendid cover. The line extended over some five miles, and they were discovered to be posted on both sides of the water. Where the stream of the Riet joins the Modder there is a small and picturesque island some two acres in extent. It has shelving banks all fringed with willows, and thus forms an excellent natural cover for troops. Till now this spot had been the resort of picnickers and pleasure-seekers from the Diamond City. On the north bank were farmhouses and hotels, which had been evacuated by their owners and had been taken possession of by the Boers. Here they had posted guns of every available kind, in every available spot. They had Hotchkiss guns and Maxim guns, and the deadly, much-abhorred Vickers-Maxim quick-firer, a machine which, by the way, was offered some time ago to the British Government—and refused! This objectionable weapon was christened by some "Putt-Putt," by others "Bong-Bong," and one officer styled it "the Great Mogul," because its presence was invariably greeted with profound salaams and Chinese prostrations. With these guns the enemy began to show that he meant business, as will be seen.

The division, that had been strengthened by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had moved out from Wittekopslaager about 5 A.M., breakfastless, because it was thought that on reaching the river, which was but a short march of five miles off, there would be ample time for a meal. But by seven o'clock the fighting had begun. The General had arranged with the officer commanding the Royal Artillery to prepare the infantry attack with both batteries from the right flank, and the Infantry Division being still some miles distant, he gave them two distinct points to march on, which allowed of the brigades keeping in extended order and covering a very wide front.

The Guards Brigade had orders to develop their attack first, which they did with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards on the right, with directions to swing their right well round in order to take the

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enemy in flank, the 2nd Battalion Coldstreams and the 3rd Battalion Grenadiers making the frontal attack, the former on the left to keep touch with the 9th Brigade; the 1st Battalion Coldstreams in reserve in the right rear. Well, before they could look about them and settle down into their positions, the whole force found itself facing the Boer commando 8000 strong, two large guns, Krupp guns, &c. The Scots Guards on the extreme right marched through the old reservoir, and directly they emerged from cover a shower of bullets greeted them. Soon after their Maxim gun was disabled by the Hotchkiss gun of the enemy, and presently their whole detachment was completely wiped out. First the sergeant in charge was killed, then an officer was wounded, then Colonel Stopford of the Coldstream Guards was hit in the neck and killed, and the horse ridden by Colonel Paget was shot in five places and dropped dead. Meanwhile the 75th Battery in return launched some magnificent shots in the direction of the Dutchmen. The third of these struck a farmhouse in which the Boers and a gun were posted, and set the whole place in a blaze. Not till the roof was burnt about their ears, however, did the Boers budge. They clung with ferocious tenacity to every position, and the fight at all times of the day was one of great stubbornness. The 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards had extended, and, swinging their right round, had prolonged the line of the Scots Guards to the right. Farther advance was checked by the Riet River. The troops then lay down, being fairly under cover in that position. The heat was scorching, and in the plain occupied by our troops Mauser bullets swept the field in thousands. There was absolutely no cover save the shelving bank of the river, which served no purpose directly they rose on elbow from the ground. For hours our men lay on their faces unable to show a head without inviting a shower of lead—lay on the blistering sand with the hot African sun grilling them, some of the Highlanders having their legs veritably toasted, their mouths parched and full of sand, while bullets were fluting a death-song in the air, and the thunderous detonations of the big guns seemed to be raking the very bowels of the earth. Still the Boers stuck to their posts. For hours they plied their guns without sign of exhaustion. A terrific fire was kept up on both sides for a long—a seemingly interminable—time, but without any appreciable advance in the state of affairs. It was felt that nothing could be done on the right flank till the guns had cleared the position. The 18th Battery, however, came vigorously into play, and so brilliantly acquitted itself that finally the enemy was forced to evacuate their ferociously-contested positions among the houses. But so ably had they constructed their intrenchments that from these it was impossible to dislodge them. Meanwhile the 9th Brigade had advanced the Northumberland Fusiliers along

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the east side of the railway line, supported by half a battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The Yorkshire Light Infantry moved along the west side of the railway, supported by the remaining half battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The half battalion Loyal North Lancashire prolonged the line to the left, and endeavoured to cross the river and threaten the enemy's right flank. The six companies of Northampton's acted as a baggage-guard.

Early in the day a plucky attempt was made on the extreme right of the line to cross the Modder. Colonel Codrington and Captain Feilding of the 1st Coldstreams, with Captain Selheim of the Queensland Permanent Force with some two dozen men, forded the river. The water was almost chin deep, and while they crossed, the Hotchkiss gun directed an appalling fire on them. Though laden with all their gear and 150 rounds of ammunition, they yet succeeded in reaching the other side, where they found themselves almost swamped in mud. As they were not supported they had to retire. But this was easier said than done. On the return passage two men were almost drowned, and had it not been for the ingenious device of their comrades, who, by joining hands and slinging their putties together, managed to drag them ashore, they would certainly have perished.

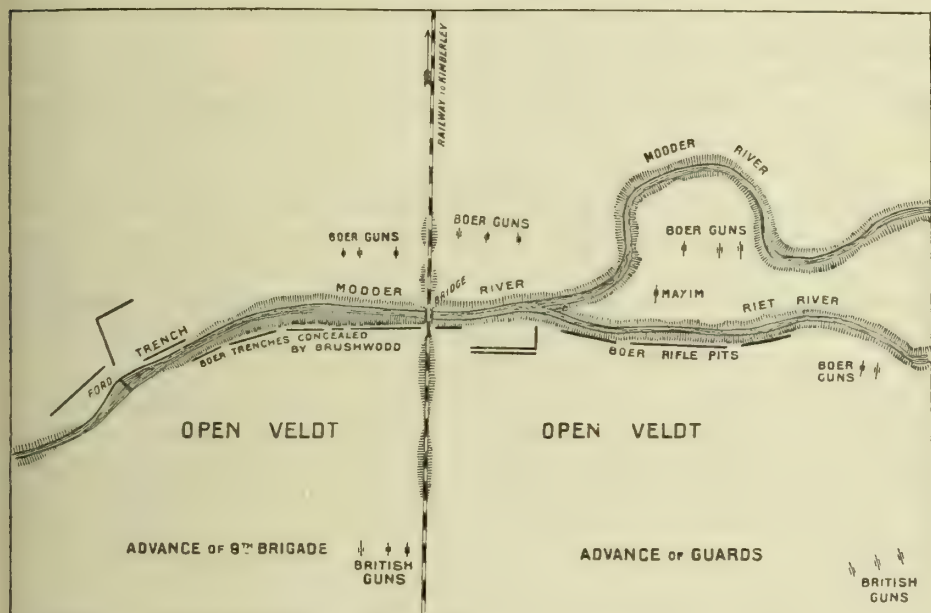
Soon after this the General, who had been moving about surveying and commanding, was shot through the thigh. Then followed some confusion, as the two brigades, in the absence of orders, had to act independently of each other, and there was some fear that the 9th Brigade would fire on the 1st. Command of the field was now assumed by Major-General Sir H. E. Colville, whose headquarters were on the right close to the river. It had been Lord Methuen's idea to take the position at nightfall at the point of the bayonet, but owing to the tremendous day's work, the heat, the absence of food, and the general fatigue that all had undergone, this project was abandoned. There was another reason for the change of plan.

Just as it was beginning to grow late some of the most brilliant work of the day commenced. As the trenches were found to be utterly impregnable to rifle-fire, it was felt that only desperate measures would rout the Dutchmen from their stronghold. Colonel Barter (King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) and Lieutenant Thorpe, with some men of the Argyll and Sutherland and North Lancashire Regiments, started off, and, much to the surprise of the Boers, who had evidently not calculated upon such dauntless agility, got safely across the river. The wonderful way in which this feat was accomplished was described by an eye-witness, a correspondent of the *Times*.

"That it could even be attempted to cross the river sliding side-

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ways through the rush of water over the paddles along a rickety iron bar one by one, clinging to the short supports in full view of the opposite shore, was an act of reckless heroism against which even the wary Cronje had not provided. This, however, is what was actually done, and it would be difficult to find a parallel for the stubborn pluck of the men who accompanied Colonel Barter across the 300 yards of dam and weir. One by one some 400 of them crossed. Then a detachment of the Royal Engineers, showing how well they could take their part in the forefront of the fighting line, followed them, after that some more of the Yorkshire Light



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER

Infantry. Little by little a force was collected which cleared several of the nearest houses on the right and effected an occupation of an irrigation patch from which they were never dislodged." It was quite wonderful to note the effect of the gallant British cheer which rang out from General Pole-Carew's men as they burst from the river, bayonet in hand. The Boers were startled and fled, with our men closely in pursuit. At the rousing, ringing, menacing sound, their hopes had failed—they thought that the rumour of victory was already in the air. "The thunder growl edged with melodious ire in alt," as Carlyle called it, never did better work. It demoralised and brought about the end.

Shortly after, a battery of Royal Artillery came upon the scene,

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but before it had time to unlimber, more Boers took to their heels, falling over each other in their haste to be off and catch their horses. The sound of British lungs in their rear and the sight of the guns was too much for them. Thus after twelve hours' fighting the day was practically won, for, when morning came, it was found that the enemy had entirely cleared out, and removed to fresh intrenchments half-way between the river and Spyfontein.

It was a brilliant but a hardly-earned victory. It is stated that the Naval guns fired over 500 rounds, and the 18th Battery more than 1100. The 75th fired 900 rounds, the 62nd (who came to the rescue from the Orange River late in the day), 500 rounds. The glorious gunners vied with one another in the display of gallantry and proficiency.

A vivid story of the energetic march of the 62nd Battery was told by an officer, who must have had an even more trying time than most.

"We had orders to reinforce the main body at once; marched twenty miles the first day, had a few hours' rest, and started at the first streak of dawn again. We did about twenty-five miles, and were just going to have a well-earned rest when an orderly came galloping up with the order to go at once (I am talking of the 62nd now), as the battle was going against our troops. We started off again at a trot, and kept it up for about five miles, when our horses were just done up. We had to take four out of our gun-teams, as they dropped dead of exhaustion. The sergeants hooked their own horses in, and off we went again. We lost more horses, and had to walk after we had done about eight miles. We were only able to just make the horses drag the guns into action. I shall never forget it. I was feeling very queer. I don't think any of us were afraid, but we were all of us expecting to be shot every minute, as the bullets came in showers. . . . We were in action in this place about two hours. Our troops were being shot down in heaps, and things were looking very black, when Lord Methuen came up to our Colonel and asked him to send his batteries up closer (we were then 1500 yards from the Boer trenches, and you must understand that a rifle carries 2500 yards). Our Colonel did. We then advanced up past our own infantry and came into action about 900 yards closer than artillery had ever taken up position before. After severe loss on our side we managed to silence the Boer guns. The order was then given to retire. We got out of range, and were on the point of congratulating ourselves on being so lucky, when up rode an orderly giving us instructions to go and relieve the Guards. Our Major advanced. . . . We took up our position 800 yards from the Boer trenches, and, by Jove! the Boers let us have a fearful reception. Before I got my horses out they shot one of my drivers

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and two horses . . . and brought down my own horse. We then got my gun round on the enemy, when one of my gunners was shot through the brain and fell at my feet. Another of my gunners was shot whilst bringing up shell, and I began to feel queer. . . . At last we had a look in ; our shells began to tell. We were firing six rounds a minute, and were at it until it was too dark to fire any more. The Boer firing had ceased, and the Guards were able to get up and retire. They blessed the artillery that day. We had to keep our position all night, with not a soul near us and nothing to eat and drink. Our orders were to open fire as soon as it was light enough, and the infantry were to take the place at the point of the bayonet. . . . But in the morning the Boers had fled. The field presented a terrible sight at daybreak ; there were dead and dying in every direction. I couldn't describe it ; it was awful. We lost heavily on our side, but the Boer losses must have been heavier. The Boers bury their dead in the trenches as soon as they drop, so that one cannot gauge their loss, but we counted hundreds."

It is pleasant to remember that this hurried march and its trials were fully appreciated by Lord Methuen, who reported that the 62nd Battery was of great service. It must be noted that it came into action between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The gunners had made a splendid forced march from Orange River in some twenty-three hours, yet there and then, with worn-out horses and jaded frames, joined in the fight.

Heroic actions were so abundant that they made quite a formidable list in the General's despatch, but they afford such inspiring reading to all who honour Great Britain's heroes, that the list is reproduced in its entirety.

"From the Lieut.-General Commanding the First Division to the Chief Staff Officer.

"MODDER RIVER, Dec. 1, 1899.

"I have much pleasure in bringing to your notice the names of the following officers and rank and file who distinguished themselves during the day :—

"Major Count Gleichen, C.M.G., for the coolness shown by him throughout the engagement, especially in attending to the wounded under a heavy fire.

"Sergeant Brown and Private Martin, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, who helped him, were both shot.

"Sergeant-Major Cooke, 3rd Battalion Grenadiers, displayed remarkable coolness under fire.

"Lieutenant the Hon. A. Russell showed great coolness in working the machine-gun, which he did with marked success.

"Major Granville Smith, Coldstream Guards, in volunteering to find a ford, which he did in dangerous mud and a strong river.

"Captain and Adjutant Steele, Coldstream Guards, for excellent service during the day.

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"Sergeant-Major S. Wright, Coldstream Guards, showed great coolness when a change of ammunition carts was being made, and was of great value at a critical time.

"Native Driver Matthews for making the other natives stick to their carts when they would otherwise have bolted.

"Drill and Colour-Sergeant Price, Coldstream Guards, at Belmont and at Modder River rendered excellent service whilst commanding half a company.

"Drill and Colour-Sergeant Plunkett, Coldstream Guards, collected 150 men, and helped the 9th Brigade crossing the river under Captain Lord Newtown Butler.

"No. 1825, Lance-Corporal Webb, Coldstream Guards, twice asked leave to go into the open to bind up the wounds of a Grenadier; under a heavy fire he succeeded in his object.

"Captain Hervey Bathurst, Grenadier Guards, was of great value in rallying a number of Grenadiers and Coldstreams shaken by the fire.

"I again call attention to Colonel Paget's cheerfulness and intelligence under the most trying surroundings.

"He draws attention to Captain Moores, Royal Army Medical Corps, who, although wounded in the hand, said nothing, but continued his duties. Also he draws attention to the good services of the Master of Ruthven, Scots Guards. The valuable services of Captain Nugent, aide-de-camp, and Captain Ruggles-Brise are again noted.

"The names of Lieut.-Colonel Barter, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and Major the Hon. C. Lambton, Northumberland Fusiliers, are mentioned for having rendered invaluable assistance to their Brigadier. Captain Bulfin, Yorkshire Regiment, did his duty admirably.

"Lieutenant Percival, Northumberland Fusiliers, managed with great difficulty to establish himself with a small party on a point near the railway, from which, by his judgment and coolness, he was able to keep down the fire of the enemy, many of his small party being killed.

"Nos. 3499, Lance-Corporal R. Delaney, 4160, Private J. East, 4563, Private Segar, 4497, Private Snowdon, Northumberland Fusiliers, under a very heavy fire picked up and brought in a wounded man of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; No. 3955, Private Smarley, Northumberland Fusiliers, No. 1 of a Maxim detachment, who showed great coolness and judgment when wounded.

"Major Lindsay, Royal Artillery, 75th Battery, ignored a painful wound, and continued in command of his battery. Lieutenant Begbie, Royal Artillery, suddenly placed in command of his battery, led it and brought it into action with great coolness.

"Captain Farrell, wounded a second time, continued to do his duty, having first placed a wounded man on one of the gun-carriages. Wounded gunners and drivers continued at their duty.

"Lieutenant Rochford Boyd, Royal Artillery, on this, as on former occasions, showed himself reliable and capable of acting without orders.

"I personally bring to notice the value of Lieut.-Colonel Rhodes's service and Major Streatfeild's service in sending forward reinforcements to Major-General Pole-Carew, for on this movement the result of the evening's success depended.

"I cannot too highly commend the conduct of the troops, ably assisted by the Naval Brigade, for on them the whole credit of our success rests."

There were some miraculous escapes, one sergeant in the Cold-

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stream Guards having had many nasty experiences. In an account of them he said :—

“During the afternoon some one seemed to have spotted me from the trenches. First a shot struck the side of my boot and struck my rifle just in front of my face, filling my eyes with dirt and splinters. I rose up a little, when another shot struck the middle finger of my left hand. I had got on my knees, when a bullet struck me fair in the chest on the buckle of my haversack, breaking it through the centre and causing a slight puncture of the skin and bruising my chest. Have been congratulated as being the luckiest beggar in my battalion.”

The terrible nature of the fighting was described by an officer in the Guards, who must have had a charmed life. He wrote :—

“We had no cover except little scrub bushes about six inches high, and the ground sloped gently down to the Boers from about 2000 yards. I don't suppose troops have ever been in a more damnable position. I sat up occasionally to see how things were going, but only for a moment, as it was always the signal for a perfect storm of bullets. My ammunition-bearer had his head blown to bits by a 1-lb. shell from a 37-millimetre Maxim, a most damnable gun. I happened to be in the line of it just before dark, and they pumped six rounds at me. The first four pitched in a line about twenty, ten, fifteen, and the fourth four yards in front of me, and threw dirt all over me, and the next two just pitched behind me. I didn't like it a bit. . . . It was the worst day I have ever spent in my life. Twelve hours under a constant and heavy fire of Maxims, 12-pounders, and other quick-firing guns and rifles, a hot sun, no cover, no water, and no food is more than enough for yours truly. . . . The guns yesterday fought magnificently, and I believe fired more rounds per gun than have ever been fired in a battle before. . . . We had a lovely wash this morning. I washed shirt and drawers, besides myself—I wanted it. My clothes have not been off since we left the Orange River on November 21. . . . Cronje and Steyn are said to have both been present at the battle.”

In this battle the hardships of warfare were accumulated. Not only had the troops to display active but passive heroism. Though the longing for water exceeded the craving for food and repose, the unfortunate fellows were very near the verge of famine. Their position at times must have savoured of the tortures of Tantalus, for many of the men were groping after the enemy in a doubled-up fashion and under a shower of lead, along farms and gardens, while hens clacked, pigs grunted, goats offered milk, and potatoes and other edibles smiled a mute invitation. When the Boers were routed, however, these delicacies at last became the reward of their labours, but of the niceties of the culinary operations it is best not to speak. Our gallant Highlanders needed the services of no Vatel—an old can and a wood fire right royally served their purpose. The crossing of the river, which was so splendidly effected, particularly by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was fraught with

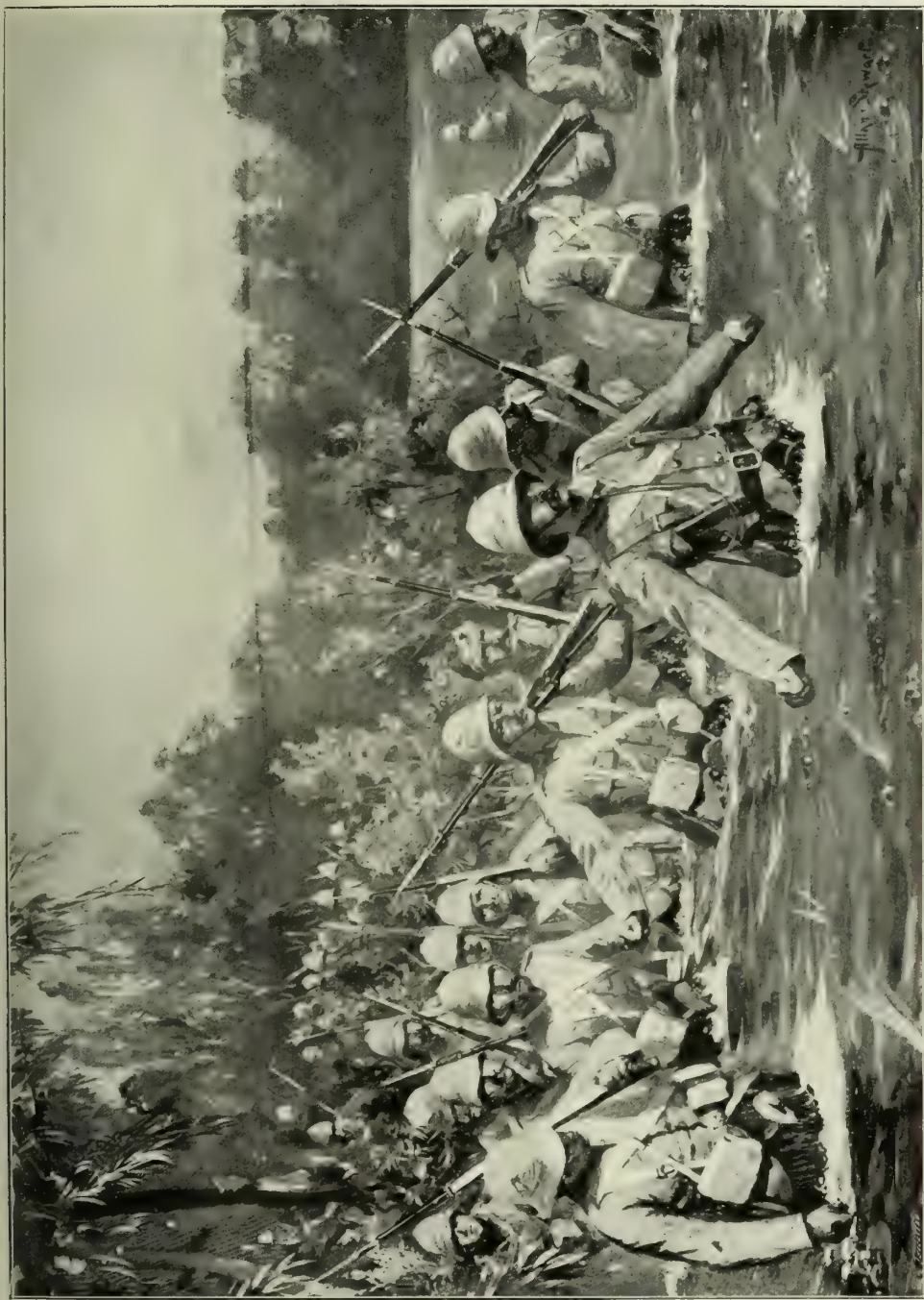
The Transvaal War

unlooked-for dangers, as the following quotation from a letter of a private in the regiment will show. Talking of the enemy he said :—

“ They held their position for five or six hours, and it was with great difficulty that we managed to shift them. Our regiment was the first to cross the river on the left flank, and my company was the first to get over. We advanced along the river and drove the Boers before us; but, unfortunately, our big guns dropped two or three shells uncomfortably close to us, entirely by mistake. When the first of these shells fell, I was only about ten yards past the spot. About twenty of our men were killed by the Boer bullets; and our regiment, I think, sustained the heaviest loss of any that took part in the fight. I felt a bit frightened when I first went into battle, but as the day advanced I got myself again. My legs are badly burned by the sun, and are very sore, but I am rapidly getting all right again. We expect to have another fight this week, and it will be even worse than the last, so one never knows the hour when he may fall.”

Indeed they did not, and it was a pathetically common experience to wish a man good luck one morning and on the next to find that his helmet and belongings were being gathered together—all that was left of him—to be sent home to his friends. For instance, there was the case of poor Colour-Sergeant Christian of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a hero who did magnificent work, but who never lived to receive the decorations he deserved. An extract from one of his last letters is full of pathetic interest :—

“ We have been fairly roughing it since we came out here. I have lost everything, and have nothing but what I stand up in. I haven't had the kilt off since we landed from the boat three weeks ago, and we consider it very lucky if we can manage to get a wash once a week. Just now we are all right, as the river is close at hand. You wouldn't know the regiment now if you saw us; we are brown all over. They have taken our sporrans away and covered our kilts with khaki cloth; in fact, I believe they will be making us dye our whiskers khaki colour next. Not a man has shaved since we left Dublin, so you can imagine what we are like. I haven't said anything about the battle, as I am sure you will know more about it at home than we do here. It may seem strange, but it is true. The people at home know more about what is going on than we do here. We have been receiving congratulatory telegrams from every one connected with the regiment, giving us great praise for our share in the battle, and really I must say the regiment did very well, considering we have so many youngsters in the ranks. The most trying part was lying down so long under fire without seeing any one to fire at. I was rather luckier, having to retire at first, and then chase some Boers out of the house with the bayonet, and then we had to ford the river and clear the north bank of the river. We were clearing them beautifully with the bayonet when a shell from our own guns burst among us. This seemed to demoralise every one, and they all commenced to retire. But, seeing this was my first fight, I couldn't see my way to retire without seeing who I was retiring from, and besides there was a lot of wounded lying about; so a major of the North Lancashire Regiment and myself succeeded in rallying ten men of different corps and held an enclosure. We were soon tackled by the Boers, but after we killed half-a-dozen of them



THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER—THE ARGYLE AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS CROSSING THE DRIFT.

Drawing by Allan Stewart.

The Battle of Modder River

they appeared to get tired of it and cleared off, and we managed to get all the wounded in. I believe I have got recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Victoria Cross for my share in this, but of course it is one thing being recommended and quite another thing getting it."

Boer treachery, of which we had many examples, had hitherto been practised with monotonous regularity. They had fired on the white flag and disregarded the sacred sign of the red cross. They had shot the hand that tended them, they had used Dum-Dum and explosive bullets, but on this occasion the triumph of originality in treacherous trickery was achieved. On the principle of "all is fair in love and war," the enemy utilised their ambulance for the purpose of removing their Hotchkiss gun from the field, and that too when the precious weapon was not even invalidated!

Tales of many plucky actions which were recorded would fill a volume in itself. Private Anderson, Scots Guards, over and over again traversed the fire zone and carried off the wounded to a place of safety. Lieutenant Fox, Yorkshire Light Infantry, was seriously wounded whilst valiantly leading an assault against the enemy's strong position. When the horses approached to take the guns out of action, the Boers at once commenced to aim at them, and for the moment it seemed as though the work of removing the guns could not be persisted in. Twenty-five horses were killed, but the chargers of several officers were next utilised, and the officers themselves, some of them wounded, walked or crawled off the field in order that the valuable weapons should be borne off in safety. A driver was also heroically self-abnegating. Though shot through the lungs, he refused to leave his post, and valiantly drove his gun out of action.

The list of killed and wounded was a grievously long one:—

Killed: Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Northcote.¹ 2nd Coldstream Guards—Lieutenant-Colonel H. Stopford,² Captain S. Earle. Wounded: Field Artillery—Major W. Lindsay, hand; Captain Farrell, foot; Lieutenant Dunlop, shoulder; Lieutenant Furse. 3rd Grenadier Guards—Major Count Gleichen, severely; Lieutenant Hon. E. Lygon, slight. 2nd Coldstream Guards—Lieutenant Viscount Acheson. Royal Army Medical Corps—Captain Gurse Moore. Killed: 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, Second Lieutenant L. W. Long. Wounded: Staff—Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, slightly; bullet flesh wound in thigh. Royal Engineers—Captain N. G. Von Hugel,

¹ Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel H. Ponting Northcote, who belonged to the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment, became a Lieutenant in 1877, Captain in 1886, and Major in 1894. He served in the Sherbro' Expedition in 1883 with the 2nd West India Regiment, and was mentioned in despatches, receiving a medal, and was afterwards created a C.B. In 1888 he served in the operations in Zululand as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General, while in 1895 he accompanied the expedition to Ashanti under Sir Francis Scott, receiving the star.

² Lieutenant-Colonel Horace Robert Stopford, of the Coldstream Guards, was appointed a Lieutenant in 1874, Captain in 1885, and Major in 1893. He had not previously been on war service.

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slightly. 3rd Grenadier Guards—Second Lieutenant A. H. Travers, slightly. 1st Scots Guards—Lieutenant H. C. Elwes, seriously; Second Lieutenant W. J. M. Hill. 1st Loyal North Lancashire—Lieutenant R. B. Flint, slightly. 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry—Major H. Earle, Major G. F. Ottley, Lieutenant R. M. D. Fox. 1st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders—Lieutenant H. B. F. Baker-Carr, Second Lieutenant W. G. Neilson.

AFTER THE FIGHT

All night long energetic members of the Ambulance Corps picked their way over the battlefield collecting the wounded and succouring them. Not only had our unhappy sufferers to be attended to, but many of the enemy, of whom there was an unusual number. So anxious had been the Dutchmen to clear out before our troops could reach them in the morning, that, contrary to custom, they had left wounded, doctors, and ambulance train behind them.

After the uproar of the conflict and the night of merciful repose were over, the troops were able to inspect their new quarters. The pretty little village presented a strange sight—a study in contrasts for the meditative mind. A pastoral calm reigned everywhere, though scarcely a house, farm, or hotel but could bear witness to the terrible energy of the British fire.

The scene was one of picturesque green fertility and black blistered ruin. Peacefully flowed the cool rippling river—the river in which the delighted Tommy rushed to bathe—while in its bosom lay the bodies of the slain, Boer men and Boers' horses, which had hurriedly been cast away and hidden, so that the full tale of loss might never be revealed. Serenely waved the willows and acacias on the banks and neighbouring islets, smiling with polished green leaves over the forms of the ragged, grimy, unkempt slain—the riff-raff of the Boer commandoes, who were left lying as they fell. The dark trail of blood dyed the earth round mimosa and cactus hedges, while a thousand perforations on the roofs of the corrugated iron dwellings confessed to the all too fervent kisses of British lead. Shell holes, shattered doors and broken windows, telegraph poles lying about, with their hairy whiskers twisting raggedly over the veldt, farmhouses burnt to cinders, hotels that had once been smart in their way now weevilled by shrapnel—all these things surrounded the encamped division which so brilliantly had crossed the river. And in the hearts of the conquerors there was also (in some measure) a reflection of these contrasts—there was rejoicing over animal comforts restored, the freedom to quench thirst, to remove boots, to eat and to smoke after an over-long spell of battle; yet at the same time, deep down, there lurked a numb and dumb feeling of regret for the good fellows who were going—were known

After the Fight

to be sinking into eternity, and for those—so many of them!—who had already gone.

Very simple but very sad and impressive was the funeral of Colonel Stopford, who was shot early in the fight the day before. His grave was made in a peaceful spot beside one of the gardens of the village, and garlands gathered by his men of the 2nd Coldstream Guards were placed all over it. Major the Marquis of Winchester—so soon to join his lost comrade—acted as chief mourner. He took over the duties of Commandant of the regiment, which duties he was doomed to perform for twelve days only. But we are anticipating.

During the whole of the days following, a melancholy procession of invalids passed to the railway, and on, home for good, or to hospital, whence they hoped to return again to pay their debt to the enemy. On some death had set his mark, with others he had but shaken hands and passed on.

The river was soon found to be crowded with dead men and horses, which had been hurriedly consigned to the mercy of the waters, and arrangements had to be made for encampment farther up the stream. Quantities of Boer spies still lingered about the camp, some of them pretending to be ambulance drivers, in order to get nearer and closer inspection of British movements. Fortunately these wily folk somewhat overreached themselves, and their further activities were interrupted by arrest.

Meanwhile the sappers wrought wonderful things. They had shown the stuff they were made of by crossing over the river-dam in the teeth of the enemy. They now demonstrated their ability in their own special line. The Modder bridge was entirely wrecked, but very speedily a temporary one was constructed, and the railway, which had also suffered at the hands of the enemy, was repaired with great celerity, and brought into working order. Lieutenant Crispin of the Northumberland Fusiliers was wounded while out on patrol duty. Fortunately the injury sustained by Lord Methuen was slight, and there was every hope that he would be equal to active duty in the course of a very few days.

We must now leave this division in the enjoyment of its well-earned repose and return to Ladysmith, which was fast becoming the cage of 9000 of our gallant troops.

CHAPTER IV

THE INVESTMENT OF LADYSMITH

BEFORE going farther it may be interesting to inspect a rough table showing approximately the composition and total strength of the British and Boer forces at the various points mentioned :—

LADYSMITH

BRITISH		BOER
21st, 42nd, and 53rd Field Batteries ; Battalion of Natal Artillery ; two guns of the Natal Naval Reserve ; Natal Mounted Volunteers ; 5th Lancers ; 19th Hussars ; 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment ; 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders ; 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment ; 1st Manchesters ; several companies of Mounted Infantry ; Medical Corps ; Veterinary Corps ; 23rd Company Royal Engineers ; reinforcements from Maritzburg ; Naval Brigade (750)	13,550	Combined Free State and Transvaal forces
<i>Following from Glencoe :—</i>		
13th, 67th, and 69th Field Batteries ; 18th Hussars ; Natal Mounted Volunteers ; 1st Battalion Leicestershire Regiment ; 1st and 2nd Battalions King's Royal Rifles ; 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers ; several companies of Mounted Infantry ; Field Hospital Corps		30,500

KIMBERLEY

Four companies of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment ; Battery of Royal Garrison Artillery, consisting of six 7-pounder mountain-guns ; a large party of Royal Engineers ; detachment of the Army Medical Corps	2500	Free Staters, and probably some Transvaal Boers, with four field-guns, 3500 ; on Orange River, 2000 ; Reinforcements from Mafeking, 1000	6500
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MAFEKING

Colonel Baden-Powell, with 500 Cavalry, 200 Cape Mounted Police and B.S.A. Company's Mounted Police, 60 Volunteers, 6 machine-guns, two 7-pounders, 200 to 300 townsmen used to arms	1500	1000 Transvaal Boers under Commandant Cronje ; 500 Boers at Maritzani	1500
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At Tuli, or moving towards Mafeking, was Colonel Plumer's column, which consisted of about 1000 men, and was opposed by an equal force of Boers.

The Investment of Ladysmith

At Palapye there was a British force of 700, which was watched by a Burgher force of about 1000.

The Boers had also a force estimated at 3000 in laager near Komati Poort.

At Estcourt there was a considerable force under Brigadier-General Wolfe-Murray, and at Pietermaritzburg other troops.

Distributed along the northern border of Cape Colony were some 5000 Free State Boers and about 1000 or 1500 British troops and police.

The Natal Field Force was now confronted with the bulk of the Boer commandoes, whose strength was vastly superior to its own, and whose courage was generally acknowledged to be splendid. The Dutch have ever a stoical stolidity which serves them in the hour of need as does the bulldog tenacity of the Briton, and therefore "those who knew" were not without apprehension in regard to the upshot of hostilities. It was plain to all who were in any way familiar with previous history and with local conditions that the struggle was likely to be both prolonged and bloody, and they urged on the attention of those at home the need of reinforcements. Yet the soldiers, particularly those who had recently arrived, were light-hearted and confident, full of satisfaction to be let loose from their hencoops in the ships, and keen to try conclusions with the Boers. At Ladysmith the state of affairs was becoming more and more complicated, and the invasion of the Free Staters into Cape Colony was now an accomplished fact. The enemy's tactics everywhere were acknowledged to be excellent, and where tactics failed tricks succeeded. The Boer dodges, though scarcely honourable, might be described by the Americans as "cute." For instance, an enterprising officer of the Transvaal artillery conceived the idea of utilising the flag of truce in a new and original fashion. Disguised as an ambulance driver, he arrived at Ladysmith, and improved the occasion by observing the effects of Boer artillery fire on the town.

The use of the white flag by the enemy was now beginning to be distrusted, for daily evidences of treachery were forthcoming. As one correspondent said in writing home of the subject, "Its advantages they seem to construe in too liberal a spirit, but of its obligations on the men who hoist it they do not appear to be aware." As in old times, they tried to use the white flag to assist them in going from cover to cover, or to create delay while guns were being adjusted in more convenient positions. Nor was this all. A wounded Boer accepted water with one hand from a British soldier, while he shot him with the other, and numberless accounts of dastardly deeds of a similar nature were reported and authenticated.

On November 2 the Boers began to occupy the points of vantage around Ladysmith, and telegraphic communication with the

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south was cut. They energetically commenced the building of emplacements for their guns of position, which were fast being forwarded from the Transvaal. Reinforcements from the Free State were also pouring in, and a Boer commando was creeping towards Colenso. In spite of threatened serious inconveniences, hopes were high and spirits cheery, especially among the newspaper correspondents, who, regardless of danger, drove four-in-hand round the camp and fortifications, and helped to maintain a devil-may-care attitude that was certainly reassuring. Ammunition was plentiful, but water—Klip water—was somewhat inclined to cause colic, and, in consequence, to be generally suspected. It was no uncommon sight to see at the Royal Hotel ladies heating their kettles prior to drinking their doubtful contents. Flies were so numerous as to make another persistent inconvenience. They destroyed such repose as the inhabitants might otherwise have enjoyed. Added to these petty discomforts were night-alarms of various kinds, and curious and disconcerting discoveries. For example, one young man—an immaculate young man—well turned out and apparently plentifully endowed with ready money, was discovered to be a Boer spy, and was promptly arrested. An account of the last days of a British sojourner in Ladysmith serves to give an example of the trials and anxieties through which hundreds had to pass:—

“Since my last note to you we have had some lively times of it at Ladysmith. I always had a liking to see a real battle, but never thought that it would be my luck. However, I have now seen four battles, and I think that I am satisfied. I can assure you that it is anything but pleasant to go on the field after battle. The sights of the wounded and dead are horrible, and yet the soldiers are always laughing and joking when they are going out to fight, and the poor fellows are getting very little rest. They never have a chance to get their boots off. They have to be always ready to move at a moment's notice, and they do it with light heart. Your heart would have ached to see the lot that came down to Ladysmith from Dundee. They were not strong enough for the Boers, so they made a forced march of it, and they had terribly bad weather. It was raining all the time, and when they came into Ladysmith they were mud all over and in rags. Some of them were carrying their boots in their hands and could hardly crawl. Mrs. V. and myself made some buckets of coffee and let them have a pull at it; and were not they thankful for it? A word about how we are going on here. I don't know whether you are getting any news at home about the war, but we can't get to know anything here, as the whole country is under martial law, and they won't let the papers publish any news concerning the war. . . . Now the Boers are all round Ladysmith, and our troops can only defend the town. I don't think for a



SCENE ON THE TUGELA.

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moment that the Boers will take Ladysmith unless they get strongly reinforced, and I don't think that will happen. However, the sooner that troops arrive for the relief of the garrisons that are here and hemmed in by the Boers the better it will be for Britain. There is no doubt about it that the Boers have got our troops in a tight corner, and Britain is a bit slow, not having her troops here before now. I hear that troops are likely to land next week, and I hope that it is true. I had to leave Ladysmith on November 2; the military authorities would not grant me a permit to stay, so they gave me my free pass to Durban, where I intend to stop until the trouble is over. You would have laughed to see some of the men running out into the street with no clothes on when the Boers sent their first shell into Ladysmith. It came into the town at 5.15 A.M. I was up and partly dressed, as I had heard the firing, and was going to have a look at the battle, when in came the shell right over the house I was staying in and dropped on the road. I was sure that it was going to hit the house. The shell makes a terrific whistling as it travels through the air. . . . The Bluejackets did some very good work. They arrived by train about eleven o'clock, and by twelve o'clock they had off-loaded their guns and got them into action, and their third shot silenced the Boers' 40-pounder."

Our cavalry while reconnoitring discovered a large force of the Boers which was manœuvring to the south of the town. The troopers charged, and succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy. Meanwhile at Grobler's Kloof the Volunteer Light Infantry, a corps that had been doing splendid work throughout, met the enemy, and a sharp encounter was maintained, but they were outnumbered by their assailants. An armoured train brought troops to their assistance, and these enabled them to return safely to headquarters. The naval gunners were active, and scored as usual, for they finally succeeded in putting the big gun on Hepworth Hill out of action. "Long Tom," an objectionable weapon and a great favourite with the enemy, was now posted on Mount Umbulwana, whence at intervals it spat viciously upon the town, but without causing serious damage. The enemy, as we know, made a move towards Colenso, and the officer commanding at that place decided to fall back with men and horses on Estcourt. The move over some twenty miles of hilly country was admirably executed, and all stores, huts, kit, &c., were preserved.

Meanwhile Sir George White sent out a strong force under the command of Colonel Brocklehurst, reinforced by the 5th Dragoon Guards, Royston's Horse, and two batteries, for the purpose of making a flank attack on the Boer commando that was advancing on Colenso. Splendid work was done, the Boers being routed from all their positions and three guns silenced. The Imperial Light

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Horse pressed too far into a gully, and for a time their position was critical, but they were extricated by the 5th Dragoon Guards. The Boers took up a strong position on the hills, and were shelled with terrific effect by the British artillery. Finally they retreated, and were cut to pieces by the cavalry. Quantities of prisoners were made, and over a thousand burghers were said to be slain—in fact, the veldt was a complete parquet of dead Dutchmen. Lieutenant the Hon. R. Pomeroy, 5th Dragoon Guards, greatly distinguished himself by pluckily riding to the rescue of a dismounted trooper and carrying him out of the fire zone. Captain Knapp and Lieutenant Brabant were killed.

At Ladysmith there was temporary peace after the enemy's fire had succeeded in hitting the hospital and a hotel. Fortunately no one was injured. All were mourning the loss of Major Taunton, Captain Knapp, and Lieutenant Brabant, who fell in the engagement on the previous day. General French, by what is termed "a close shave," succeeded in getting out of Ladysmith, and went down to Cape Town to take over the command of the Cavalry Brigade, and General Wolfe-Murray at Estcourt, with a mounted battery, reconnoitred in the direction of Colenso. Efforts were made to restore communication with Ladysmith, but in vain; yet the troops within kept up a cheerful attitude, and a continuous artillery duel was carried on between besiegers and besieged.

The art of dodging shells had by this time begun to be studied by the least nervous, for no place was safe from these screeching messengers of death. Hard roadways were rent in twain and deep gulfs dug in their midst. Gardens, from being trim and neat, became a scene of upheaval and dilapidation; the open veldt was strewn with dust and debris, and rocks were shot from their positions and sent hurtling here and there to assist in the work of wreckage. It was curious to notice upon different temperaments the effect of the shells' arrival. Some persons might be seen holding their hands to their heads as though to protect them from damage; others shrank under the nearest available cover or screwed themselves up as though endeavouring to make smaller parcels of themselves, or hoping to lessen their own obstructiveness to the passage of the devilish invader; some would flatten their backs against a wall—make pancakes of themselves—while others would fall prone to earth, and there grovel till the moment of peril was past. Many would rush helter-skelter towards the river-caves, vast places of refuge that had been dug into the deep-shelving clay and sandbanks of the Klip, and there, in their rocky hiding-places, breathe freely and await the inevitable fracas that told them, temporarily, that the coast was clear. These caves and their powers of accommodation began to be deeply interesting to the community, and daily the

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soldiers were set to work constructing new ones for the safety of the apprehensive. The places varied in size and quality according to the demands of their tenants. Some would accommodate a dozen people standing upright in them, and even admitted of furniture of a rough kind—bedding, seats, eatables, and cooking-pots—just enough to enable nervous folks to go “out of town” for a day or two during a period of bombardment. Others were mere fox-holes, as it were, alcoves scooped out of the bank to serve as a screen for the more hardy souls who were content to breathe the air of the river-brink, and only popped their heads under cover in ostrich fashion when danger threatened. The banks thus became honeycombed, and it was not unusual to find a whole family perched all day long with their backs against the protecting wall and their eyes fixed meditatively on the purling stream, awaiting with resignation the whims of “Long Tom.”

In the early days of the siege a great deal of scooping and excavating went on, and you might see on one side some gallant tiller of the soil providing cover for a lady, while another rigged up sheltered garden-seats for children. An amusing picture was beheld of three massive Gordons in their kilts plying pick and shovel for a small couple in distress, a natty little woman in a state of panic which agreed badly with her smart ribbons, and her small lord who shared her anxiety for a place of safety. The Scotsmen delved and scooped and built the temporary shelter, indulging in the gayest jokes, and laughing and talking the while delicious “Aberdeen awa,” till the hearers became so absorbed and interested that they almost forgot the fact that such a thing as a “Long Tom” existed. The daily operations were also of a highly-spirited character, for the British forces not only defended themselves with the greatest animation against artillery somewhat superior to their own, but at times took the offensive and harassed the enemy considerably. On three different occasions they made attacks on the Boer batteries on Umbulwana Hill, and though the British losses were somewhat heavy, those of the Boers were still greater. A message was sent by Sir George White to General Joubert requesting him to allow women, children, and non-combatants to leave the town in order to escape the effects of the bombardment, and the Boer General invited those who wished to go, to do so under protection of the Umbulwana guns, but intimated that all who had borne arms would be treated as prisoners of war. Finally, however, after a meeting had been held and the matter discussed threadbare, it was decided that the citizens of Ladysmith could accept no terms from the enemy, and the meeting dispersed to the tune of “God save the Queen,” in which all fervently joined in chorus. The only means of communication with the outer world was now by pigeon-post, and there was therefore much

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excitement when Lieutenant Hooper (5th Lancers) arrived on the scene. Guided by a Natal policeman, he had managed to sneak unnoticed through the Boer lines and to reach the British camp in safety.

All sorts of efforts were made to save Ladysmith from her doom, and an armoured train was sent from Estcourt for the purpose of re-establishing communication with the town, but the train had to return without accomplishing its mission. In spite of this, the proprietor of a hotel in Ladysmith very cleverly managed to travel from the beleaguered town to Estcourt without being captured by the Boers. He made a detour along Kaffir paths in order to elude the Boer outposts, riding all night and arriving at his destination unharmed. At that time, as may be imagined, the investment of Ladysmith was almost complete. The enemy's big guns dominated the town east, north, and west, "Long Tom" pursuing its annoying and disquieting vocation with intermittent vigour. Most of the people had now quitted their homes and were taking refuge in the caves before described, while the shops, in default of customers, were closed. The convent, which was occupied by nuns together with the wounded, was struck by a shell, but happily without injury to its inmates. The neutrals betook themselves to a camp under Mount Umbulwana, which some inventive person appropriately christened "Funkumdorf," but there some plucky women and children refused to go, preferring to cast in their lot with the valiant defenders of the little town. At this time people and horses were still in good condition and spirits; the military inhabitants amused themselves with polo and cricket, as though there was no chance of being bowled out by "Long Tom," while the ladies gave little concerts for the amusement of the select circle. So great was the pluck of this little community, that they even edited a paper called the *Ladysmith Lyre*, a species of Transvaal edition of *Truth*, which, if not *vero*, was certainly *ben trovato*.

A new instance of the Boers' treachery soon took place. They sent in under a flag of truce a number of refugees from the Transvaal. They were met outside the pickets by a flag of truce from Ladysmith, but no sooner had the parties separated, and before the British could reach the pickets, than the Boers fired upon them. These continued breaches of the laws of civilised warfare continued to exasperate the troops, who, whenever they got a chance, naturally tried to wipe off old scores.

On the 9th November, the King's Royal Rifles and the Rifle Brigade in the north, and the Manchester Regiment in the south, succeeded in repelling two simultaneous attacks, inflicting on the Boers a loss roughly estimated at about 700 to 1000. A deep trench which had been made by the enemy on their temporary retirement, to bring forward horses, was promptly captured by the Rifle Brigade. From thence, when the Boers returned, they were

The Investment of Ladysmith

briskly fired on, with the result that they retreated in hot haste across open ground. Taking advantage of this opportunity, the artillery commenced an effective fire, inflicting on the Dutch considerable loss. The Manchester Regiment, which occupied a position at Cæsar's Camp, for the purpose of protecting the south-western side of the town, caught several hundred Boers hiding from shells in a ditch. They poured on them several volleys, and the enemy suffered severely. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Lethbridge (Rifle Brigade) was mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Fisher, of the Manchesters, received a slight wound in the shoulder. About noon, after seven hours' continuous fighting, the combined attack upon the town failed and the Boers retired. Then, in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, the big guns in the Naval redoubts commenced a salute of twenty-one guns, each shot in stately procession following the other and bursting over the Boer positions. Outside the battery, on King Kop, stood Sir George White surrounded by his Staff. The General led the way by raising three cheers for the Prince, and then Captain Lambton and the gunners on the top of the breastwork took up the roar and passed it on to the Rifle Brigade, lying in their sangars along the top of the ridge, till the whole atmosphere was vibrant with loud and prolonged cheering. In the evening the troops drank to the health of his Royal Highness, and succeeded in sending home telegraphic congratulations. On that day the townspeople, for greater safety, went into laager on the racecourse, and the military lines were removed some three miles out, so as to avoid the persistent shelling of the enemy. Major Gale, R.E., was wounded while sending a message.

Efforts were made to establish heliographic communication between Estcourt and Ladysmith, but the atmospheric conditions were entirely against the success of the operation. Bombardment continued, and life was pursued to the continuous thunder of the Naval guns firing lyddite and the "Long Toms" of the Boers, now within a three-mile range, replying with persistent and deadly reverberation. But the community in Ladysmith were not so depressed by their incarceration as to lose the spirit of fun altogether. In default of other entertainment, they beguiled the time by indulging in various practical jokes at the expense of the Boers. The greatest achievement was the preparation of a smart dummy, on which the irate Dutchmen wasted a considerable amount of ammunition. The effigy was manufactured of straw and attired in the uniform of the Lancers, by whom it was modelled. Its imposing form, placed near the Boer position, had an air of lifelike reality, and naturally the enemy jumped at a chance of riddling so venturesome a foe. Away whistled Mauser bullets round the head

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of the supposed courageous Lancer, who budged never a bit. Shot failing—the big gun was turned on. Bang, bang! Boom, boom! Still was the warrior unperturbed. After considerable expenditure of both shot and shell, the truth, much to the disgust of the assailants, dawned upon them!

So pleasing was the success of this manœuvre, that the Liverpools, for further recreation, got up a miniature Tussaud's. They arrayed a row of martial effigies, and waited with the glee of school-boys while the artillery from the neighbouring hills pounded away



COMPLETE MACHINE GUN DETACHMENT OF MOUNTED INFANTRY.
PHOTO BY ELDRIDGE, COLCHESTER

at what they imagined to be some dauntless Britons who dared to defy them.

Efforts to signal to Ladysmith by heliograph still continued to fail, at least to reach those for whom the display was intended, though the Boer heliograph graciously acknowledged the communication. It answered jocosely, "Will be with you to-morrow." The British reply was monosyllabic! The pigeon-post medium was resorted to, and by this means those outsiders struggling for its relief were informed that with Ladysmith all was well.

The process of pigeon postal communication was exceedingly interesting. Mr. Arthur Hirst, who at the onset of the war had started a loft of the best Yorkshire racing pigeons at Durban, settled himself at the Intelligence Department Headquarters, Ladysmith, and from thence sent out his intelligent birds. Of these he had



GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C., G.C.B.,
THE DEFENDER OF LADYSMITH.

Photo by Window & Grove, London.

Estcourt

some 200, all of which were trained by himself and his assistants. His early experiments were most successful. He despatched thirteen pigeons to Durban, a distance of 200 miles, yet they arrived safely with messages within five hours. The birds were returned from thence for more work. After that time Mr. Hirst continued training a hundred young birds to travel from the seat of war to Ladysmith, and great interest was taken by all who began to understand that news of the outer world would shortly be very limited indeed.

On the 14th the Free State troops took up a position on a small kopje whence a British battery strove to rout them. There was some smart cannonading, till the British were forced to fall back on the town. Their day assault over, the Boers tried a new experiment, that of a midnight attack. All the Afrikaner cannon simultaneously opened fire on the town, turning the sleeping scene into a lurid inferno. Several buildings caught fire, and the whistling and shrieking shells at intervals made terrifying music in the weird silence of the night.

ESTCOURT

Opinions regarding Estcourt differ. Some consider it a picturesque and verdant little village, placed in the bosom of the hills and very similar to a Sussex hamlet on the Downs. Others have described it as well deserving the name of being the hottest and most unpleasant region in the high veldt of Natal. It is in the thorn country, and is surrounded with rough irregular kopjes. The railway bridge over the Bushman's River is an imposing structure, and the line leads from Durban to Maritzburg, Colenso, and Ladysmith, and thence to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. A little lower down the river is a substantial bridge that runs across from Estcourt to Fort Napier, a quaint-looking structure, neither ornamental nor useful, for hills behind and round it command the situation. Thus commanded, it is utterly indefensible, and would need an army corps to hold it. The garrison, under Brigadier-General Wolfe-Murray, at this time consisted of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Border Regiment, one squadron of Imperial Light Horse, Natal Field Artillery, and some scouts. This small force would have been absolutely inadequate to the defence of the place had it been seriously attacked. The Boers in hordes were supported at Colenso by heavy guns, while the British troops that had to evacuate that village had but one obsolete nine-pounder manned by volunteers. The absence of good guns was everywhere deplored. At Ladysmith the position was merely saved by the hasty arrival at the very last moment of the Naval Brigade with their formidable weapons, and at Colenso the regrettable evacuation was obligatory solely on account of the

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lack of guns. The depressing effect of retreat on the unhappy colonists who had their homes in the neighbourhood may be imagined.

From Estcourt on a clear day, with a northerly wind blowing, the exciting sound of hostilities in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith was distinctly to be heard, the deep bass of "Long Tom" booming upon the air, while the heavy baritone of the 4.7 Naval guns kept up the diabolical duet. Intense curiosity as to the doings of the besieged prevailed, but it was impossible to do more than mount up some of the highest hills and look down into the cup of shadow where Ladysmith was known to be. In that direction the hollow presented the air of an active volcano, volumes of smoke floating upwards, and spreading their message of bombardment and resistance far and wide. But nothing active could be done. The tiny garrison, it was true, was receiving reinforcements, but these came in by dribbles. General Wolfe-Murray engaged himself in planning defences which should at all events make Estcourt into a hard nut to crack, and caused redoubts and intrenchments to be constructed so that the place might be safe against such attack as the Boers would make. The troops were kept in excellent training, to ensure their fitness to take the field at a moment's notice.

On the 9th of November there was general satisfaction owing to the safe arrival, under a flag of truce, of ninety-eight wounded from Dundee. The officers among them were Colonel Beckett of the Natal Field Force; Major Hammersley, Lancashire Fusiliers; Captain Adam, A.D.C.; Captain McLachlan, Major Boulton, King's Royal Rifles; Lieutenant C. N. Perreau, Captain Dibly, Dublin Fusiliers; and Lieutenant B. de W. Weldon of the Leicesters. There was also some grim rejoicing in hearing reports that were brought in that the Boers in their attack on Ladysmith had suffered severely, and that Bester's Farm, to meet the strain, had been turned by them into a hospital. The first detachment of the long-looked-for division was now expected, and every one in camp began already to think the siege of Ladysmith might be considered a thing of the past.

Nothing warlike took place for some days. On the 14th, however, at noon, the sound of three guns gave evidence that parties of the enemy had somewhere made their appearance. The garrison—now counting the West Yorks—numbering some 3000 men, stood to arms. Colonel Martyn, in command of the mounted troops, at once started off in the direction whence a crackling of musketry proceeded. The Boers, in some force, were located on the summit of a hill firing at our scouts, who quickly retired. Two guns of the Natal Field Artillery were at once sent for, but their arrival was a signal for the enemy to beat a hasty retreat.

Armoured Train Disaster at Chieveley

Their retirement was merely momentary, however, for they went along a chain of hills, and appeared again on another eminence in full force. A squadron of the Natal Carabineers attempted to turn their flank for the purpose of ascertaining their strength, and in so doing estimated their numbers at about 500; any effort to dislodge so large a party would therefore have been useless, and Colonel Martyn with his small force was just about to retire to the hills above Estcourt, when the Boers were observed to be on the move. They were evidently preparing to clear off, which they rapidly did, particularly when assisted by a volley from the Natal Carabineers, whose nimble horses clambered up to the crest with marvellous celerity. After this, in default of sufficient cavalry, there was no choice but to retire. Men and horses were absolutely "dead beat." The expedition, with the mounting of the almost impregnable hill, had occupied six hours. This, however, was only an example of the many, almost daily, encounters that were necessary to arrest the enemy in his advance to the south.

ARMOURED TRAIN DISASTER AT CHIEVELEY

So little is known by civilians of the nature and appearance of armoured trains, which played so prominent a part in the war, that a rough sketch of the "altogether" of one of these ungainly and diabolical machines may here be given. Armoured trains are hastily-constructed affairs, consisting of a locomotive and a few waggons, the engine generally being located about the middle of the train. The waggons and locomotive are covered by boiler-plating three-quarters of an inch thick, as firmly riveted as time will allow. One of these trains was constructed at Mafeking, where there are several railway shops, the town being on the new main line from the Cape to Buluwayo. The locomotive is the only part of the train that does not carry guns, the steel casing being solely to protect the mechanism of the engine from the shot of the enemy. The remainder of the armour is thickly perforated with portholes, through which guns of varying calibre peep, the Maxim, Nordenfelt, and Gatling being the most serviceable weapons for this kind of work. The smaller holes are for the rifles of the marksmen, and usually the deadliest shots in a regiment are, when possible, selected for the position. It takes an expert marksman to shoot with satisfactory results from a quickly-moving train. Usually an armoured train is also supplied with a powerful searchlight, in view of a possible night attack. Of course, the boiler tubing can offer no resistance to artillery. In fact, rifle shots fired at short range will sometimes penetrate the plates, and to meet such a possibility sand-bags are often provided, as was the case in the Egyptian cam-

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paign, when the Sirdar found the armoured train of great service. The man in command of an armoured train thinks first, when an emergency arises, of his engine. So long as that remains in workable condition the odds are on his side; but once the vital parts of the locomotive are damaged, the outlook becomes serious, for an armoured train can only carry a small body of men, who would be quickly surrounded by the enemy, who might number hundreds or thousands. The chances are that an armoured train could not be damaged to such an extent unless artillery, dynamite, or some equally destructive force were used.

A machine of this kind, but of third-rate pretensions, was now continually used by the troops at Frere for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of the enemy, and on the 15th of November an exciting and disastrous voyage was made in the "death-trap," as it was called. The troops had orders to proceed from Estcourt to Frere, and beyond if possible, to ascertain how far the line was practicable for the passage of an army.

The crew of this train consisted of Captain Haldane (Gordon Highlanders), in command of some seventy non-commissioned officers and men of the Dublin Fusiliers, Lieutenant Frankland, Captain Wylie, and Lieutenant Alexander, with forty-five non-commissioned officers and men of the Durham Light Infantry, and five Bluejackets under a petty officer. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who was acting as war correspondent to the *Morning Post*, also accompanied the party, and in addition to him were certain railway employees to repair damages. No sooner had the train got to Frere and telegraphed "all well" than trouble began. It started to go still farther forward, in spite of the fact that natives were seen gesticulating warnings. On reaching Chieveley Station, it was found that there were Boers, who had hitherto been lying in ambush, eagerly looking out for them. These were posted in large numbers on either side of the line. Of course, the train began at once to steam back, but even as it did so a volley was poured on it from the enemy. With hideous clatter the bullets thudded on the iron, and several cannon began at once to play on the unlucky machine. Then, to add to its misfortunes, without pause or warning of any kind, the trucks suddenly, with a jerk and a crash, leapt into the air. They, at least, appeared to do so, overturning in the act, and shooting their contents helter-skelter, "like potatoes out of a sack." The words are quoted from the description of a sufferer who himself experienced the unpleasant sensation. Several of the men were mortally injured. A platelayer was killed on the spot. The cause of the disaster was simple and easily to be explained. The Boers had laid a trap for the train, and placed an impediment on the rails behind it, so that on its retreating journey it should

Armoured Train Disaster at Chieveley

become a complete wreck, and thus place the troops entirely at their mercy. And their ingenious machinations succeeded.

The enemy, triumphant, then opened fire with a Maxim and two 9-pounders from a kopje covered with brushwood, while Boer sharpshooters hidden in dongas and behind boulders also assisted. The Dublins and Volunteers fought gallantly; thrice they drove the enemy back, but the brave fellows, already suffering from the shock of having been shot with great force on the line, were from the first at a disadvantage, and unable at once to gather themselves together to meet the instantaneous fire of the Dutchmen. All they could do was to scramble to their feet—some were too securely jammed under the trucks to be freed—take up a position as firm as barked knees and bruised spines would allow, and defend themselves against the sudden attack. Mr. Churchill and Lieutenant Frankland immediately called for volunteers to help in clearing the line. Many hearty voices responded. Wildly they worked amid a hailstorm of bullets to free the engine and remove the wreckage, Mr. Churchill, between the screams of the injured and the rattling of the rifles, rallying the men and helping them, though every moment volley after volley picked off some of their numbers and sensibly thinned them. Some of these men were not only men but marvels; they worked with the zeal of giants and the pluck of heroes. Vigorously the Dublins and Durhams continued to fire at the unseen enemy, while the rest of the party by sheer main force got the engine into working order, smashing everything in its way, and packing it, as tenderly as possible, with the helpless creatures whose groans and cries were in themselves enough to make the blood of the stoutest hearts run cold. Every man seemed bent on eclipsing the courage of his comrade and following the example set by the gallant war correspondent. Sergeant Bassett of the Dublins roared his orders with firm and steady voice, giving his men the range with an air of cool unconcern that was truly reassuring, while Wright of the Durham Light Infantry was also conspicuous. During the turmoil he fired from the knee in the regular position, and was as calm and collected as if he had been at a rifle-range. With each shot he cracked a joke and kept his comrades from getting excited. All this time the poor fellow was wounded, half his right ear having been shot away. Private Kavanagh, the wag of the Dublins, chaffed his comrades, telling them the Boer shells were harmless, they could hit nothing “at all, at all!” and Corporal Dickie, though wounded and lying on his back, continued to bellow to his mates, “Give ’em beans, boys! give ’em beans!” And meanwhile Mr. Churchill, though rained on with lead and almost stunned by the noise, was coolly giving directions for the lifting of the wounded and for the moving of the engine. Finally, he had the satisfaction of

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getting the engine and tender safely charged with their mutilated human freight and started on the melancholy return journey. Swiftly the train steamed off, protected by the fire of Dublins and Durhams, and as it did so, Mr. Churchill, who went with it a little way, but who had stoutly refused all requests to continue farther, returned to the help of such of the wounded as had been left behind. His noble self-sacrifice, however, was of no avail. Directly afterwards he was set on by the enemy and made a prisoner, in company with two brave officers, Captain Haldane and Lieutenant Frankland, and fifty-eight of the wounded. The unfortunate party was then marched in the pouring rain to Colenso. On the following morning they were taken to the Boer camp before Ladysmith, and thence *via* Modder Spruit to Pretoria. In the course of the journey a great concourse of persons crowded to see the captured, and in justice to the Boers it must be said that there was only one exception to prove the rule that courtesy on all sides was observed.

An officer writing of the armoured train affair at Chieveley so well described the glorious deeds that were performed that his version was quoted even by war correspondents. It is therefore reproduced here.

"The train," he writes, "had gone on past Frere towards Chieveley, when a party of about 200 Boers were seen evidently watering their horses. After watching them for some time the train reversed, and went back at a fair speed. On rounding a curve, a truck containing men of the Durham Light Infantry toppled over, almost burying the inmates. Fortunately the men had room to scramble out, although three or four had almost to be dug out before they got free. In the meantime the Boers were pouring a rifle-fire into the train, and were working their big guns and Maxim as fast as it was possible for them to load and fire. The Dubs (Dublin Fusiliers) in the truck in what was now the rear of the train were firing as hard as they could, and the Naval men on an open waggon at the rear opened fire with their 7-pounder, but after about three shots it was put out of action. Gradually all the men got out of the overturned truck, and, seeking cover behind waggons, returned the Boer fire, but the enemy was so well protected that hardly a man could be seen. It soon became apparent that the foe being in overwhelming force and provided with heavy artillery, the best thing was to endeavour to get the road clear.

"Twenty volunteers were called for, and it was at this point that Lieutenant Winston Churchill so distinguished himself. With the greatest coolness he superintended the operation of getting the trucks free of the line. He encouraged the men at work by walking about in the open with bullets flying round him, and telling the working party not to mind the Boer fire, as the aim was bad.

Armoured Train Disaster at Chieveley

"The engine was backed and then pushed against the trucks on the line, and it was when this operation was going on that another truck, behind which the men were firing to cover the working party, fell over and injured one or two D.L.I. seriously. They had been ordered to stand back while the engine butted against the derailed trucks, but they evidently did not hear the order.

"After nearly an hour's hard work and harder fighting, the line was clear enough for the engine to go forward, but the waggons behind had to be uncoupled and left. The Dubs who were in them and the Naval men, however, had got out, and had gone away in extended order, and the engine had moved on just when the line was clear.

"Captain Wyllie was shot in the thigh and dropped. Sergeant Tod, who had also been injured in the hand, went to the Captain's assistance and built up a cover of stones as a protection against rifle-fire. Just as he was lying down a shell burst right in front, scattering the stones in all directions, and some of the pieces struck Tod in the hip, inflicting an ugly but not a serious wound.

"The engine in the meantime had gone forward, and was brought by Lieutenant Churchill to pick up as many wounded as could be found. Captain Wyllie and Tod were taken up on the tender, and the engine went on some distance farther, when Captain Haldane of the Gordons and Lieutenant Churchill jumped off and joined the men fighting their way back; but the Boers were now closing all round, and the engine barely got through."

The *Echo*, in a leading article, spoke warmly of Mr. Churchill's exploit. It said: "In this affair Mr. Churchill, though a non-combatant, displayed the courage of his stock, and cheered the men in the work of rescuing the wounded and the bodies of the dead, crying, 'Come on, men!' with all the courage that his father showed in political warfare or his great ancestor on the fields of Blenheim or Malplaquet. When the engine steamed off, Mr. Churchill remained behind to help. Every one will hope that he is not killed."

It is somewhat interesting here to note Mr. Churchill's soliloquy on his journey in an armoured train, published in the *Morning Post* at the very time the noble fellow was suffering for his bravery on an identical trip. "This armoured train," he said, "is a very puny specimen, having neither gun nor Maxims, with no roof to its trucks and no shutters to its loopholes, and being in every way inferior to the powerful machines I saw working along the southern frontier. Nevertheless it is a useful means of reconnaissance, nor is a journey in it devoid of interest. An armoured train! The very name sounds strange; a locomotive disguised as a knight-errant—the agent of civilisation in the habiliments of chivalry. Mr. Morley attired as Sir Lancelot would seem scarcely more incongruous. The

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possibilities of attack added to the keenness of the experience. We started at one o'clock. A company of the Dublin Fusiliers formed the garrison. Half were in the car in front of the engine, half in that behind. Three empty trucks, with a plate-laying gang and spare rails to mend the line, followed. The country between Estcourt and Colenso is open, undulating, and grassy. The stations, which occur every four or five miles, are hamlets consisting of half-a-dozen corrugated iron houses, and perhaps a score of blue gum trees. These little specks of habitation are almost the only marked feature of the landscape, which on all sides spreads in pleasant but monotonous slopes of green. The train maintained a good speed; and, though it stopped repeatedly to question Kaffirs or country folk, and to communicate with the cyclists and other patrols who were scouring the country on the flanks, reached Chieveley, five miles from Colenso, by about three o'clock; and from here the Ladysmith balloon, a brown speck floating above and beyond the distant hills, was plainly visible.

"Beyond Chieveley it was necessary to observe more caution. The speed was reduced—the engine walked warily. The railway officials scanned the track, and often before a culvert or bridge was traversed we disembarked and examined it from the ground. At other times long halts were made while the officers swept the horizon and the distant hills with field-glasses and telescopes. But the country was clear and the line undamaged, and we continued our slow advance."

Little did he know when these thoughts passed through his busy brain that in a few days he would find himself in the State School of Pretoria, a prisoner, far from kith and kin, and uncertain whether or not he, like others, might be tried by Judge Gregorowski, who would take a grim pleasure, as he did in the case of the Uitlanders, in sentencing him to death. On this score great anxiety was felt, and it is no exaggeration to say that his countrymen, whether friends or strangers, were all equally regretful at his loss, and deeply anxious as to the fate that might befall so gallant a descendant of a great line.

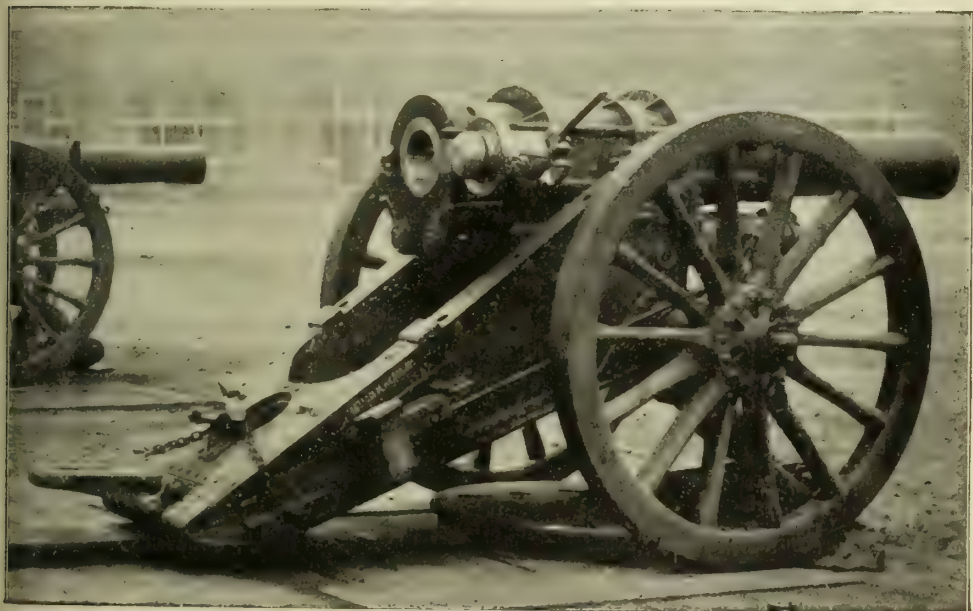
ESTCOURT

Things were now going from bad to worse. The Ermelo commando, some 2000 strong, with six 7-pounders and two French guns, took up a threatening position near Ennersdale, with a view to attacking Estcourt at an early date, and there was every chance that the place would be surrounded.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Ladysmith reported themselves in good health, some of them having taken refuge during the day-

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time in the caves by the river-bank, returning to their homes only to sleep. The war-balloon continued to attract a great deal of the enemy's attention, and they expended a vast quantity of ammunition in taking pot-shots at its tranquil form as it floated on the skyline of the hill behind the hollow from which it was sent up. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, of the headquarters staff, while aloft making a reconnaissance had a narrow escape. A shrapnel shell pierced the balloon, came out on the other side, and burst some distance beyond. Had it exploded while traversing the gas-bag, the balloon and its occupant would have been done



TYPES OF ARMS—THE 5-INCH HOWITZER OR SIEGE GUN. PHOTO BY CRIBB, SOUTHSEA

for; as it was, the balloon made a gentle and dignified descent, and the sole casualty reported was "one balloon wounded."

Various commandoes were now seen advancing towards the railway bridge, which is half a mile north-west of Estcourt, and also from a northerly direction. Upon this General Hildyard's force stood to arms. The outpost fired on the enemy, and one shell at 8000 yards' range was launched from the Naval guns. The effect was good, for the enemy with all celerity retired. At the same time around Ladysmith the Boers were continuing their bombardment from four strong positions: the first at Wonona, the second on Intintanyone Hill, the third on Umbulwana Hill, and the fourth at Grobler's Kloof. Sorties from time to time took place, thus frustrating the intention of the enemy to make the investment

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closer. Sir George White's lyddite shells were discovered to be more effective than those of the Boers, many of which were charged with sand, and jocosely said to be "made in Germany." As a matter of fact, the shells were charged with cordite which had probably grown stale and ineffective from over-keeping. It may be remembered that they were stored for use against the British after the Jameson Raid.

On the 19th November General Hildyard found that it was necessary either to reinforce the mounted troops that were posted at Willow Grange, thus dividing the forces at his disposal, or to evacuate the place. He decided on the latter alternative, and thereupon the Boers, with delighted expedition, commenced to make preparation for a triumphant progress to Maritzburg.

The weather now grew intensely hot, and at night the fall in the thermometer became almost dangerously pronounced. In fact, the troops had all the discomforts of India without the conveniences commonly at hand in that country for the amelioration of its conditions. The railway between Maritzburg and Estcourt was cut, and further aggressive action seemed to be brewing. All news from Ladysmith came out either by pigeon-post or by Kaffir runners, who, in a manner peculiar to themselves, managed to get through the enemy's lines. Food in the beleaguered town was still moderate in price, meat being tenpence a pound and bread threepence. A good deal of concern prevailed because the country between Ladysmith and the south was fast being taken possession of by the enemy, and the peaceful farmers and loyalists in the vicinity were shaking in their shoes, spending days and nights in an agony of suspense as to their future and the safety of their belongings.

The people in the neighbourhood of Willow Grange at this time had some exciting and alarming experiences. The Boers bound for Maritzburg, of course, made their way into such farms as suited them. They had encamped themselves on the surrounding kopjes, and these soon became living hives, moving hills, of horses, cattle, and human beings, dotted with some fourteen or fifteen ambulances carrying red-cross flags. They endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to such of the inhabitants as remained, assuring them that they did not intend to hurt those who sat quietly on their farms, though they meant to loot and raid everything from deserted homesteads. Here is a description given at the time by an owner of a farm who entertained Field-Cornet Joubert to breakfast—a plucky lady who determined to show that the Boers had no terrors for her.

"We hurried breakfast, and had hardly finished when the yard was full of men, galloping all through the trees. I went out, and

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was fiercely greeted with, 'Where are the other two men? We have taken three prisoners (Thorneycroft's scouts) out of five, and two are here.'

"They rode into the stable, looked through my outside bedroom door, dairy, and every conceivable place. Luckily, the men got clear.

"Shortly afterwards the Boers began to pass, cutting fences and riding in all directions, anywhere through the homestead; no discipline whatever, just like a pack of hounds when the fox is lost. They lined our kopjes overlooking Willow Grange, Weston, and Estcourt. They could hear the cannon at Ladysmith, and were not more than a mile from the house. But as scouts our boys are not in it. No stranger would have believed that stony hills were full of men and horses. I don't think that there were more than 400 or 500, evidently the advance-guard. We were kept lively the whole time, as almost every man and horse came into the yard for water, which is in a spring fifty yards from the front door, and had to be got out in buckets. They asked for anything and everything except meat. We gave as long as we could, thinking discretion the better part of valour. They invariably offered to pay, but our answer was, 'We are under martial law.'

"On Monday three men came to commandeer our carriage horses, one riding-horse, and my youngest boy's pony. We argued; but no! They must take them, as they were big and fat. My husband had almost given it up, being tired out. When they entered the stable, I stood by my favourite and slated them. The men were not Boers, but some of the scum who have joined.

"One, as ugly as sin, replied, 'Well, we will allow the lady to keep her trap-horses, but we will take the two riding-horses. We want this flat-backed, nice-looking pony for a stout man.'

"Then followed a scene. My son, aged eleven, rushed and threw his arms round his pony's neck, sobbing, and shouting out, 'I'll shoot the first Dutchman that touches him' (the boy is a cadet).

"'What a — of a row, mates; let's clear.'

"It was too much even for that scoundrel.

"Within an hour they brought down the troop branded N.G., put them in the kraal, caught unbroken mares with foals—anything the wretches could lay hands on.

"I stood by, and said, 'Are you Boers (farmers) like ourselves or vagabonds? I'll put a fire in the grass for you.'

"A genuine Boer remonstrated with them, but it was of no use; so, for a loaf of bread, he agreed to take a note to Commandant-General David Joubert.

"I wrote explaining matters, and received a courteous reply, saying they had no authority from him. He called later on, and

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told us to resist them ; that if he required anything he would write, and send one of his own officers ; and Mr. Kirby must go into the camp and pick out all the horses—an honour he declined, saying we were under martial law, and he wished to have nothing to do with them.

“ On my going out to meet General Joubert, he sat on his horse, pipe in mouth, slouch hat well pulled over his ears.

“ His aide-de-camp said, ‘ Our Commandant-General.’

“ I shook hands, and said, ‘ Commandant who ?’

“ He replied, ‘ David Joubert ;’ he’s only a second-cousin of the other.

“ Later on we had a visit from Commandant Trichardt. He also expressed regret, saying he had men of all nations, and could not keep order.

“ But it’s funny to watch them. They never salute an officer or stand at attention ; they talk and crack jokes round them, and when ready, say, ‘ Let’s be going.’ This, mind, to men in command.

“ They shot our sheep.

“ I sent my youngest son into camp. The Boers asked after several people, whom the child did not know. They crowded round him a dozen deep. The young native with him began to cry, but the boy enjoyed it. He picked out a number of horses, which they eventually caught again and cleared with. He spotted the ugly fellow who wanted to steal his pony, and called out, ‘ You wanted to take my horse, and to-day you’ve got Scrick, the fright.’

“ The others laughed and jeered the fellow.

“ They told us some funny tales. One was that the balloons are the English people’s gods, but Slim Piet sent £5 worth of shot at one and brought it down, as he wanted to see it.

“ Another was, ‘ We don’t mind Rhodes, but show us old Franchise ; that’s the man we want.’

“ Some say they are tired of this life, as they have it ‘ bitter sware,’ but will fight for their country for five years, as they believe this is the war the Bible speaks of. After this we shall have a thousand years’ peace.

“ On Sunday a skirmish took place. David Joubert’s son was wounded. They fired on to the Hoek farmhouse.

“ On Wednesday heavy firing was heard in the direction of Willow Grange, and on Friday every man was on the alert. We, knowing nothing of the outside world, expected a night attack, and put food and wraps ready for the night, as we were afraid of the British shells coming on to the house.

“ They advised us to hoist the white flag, but we steadily refused, nor will we carry a flag of truce, as they advised, if we left the house for a hundred yards. . . .

Estcourt

"One man came for dry firewood, and tried to be agreeable; gave a very vivid description of our balloons, and finished off by saying, 'You would have laughed last night (Friday night). The Dutch and Fusiliers got mixed up. When they found it out, one ran one way and one the other. The Fusiliers shot one of our scouts only; but they are good fellows, these Fusiliers; they are nearly as tough as we are.'

"One had a big lump out of his leg, his hand blown off, and a hole in his cheek. He stood up and said, 'Well, I've had enough.' He further said, 'The Fusiliers can fight; we fought them seven and a half hours before we took 1200 prisoners. They fought hard, and would not give in.' He evidently admired them.

"The Dutch troopers carry all they have with them on horseback (no transport); they have one blanket, one mackintosh, and live principally on meat (grilled); each cooks for himself. They sleep out in the open veldt—no tents, except for their heads; and one Boer said he had never had his clothes off for a month. They water their horses, and then swill their faces in the dregs.

"Our neighbour had deserted his home. They turned his house into a hospital, hoisted the red-cross flag on his chimney, and have broken and destroyed everything about his place, killed off his sheep, &c., eaten bottles of fruit, and broken the bottles.

"The description they themselves gave of wrecked homes was heart-rending. Some of them sported all sorts of loot, and were dressed in clothes that were never bought by them.

"I offered (through a trooper) to exchange Field-Cornet Joubert hats. I would give him a new grey felt helmet for the one he wore—a battered, brown, hard felt hat, bound with Transvaal colours, two bullet-holes right through the crown, just above the band. No doubt he had placed it on a stone as a target. I was told he had been in hospital with a wound in his leg, got at the same time his hat was hit, but he was so strong and tough he soon came out again. I don't know if he would have exchanged, as I only made the offer the morning they retreated. I thought of sending it to our museum."

On the 20th of November some 700 Boers from Weenen took up a strong position at Highlands, which is situated some thirteen miles from Estcourt. They occupied two farms north-east of the Mooi River. On the following day communication with Estcourt was interrupted and the telegraph wires south of the place were cut, and later on the lines were torn up. That done, the Boers began to shell the Mooi River village. They were posted in two strong positions, but their fire, though accurate, did little damage. Cattle-looting was briskly continued, the enemy varying the monotony by firing at intervals. In this district alone the direct loss to the loyal

The Transvaal War

colonists amounted to over £25,000. From the north a hot artillery fire was poured into the Mooi River camp, while from the west further Free State commandoes were marching in. Great caution was observed in the camp, as it was known that the enemy had entirely captured the railway line, and there was no knowing what their next tactics, or rather dodges, might chance to be.

THE FIGHT ON BEACON HILL

Some definite action was now bound to be attempted, for after the evacuation of Willow Grange the investment of Estcourt was practically complete. The enemy, some 7000, with eight big guns and led by the Commandant-General, had taken up a strong position about six miles south of Willow Grange. There was nothing now between him and Maritzburg but the force at Mooi River, and, in fact, there was no knowing how soon he might overrun the whole colony of Natal.

The curious entanglement of military operations at this time formed a puzzle that, had the British not been too gravely interested, would have afforded them entertainment. The rules of no known military war game could be applied to the situation, and its uniqueness was a matter as incomprehensible to the tactician as to the ignoramus. For instance, from Maritzburg to Ladysmith one side alternated with the other at intervals along the line. There were British troops at Maritzburg, Boers at Balgowan; British at Mooi River, Boers at Willow Grange; British at Estcourt, Boers at Ennersdale; British within Ladysmith, and Boers without. To the Commander this complicated sandwich of friend and foe must have been most confounding, and the upshot of the war, even by experts, could no longer be hopefully foretold.

Sir George White was surrounded at Ladysmith, General Hildyard at Estcourt, and General Barton at Mooi River, and the Boers seemed able, after detaching troops sufficient to form three forces, consisting in all of about 17,000 men, still to be going onward with 7000 odd towards the sea.

During the afternoon of the 22nd of November a column moved out of camp in the direction of Beacon Hill to check the Boer advance. No sooner had they started than a tremendous down-pour of rain accompanied by heavy thunder began to transform the whole earth into one huge morass. Naturally the already heavy task of marching was made doubly severe; but the splendid "Tommies" nevertheless plodded steadily over five miles of undulating ground, always steep in parts, and now terribly slippery from slush. Torrents continued to fall, accompanied by large hail-

The Fight on Beacon Hill

stones, but still the troops moved on, arriving eventually at the foot of Beacon Hill where the Boer camp was situated, and beginning with steady and dogged steps to climb. Rivulets swollen by rain were successfully crossed, swamps negotiated, and massive boulders stumbled over. The force, which consisted of the 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, half 2nd Battalion of Queen's, seven companies 2nd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, and the Durham Light Infantry, on reaching its destination, bivouacked for the night. A Naval 12-pounder gun was placed on the summit of the hill, and the 7th Battery Royal Field Artillery was also in position. These forces were under the command of Colonel Kitchener, who was directed to make a midnight attack and seize the enemy's guns and laager. The Border Regiment from Estcourt was to arrive in the morning and assist in the operations.

Unfortunately the troops, while taking up their position at the base of Beacon Hill, were discovered by the enemy, who at once blazed out with their artillery. Thereupon the Naval gun from its post on the hill snorted defiance, and from this time the Boers remained on the alert. Nevertheless in the grey gloom of the early dawn the ascent was begun, the West Yorks, supported by the Queens and East Surreys, struggling to the summit over steep and rocky ground. From the base of the hill on the left flank of the enemy's position a wall led straight to the crown, and this wall and the absence of beaten tracks helped to make the already hard task additionally arduous. However, by patience and perseverance the crest of the hill was at last gained, and the troops, with a lusty cheer, cleared out some 150 Boers at the point of the bayonet. These with remarkable agility fled to a second position, on which the bulk of their force was situated. So precipitate was the flight that thirty horses were left behind and captured, together with saddlery and camp equipment. The West Yorks then took up a position on the hill behind a barricade of stones.

Meanwhile hard work during the afternoon and night of the 22nd and 23rd had been taking place in other directions. The Naval gun, supported by the Durham Light Infantry, with the greatest difficulty had been transported over the veldt, and lugged by sheer force of muscle up the almost inaccessible mountain. The route of the strugglers lay either across sponge or rock, and the choice was not exhilarating. The 7th Battery of Field Artillery also toiled manfully in bringing guns up the steep incline.

When the day broke, the enemy opened fire from the surrounding kopjes, and the Yorks finding the Boers had to an inch the range of their position, were then forced to retire. A heavy Boer gun had been posted on a hill to west of Willow Grange Station, and this murderous weapon blazed away at the infantry

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with unabated zeal, though our guns warmly returned the fire. The Boer shells did practically no damage, while our shots from the Naval gun failed to reach the hostile quarters, its range being shorter than that of the Boer weapons. However, the object of the reconnaissance was attained, namely, to prevent the enemy from taking up certain positions overlooking Estcourt and from spreading farther to the south. The mounted troops, under Lieut.-Colonel Martyr, were directed to co-operate at daylight by a movement towards Willow Grange Station, and subsequently to patrol towards Highlands. Bethune's Mounted Infantry Regiment was directed to operate on Colonel Kitchener's right flank. The troops under Lieut.-Colonel Martyr, after holding a party of some 300 Boers south of Willow Grange, moved to the support of Colonel Kitchener's left flank, where they did valuable service in helping him back and assisting to get the wounded of the 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment down the hill. The troops, after being under arms from 2 P.M. on Wednesday 22nd to 5.30 P.M. of Thursday 23rd of November, gradually returned into camp. The 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment was the last to retire. During the movement the Border Regiment, Durham Light Infantry, and Natal Royal Rifles held Beacon Hill, supported by the 7th Battery of Artillery. The Imperial Light Horse, Carabineers, Natal Police, and King's Mounted Infantry took conspicuous parts in the engagement. The Volunteers, by their well-directed volleys, compelled the enemy to remain at a respectful distance. General Hildyard commanded, and Colonel Kitchener, Lieut.-Colonel Martyr, and Major Mackenzie of the Carabineers did yeoman service. A curious feature of the fight was the fact that Boer women must have been engaged on the hill, as some of their side-saddles were captured among the guns, ammunition, blankets, &c., seized by the West Yorks when the Boers were routed from the hill-top.

Many acts of gallantry and devotion were performed, especially by Lieutenant Nicholson, Corporal Wylde, and Private Montgomery. Private Montgomery, though shot through the thigh, went on firing, and when shot through the other thigh, refused to be taken to the rear for fear of exposing the stretcher-bearers. Major Hobbs was made prisoner while attending to a wounded man. General Hildyard especially commented on the valorous behaviour of Lieutenant Davies, Mounted Infantry Company, King's Royal Rifles. This young officer, under a heavy fire, dismounted, disentangled the reins of a horse he was driving in front of him, and assisted one of his men, who had lost his horse, to mount and escape. Lieutenant James, Royal Navy, who commanded the Naval gun, greatly distinguished himself in his efforts to reach the enemy's position, in spite of the persistent attentions of a Creusot gun which had the range of him.

Ladysmith

Captain Bottomley, Imperial Light Horse, rescued several of the wounded under a heavy fire, and Lieutenant Palmer, R.A.M.C., while attending the sufferers, was taken prisoner. He was subsequently released. An amusing story was told of a trooper who was found to have shot a very smart Boer, dressed in the regulation coat and polished leather boots. "He was," explained Tommy, "such a swell of a toff, that one couldn't help potting him." One of the West Yorks also viewed life with much pluck and some jocosity. Though hopelessly shot through the neck, with the bullet emerging in his left eye, he still demanded tobacco, saying, "Ah wor varry near killed befoor wi' fallin' off a house, but ah'm noan dead yet, and ah'm noan bown to dee." Let us hope the plucky fellow lived to give his doctors the lie. The glorious behaviour of all men of the West Yorks was especially eulogised. They conducted themselves heroically; and those of the 2nd Battalion East Surrey behaved with great gallantry under most trying circumstances.

During the fight Lieutenant Bridge, R.A., attached to the Imperial Light Horse, under a heavy fire of both shot and shell rushed to a wounded man of the West Yorks, picked him up, slung him over his shoulder, and brought him to a place of safety. Trooper Fitzpatrick, I.L.H., brother of the author of "The Transvaal from Within," and a prominent member of the Reform movement—specially referred to in General Hildyard's despatch—was killed while gallantly helping to save a wounded man. The West Yorks' ambulance had just been reached when the poor fellow was caught by a bullet in the back of the neck. He was buried in the afternoon with military honours, his body being carried to the grave by his comrades. Our loss was estimated at eleven killed and sixty wounded.

This highly successful night attack was, strategically speaking, of prodigious value. The hostile hordes that were advancing to the south with the intention of overrunning the Colony of Natal were summarily disposed of, their treatment at the hands of Colonel Kitchener and his small force being such that they preferred not to try conclusions with him again for some time to come. They at once took themselves off to Colenso, and in a very short space of time the telegraph lines and rails between Weston, Estcourt, and Frere were restored. The arrival of the first trains in camp was greeted with uproarious cheers.

LADYSMITH

The inhabitants of Ladysmith had almost begun to accustom themselves to the promiscuous arrival of shells at odd hours throughout the day, when General Joubert hit on the happy idea of varying

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the monotony of the daily routine by making the night into a "lurid inferno"—the term is borrowed from the Boers. Now no sooner were the besieged wrapped in slumber than boom! bang! a shower of 94-pound shells was launched into their midst. In an instant all was confusion. Strange forms, some weird, some grotesque, all terrified, fled from their beds and hung hovering in gardens and verandahs, uncertain whether to believe their eyes and ears. The nights were mostly dark, and from the black ridges occupied by the enemy came with a swish and a roar red tongues of flame and the spitting, splitting fury of bursting steel, which produced in the mind of those who had recently been folded in the arms of Morpheus a sensation as of fevered nightmare or threatened madness. But the sturdy soon attuned themselves to the terrific reality, though for some days, while the midnight cannonading continued, many of the more nervous were well-nigh distraught. The bombardment was accounted for in different ways. Some said it was to celebrate a victory over the advance-guard of Hildyard's brigade, others declared that the firing had been attracted by some companies of the Liverpool Regiment who had gone to cut firewood, and were visible in the gleams of the moonlight. This midnight uproar continued for several days with more or less vigour, and then it languished, possibly from economy, possibly because the Boers themselves desired to sleep. On the 18th Dr. Stark, a naturalist who had come to Natal to study birds, was killed as he was standing near the door of the Royal Hotel, a shell having descended through the roof and come out by the door.

It grew ever more and more difficult to communicate with the relieving forces, as the Kaffir runners stood in fear of their lives, many having been killed during their hazardous journeys. Shells from "Long Tom" and the new gun on Bulwana continued to cause horror in the daytime and to pursue uninterruptedly their mission of mutilation. The porch of the English Church was destroyed, several rooms of houses wrecked, and splinters and flying fragments of brick and rock kept all who moved abroad in a state of suspense and mental anxiety. No! not *all*. There was one imperturbable Scot who occupied a house between the Naval guns and the Boer position, who watched the havoc played by the shells in his house or garden, and occasionally applauded with the remark, "Aye, aye! Lord, man, that wuz a hummin'-bird damned weel hatched!"

On the 21st an inhuman action defaced the ordinary programme of warfare. As before said, the Town Hall had been turned into a hospital for sick, and this, by reason of its conspicuous clock-tower with the red flag flying above it, made a convenient mark for the shots of the enemy. In spite of all remonstrances, the Boer commandant proceeded to batter the place with shell after

Ladysmith

THE LADYSMITH LYRE.

"Let him Lie."—Old Song.

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PROSPECTUS:

The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long felt want. What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false.

In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense. It is enough for us that *Ladysmith* wants stories; it shall have them.

It is possible, however, even in the best regulated newspaper that some truths may unavoidably creep in. To save our readers the trouble of picking them out, these will be published in a special column by themselves. This division of news, into true and false, is an entirely new departure in the history of the public press. Whatever you read in the space devoted to truth, you may believe. The rest of the *Ladysmith Lyre* you may believe, or not, as you like.

LATEST LYRES.

FROM OUR OWN DESPONDENTS.

(BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY).

London, November 5.

A shell from Long Tom burst in the War Office this afternoon. General Brackenbury, Director General of Ordnance, accepted its arrival with resignation. Several reputations were seriously damaged. Unfortunately the Ordnance Committee was not sitting. A splinter broke into the Foreign Office, and disturbed the siesta of the Prime Minister.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has prepared a third edition of "Philosophic Doubt." The work contains a new chapter on the doubts entertained by the Cabinet as to the probabilities of war with the Transvaal. The First Lord of the Treasury has dedicated the edition to his uncle, Lord Salisbury.

The artillery intended for the campaign in South Africa will be despatched as soon as the necessary ammunition has been received from the German factories.

The Lord Mayor has appointed a Mansion House Committee for the relief of *Ladysmith*.

Mr. Michael Davitt, Dr. Tanner, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Swift McNeill have announced their intention of joining the Irish Brigade. The House of Commons, without demur, voted a grant in aid.

The Second Army Corps has been discovered in the pigeon holes of the War Office.

Omdurman, November 13.

The Khalifa has returned to his palace on the Nile. Lord Kitchener is at Fachoda. He is marching south to raise the siege of *Ladysmith*.

Paris, November 10.

Major Marchand has organised an expedition to the sources of the Klip River. It is rumoured that his object is to prevent the junction of the British forces north and south of the Tugela. The Government of the Republic has been warned that this will be regarded as "an unfriendly act."

The exhibition has been put off until the end of the 20th century in order that France may devote her energies to the subjugation of Great Britain.

Adis Adaba, November 2.

Menelik has declared war against France. He has appealed to Great Britain for assistance.

Later.

I am informed on the highest authority that Menelik has declared war against Great Britain, and has appealed to France for assistance.

Johannesburg, November 19.

Having learned through the medium of *The Standard and Diggers' News* that the Johannesburg commando are settled in *Ladysmith* with their wives and families, several hundred women left hurriedly for Natal this morning. New and interesting developments are anticipated.

St. Petersburg, November 20.

The Czar has issued invitations to another Peace Conference. Pretoria is mentioned as the probable meeting place. President Kruger has intimated that the South African Republic will not be represented.

Vienna, April 1.

News has reached here from a reliable source that Lord Salisbury has agreed to the terms of peace proposed by President Kruger—the surrender of that part of Natal now occupied by the Boers.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Clery has withdrawn his relieving column to the Mooi River. Maritzburg is almost deserted. Joubert has gone south with the greater part of his force.

General Buller is at Cape Town. General French is not at Dundee. Through cable rates from *Ladysmith* to London have been reduced to 3d. per word.

The Town Guard are undermining Umbulwani. They propose to blow up the enemy's guns with cyanide of potassium.

The resident magistrate at Intombi Camp has sent for his horses. He is deeply touched by the reception given to his sackful of letters and despatches.

Mr. Schalk Burger has sent a protest against the Red Cross flag on the hospital at the Town Hall. He has since emphasised the protest by shelling the flag.

General Joubert has been invited to dismantle the forts on Popworth and Umbulwani, and to send in as prisoners the gunners who hoisted the white flag over Long Tom and his brother Puffing Billy, in order that they may load and lay the guns in safety.

Mrs. Kruger, whose health is excellent, complains that the President is becoming too English. He no longer goes to bed in hat and boots.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS!

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS!!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION

Do you want a Christmas pudding? You will! This is how you can get it.

This prize will be given for

THE MOST MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

from the shell fire of the enemy between the dates of November 2 and December 20. The competition will close on December 21st at 12 noon.

So if you want a Christmas pudding delay no longer. Go out and have a miraculous escape and send a description of it to

The Editor of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,
c/o the Manager of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,

c/o Mrs. Haydon,

Main Street,

Near 21st Street, F.B.,
Ladysmith.

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shell, with the result that on one occasion the wing of the hall was destroyed, fortunately without loss of life, and on another, a shell breaking through the roof, some nine poor patients were wounded and one killed. The General had chosen this way of expressing his annoyance that his proposed arrangements were not complied with. He had insisted that the wounded should be taken to the neutral camp at Intombi, where they would have been virtually prisoners. This could not be allowed, and therefore he was evidently determined, out of spite, to make the life of the unhappy sick in the hospital a long-drawn agony. They were helpless, stricken in body and nerve, and the perpetual crashing of bursting steel, the rending of buildings in their vicinity, was almost worse than the pang of actual death. Still, in spite of everything, the garrison bore up wonderfully and tried to put a good face on matters. A message sent out on the 25th of November, even showed signs of spurious jocosity. The writer said, "Shells and flies very numerous, but the latter more annoying." There was a pathetic ring in the little pleasantry. In reality, valiant Ladysmith was beginning to droop with the suspense of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. The heat was getting terrific, and cases of fever were beginning to appear. The Boer firing was becoming more accurate, and their commandoes seemed to remain at their full strength, some 10,000. The besieged lost about seventy head of cattle—a terrible mishap at this crisis—and these could not, unfortunately, be recovered. A party went in pursuit of the valuables, but had to return worsted! The total casualties up to this date were eight killed and twenty-three wounded. Searchlight for night-signalling began to be in continual use, and Sir George White, being fully acquainted with the plan of campaign, was preparing himself to co-operate whenever the great hour and moment should arrive. The third big cannon, which had been christened "Franchise," now began to open fire on the tunnels in which the British were said to be concealed, and assisted actively in the already murderous chorus. On the 29th, much to the joy of the community, a message from the Prince of Wales was received, thanking officers and men for the birthday congratulations they had succeeded in forwarding to him. Hopes of speedy relief revived. It was known that General Clery had by this time some 23,000 men (including Natal Volunteers) coming to the rescue, and these, together with Sir George White's 9500 in Ladysmith, would, when the time for junction should arrive, make a not insignificant total with which to meet the Boers. But the troops were beginning to grow somewhat restless and impatient for the hour when they should be let loose to settle their little account with those outside. At this juncture Commandant Schalk-Burger grew "slimmer" than ever. In order still further to cramp



FIX BAYONETS!—REPELLING AN ATTACK FROM THE TRENCHES AROUND LADYSMITH.

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.

Estcourt and Frere

Sir George White, the Dutch general sent to him a crowd of some 400 coolies, on the score that they were British subjects whom he could not feed. As it was impossible to receive any addition to the numerous mouths already inside the place, Sir George suggested their being sent on to Estcourt; so the little ruse was defeated.

ESTCOURT AND FRERE

Tugela Drift was next attacked by the enemy. Some 300 Boers advancing from Helpmakaar were met by Umvoti Mounted Rifles under Major Leuchars and some Natal Police under Sub-Inspector Maxwell. Two good hours of fighting ensued, after which the Boers turned tail and made off. Here we must note that every one spoke highly of the Natal Mounted Police. The members of the force, mostly gentlemen, were fine horsemen and crack shots. Being Colonial bred, they were conversant with every inch of the country, having done splendid service in Zululand, Pondoland, and the outlying districts. Their experience was, therefore, invaluable.

At this time two important events took place, the Tugela River rose, and became impassable save for boats and punts, and the long-looked-for arrival of Sir Redvers Buller at Maritzburg was the signal for general rejoicing. He now began the direction of operations.

So many are the minor yet exciting incidents of war, that it is impossible to recount them; yet in these minor incidents many glorious lives have been heroically hazarded, and indeed sacrificed, with scarce any recognition from the country in whose service the daring deeds were done. Some idea of the adventures of scouting parties may be obtained from an account given by the correspondent of the *Natal Times* on the 25th of November.

"A patrol party of sixty members of the Rifle Association went out to-day under Captains Gough and D. E. Simmons to locate the enemy on the Berg side of the railway.

"They found the enemy encamped on Simmon's farm, and commissariat waggons on Blaker's farm, about twenty-two miles from here, and seven and a half west of Mooi River.

"On reaching the swollen river near Nourse Varty's farm, eight of the party swam across on horseback to scale the kopje.

"While doing so, the scouts, who had been sent along the river-bank, gave the alarm, and reported that the Boers were closing round the kopje to cut them off.

"They at once retreated, and crossed the river, but the horses could not climb the bank and returned riderless to the other side.

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"The riders swam in and brought them back, and succeeded in dragging the exhausted animals up, when they discovered that they had been the victims of a false alarm.

"After resting, the party again crossed the river, leaving their clothes behind.

"Without a vestige of clothing, they proceeded to a height a mile off, and saw the Boers breaking up camp, and moving towards Ulundi Road.

"The naked party remained watching for an hour and a half, when Simmons recrossed the river and came back to camp to report the news, leaving Gough to report the enemy's further movements."

Here it must be mentioned that General Hildyard spoke most highly of the members of the Rifle Association and of the admirable scouting done by them. He said also that great credit was due to Captains Symonds and Ross and their officers for the wonderful efficiency which they had displayed.

From the accounts received of the battle that took place outside of Estcourt while that village was shut off, it was believed that Boer women had come to help their lords to smash the "verdomde rooineks." Those who are well acquainted with the Boers suggest that their ladies were brought upon the scene to act in the place of white flags, for certainly in the storming of Beacon Hill one of our officers ceased to fire because he was confronted with a woman. Others declared that they formed a portion of a trek which had come to implore the Boer generals to cease the war. As we all know, the Boer women in ancient history—such ancient history as the trekkers have—egged their husbands and fathers on to warfare, loading their guns for them, and even firing themselves when needful; therefore the idea of their being desirous of peace was improbable. It is possible they would scorn to treat the petticoat in the light of a white flag, and prefer to stand side by side with their mates in their thinning ranks.

The Boers now entirely vacated their position along the Highland range of hills, owing, it was believed, to the River Mooi being in flood, and also in consequence of a smart engagement that had taken place with General Hildyard's troops. Ladysmith remained calm, and though there was some cannonading, it evoked no response. The Boers congratulated themselves that the days of Ladysmith were numbered, that another week would find them in possession of the place, and, though no great humourists, they indulged in mild witticisms, christening their big guns "Suzerainty" and "Franchise." The besieged meanwhile consoled themselves. Their position was stronger than ever, having been made so with redoubts and breastworks, and they awaited the coming of Sir Redvers Buller and his forces with cheerfulness and confidence.

Estcourt and Frere

On the 26th of November the British troops began to advance on Colenso, marching from Estcourt to Frere, where they found that the railway bridge had been destroyed. The lines, however, were rapidly repaired. By this time all had learnt to look cautiously out for the derailing of the trains, and Kaffirs with flags were posted at points in the line to signal if danger were ahead. Another contingent of the Naval Brigade from Her Majesty's ship *Terrible* started from Durban with guns and special mountings invented by Captain Percy Scott. The officers in command were Commander Limpus, Lieutenants Richards, Wilde, and England. Surgeon Lomas accompanied them.

The new gun-carriage designed by Captain Percy Scott at this time came in for a great share of attention. The feature of the invention is a spade which holds the gun in position, while the recoil is absorbed by the compression of oil and springs. Great strain is thus placed on the spade, and consequently its success depends largely on the character of the soil and the hold obtained.

On this subject a correspondent writing to the *Times* from Natal said:—

"You may be interested to hear a little about the Navy, who have come to the front as usual and met an emergency. From the first it would seem that what was wanted were long-range guns which could shell the enemy at a distance outside the range of their Mauser rifles, and the captain of the *Terrible*, therefore, proposed a field-mounting for the Naval long 12-pounder of 12 cwt., which has a much longer range than any artillery gun out here. A pair of waggon wheels were picked up, a balk of timber used as a trail, and in twenty-four hours a 12-pounder was ready for land service. Captain Scott then designed a mounting for a 4.7-inch Naval gun by simply bolting a ship's mounting down on to four pieces of pile. Experts declared that the 12-pounder would smash up the trail, and that the 4.7-inch would turn a somersault; the designer insisted, however, on a trial. When it took place, nothing of the kind happened, except that at extreme elevation the 12-pounder shell went 9000 yards and the 4.7-inch (lyddite) projectile 12,000 yards. Captain Scott was, therefore, encouraged to go ahead, and four 12-pounders were fitted and sent round to Durban in the *Powerful*, and also two 4.7-inch guns. People say here that these guns saved the situation at Ladysmith. A Naval friend writing to me from the camp says: 'The Boers complain that we are not "playing the game"; they only expected to fight rooineks, not sailors who use guns that range seven miles, and they want us to go back to our ships. One of our lyddite shells went over a hill into their camp, killed fourteen men and wounded thirty. Guns of this description are not, according to the Boer idea, at all proper, and

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they do not like our way of staggering humanity. Had these guns been landed earlier, how much might have been saved? It is a peculiar sight to see the 4.7-inch fired. Many thought it would turn over, but Captain Percy Scott appears to have well calculated the stresses; there is with a full charge of cordite a slight rise of the fore end, which practically relieves all the fastenings. Hastily put together, and crude as it looks, it really embraces all the points of a scientific mounting, and it wants a great expert to pronounce an opinion on it. The gun is mounted so high that to the uninitiated it looks as if it must turn over on firing, but it does not, and the higher angle of elevation the less strain there is on it. The arrival of our guns practically put the Royal Artillery guns out of use, for they can come into action 2000 yards behind those supplied to the soldiers and then make better practice. Their arrival has, every one admits, quite changed the situation.'

"Captain Scott has also rigged up a searchlight on a railway truck with a flasher attachment, the idea being to use it for communication with Kimberley and Ladysmith if these places are surrounded. It has been tested at a distance of forty miles, and proved a great success. I am told, too, that he is now engaged in designing a travelling carriage for a 6-inch gun, and has, indeed, converted the *Terrible* into a factory for curiosities in gun-mountings.

"Each mounting, by the way, has an inscription upon it, presumably concocted by the ship's painter. One, a parody upon the Scotch proverb, runs, 'Those who sup with me will require a devil of a long spoon'; another, 'For what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful—Oom Paul'; and a third, 'Lay me true and load me tight, the Boers will soon be out of sight.' I saw one of these guns fired with an elevation of 24 degrees and a range of 12,000 yards, and fully expected to see the whole thing capsize, but it hardly moved. After the firing of several rounds I carefully examined the mounting, and noticed that, crude as it might appear, a wonderful amount of practical knowledge was apparent in its construction; the strain was beautifully distributed, every bolt and each balk bearing its proportionate share. It is in every way creditable to the navy that when emergency arises such a thing could be devised and made by the ship's engineering staff in twenty-four hours."

While the brigade was pushing on to the front, General Joubert was falling back, with a view to disputing the passage of the Tugela River. He was believed to be concentrating three corps—one on Ladysmith, one on the Tugela, and one to east of Maritzburg.

As the scene of the armoured train disaster was only about two miles from Frere camp, several of the officers rode out to look at the wreckage of the machine. The trucks were still lying on

Escourt and Frere

the line, a most lamentable evidence of shock and collapse. One armoured truck was off the metals, two unarmoured trucks were also overturned, one containing the platelayers' tools standing on its head, wheels uppermost, in a state of melancholy abandonment. All the trucks were mute witnesses to the fierce fire to which the train and men had been subjected. Shell-holes were here, there, and everywhere, and the iron was ripped up and rent as though it had been matchwood. The spring of one of the waggons had been blown into space, and the Naval gun which was posted on one of the low-sided trucks must have gone with it, for no trace of its existence remained. The method of derailing the train had been simple. A railway metal had been arranged across the lines with stones at the end to weigh it down and keep it from being pushed clear. Besides this, fish-plates had been loosened, and stones put under the rails. Round the scene still lay helmets and remnants of clothing, many of these being blood-stained and ragged.

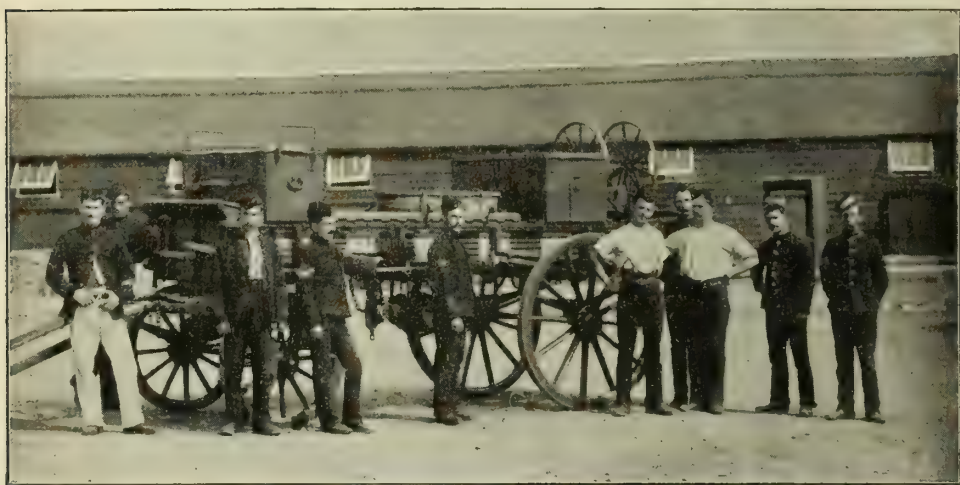
At Estcourt all was quiet. Farmers were returning to their homes and provisions streaming in. Much satisfaction was displayed at the arrival of some 500 cattle and sheep which the Boers had apparently looted and left behind them.

With Lord Methuen's advance in the west and General Buller's arrival in the east the campaign may be said to have begun in earnest. The Boer programme in a fashion seemed to have collapsed; the support of the Cape Dutch, on which it had relied, was not forthcoming. The idea of the Republics was to consolidate themselves and capture Natal, while minor forces were to blockade Mafeking, Vryburg, and Kimberley. This latter place was to be the rallying-point of the Cape Dutch. But fortunately the Cape Dutch did not see it. They did not rise to time and cut off all the railway systems, and Lord Methuen in his part of the world was too active in bringing up his advance to allow for the development of any nefarious schemes which might have been on the tapis. In face of this disappointment and this advance, the Boers had to gather themselves together. They had no reserves to send down to the assistance of their forces in the southern borders, and could only assist these by withdrawing men from commandoes already in the field. As a natural consequence, therefore, certain commandoes had to be withdrawn from Mafeking and Kimberley. In Natal all watched the forward march of the British with eager eyes. The Boers, hampered by a long train of waggons, captured cattle, and miscellaneous loot, had been headed off at the only point on the Tugela where a crossing, since the heavy rains, could be effected. It seemed, therefore, that Fortune had twisted her wheel, and that before long the prospects of South Africa would be brightened, and the remembrances of eighteen years would be entirely sponged

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out. Rumours were afloat, however, that the Boers were concentrating in their old positions near Colenso at the back of Grobler's Kloof, and everything pointed to the fact that a last determined effort would be made to prevent the British from crossing the Tugela.

In spite of the success of our flying column in driving the foe back across the river, there was cause for regret that the distance was too great to allow of our bringing up guns and reinforcements in time to save the bridge from destruction. But the distance from Frere to Colenso was considerable, and roads were so heavy that the dragging of guns from one place to the other would have meant a stiff day's work. There was apparently no option, the Frere bridge being broken, but to let the enemy destroy the Colenso



TELEGRAPH SECTION OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS. PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

bridge, invaluable as it was. It became very evident that the enemy meant to fight tooth and nail, and that the passage of the Tugela would be disputed inch by inch. However, none was dismayed: all believed that when the great tug-of-war should come, they would be equal, and more than equal, to the occasion. Indeed, now that the forward movement of the troops had commenced, the camp was animated by a wave of patriotic fervour. The men were literally on fire with enthusiasm. They longed to press on and come to some distinct turning-point in the history of the campaign.

A word must here be said of the splendid work done at this time by the irregular mounted troops, about 700 in number. Their value in all manner of ways was continually being demonstrated. This force was made up of a troop of Natal Mounted Police under Captain Fairlie, the Imperial Light Horse, Bethune's Horse, 60th

Surprises at Ladysmith

Rifles Company of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, Mackenzie's Carabineers, and the 7th Battery of field-guns.

The Boers were now energetically preparing a warm reception for General Buller. Small parties were found in the neighbourhood of Chieveley, and these were endeavouring to post their long-range guns in convenient positions for the defence of the river. They were not destined to have things entirely their own way, however, and were promptly engaged by the Imperial Light Horse and forced to retire. This they did to the tune of a tremendous explosion, which could be heard for miles off. It was caused by the blowing up of the Colenso bridge, for the purpose of impeding our possible advance. The iron bridge over the Tugela River had previously been rendered a hopeless wreck. The number of Boers round Colenso at this time was said to be about 15,000, with some 15 guns. At Frere camp our troops numbered about 3500, and at Estcourt there were about the same number, but reinforcements were expected.

SURPRISES AT LADYSMITH

At Ladysmith, St. Andrew's Day was duly kept by the Gordon Highlanders, and Scottish compliments, appropriately seasoned with whisky—now getting tragically scarce—were passed round. Sir George White dined with the gallant regiment. Now that the town was in heliographic communication with Sir Redvers Buller, and military intelligence was received regarding the movements of the relieving force, there was a general sense of security among those who had been incarcerated so long. The Ladysmith force under General White's command amounted to a total of some 12,500 troops, and these, could they once get free and join the force, numbering about 20,000, at Sir Redvers Buller's disposal, would have made a sensible difference on the fortunes of Natal. At this time provisions were fairly moderate in price, meat being one shilling a pound and bread fourpence a pound, but luxuries, liquors, &c., were growing scarce. For instance, a tin of milk—the last in Ladysmith—fetched three shillings, and eggs were purchasable for six shillings a dozen. The military authorities had commandeered all eatables, arranging that bread and meat should be sold at prices fixed for all. The health of the troops was kept up by athletic exercises, and the officers at times played polo. The bars at the hotels were closed, but mineral waters were obtainable. Horses began to look lean, though oats and mealies, bran and hay were forthcoming in sufficient quantity; but of pasturage there was little. The Boers made great efforts to shoot the cattle, thinking that though they might not storm the garrison they might starve it to surrender. Very few newspapers

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were smuggled into the town, and these were rapturously seized and devoured. Life was monotonous and a little sickness began to be apparent, many of the cases arising from using the muddy water of the river.

It was now discovered that the fashionable entertainment of the Dutch ladies was to take special weekly trains from Pretoria for the purpose of joining the Boers on the hills outside Ladysmith and inspecting the unhappy town. The forces surrounding the place were commanded by Schalk-Burger and Louis Botha, who doubtless, with Pretorian dames, were the heroes of the hour.

On Sundays Divine Service took place in the Church of England, the Congregational minister's house, and in the Convent, all these religious devotions partaking of a particularly solemn and earnest character. Every man stood, as it were, with his life in his hands before his God, and week after week it was impossible to say which of the devout flock might be missing, and have gone out into the invisible to solve the *grana peut-être*. There was a pathetic atmosphere surrounding these religious meetings that none who joined in them will ever forget.

On the 8th of December a very brilliant operation took place at Lombard's Kop. General Hunter, with a hundred picked men of the Imperial Light Horse under Colonel Edwards (5th Dragoon Guards), and five hundred Natal Carabineers under Colonel Royston, started from Ladysmith camp about nine o'clock on the previous night. Four abreast they marched from the outpost and faded in the gloom. The march lay across a stony, rugged plain, through the scrub of mimosa bush and among dongas deep and shallow. Close on the heels of Major Henderson and several of the Corps of Guides the troops pressed on. About ten o'clock they reached the base of the hill under Lombard's Kop, and there took up a position. While still pitch dark—two o'clock in the morning—they began to advance on their perilous enterprise, climbing up steep and slippery slopes, and stumbling over boulders, and tripping on loosened stones. The stars blinked, the sky seemed slumbering in one vast dream of blue. Stealthily they moved with the footfalls of tigers stalking their prey. Not a word was spoken. Scarcely a breath drawn.

Above, on the flat top of the hills, were the objects of British desire—the Boer guns. A 6-inch Creusot, throwing a 94-lb. shell, and a 4.7-inch howitzer, firing a 40-lb. shot. More anxious than sweetheart for the sight of his lady-love were these gallant fellows for the touch of these treasures. Up they went, each outracing the other, straining every nerve and muscle to gain the summit of the hill, to be first to handle the prize!

At last, when about half the distance had been cleared, they

Surprises at Ladysmith

were challenged by the picket. "Wie gaat daar?"—"Who goes there?" he sang out in alarm. It was a thrilling moment. To the challenge there could be but one reply. That reply they gave. Shots rang out in the darkness. There was now no more creeping. Tongues of flame darted from every side. The troops pushed forward in the grey mysterious gloom to the ping of bullets that whizzed in shoals swiftly past their ears. Major Henderson dropped. More bullets rained down. A Guide fell wounded by cycle bearing-balls shot from a rifle—so it was subsequently said. One gallant fellow after another threw up his arms dying or dead. But still the troops pressed on, Colonel Edwards in advance shouting them on to victory. "Fix bayonets," he called with a voice of thunder, knowing there were but four bayonets among the lot. "Give 'em cold steel," shouted some one else with delirious rapture, and the Carabineers and Light Horse, with scarce a bayonet to their name, cheered and charged! But the Boers delayed not to find out if there were steel or no steel. They fled in dismay, leaving behind them their cherished guns. So swift indeed was their flight, that hats, boots, letters, everything—were scattered to the winds.

Thereupon Captain Fowke and Lieutenant Turner, R.E., with great skill destroyed a 6-inch gun and a 4.7-inch howitzer with gun-cotton. They also captured a Maxim. This magnificent piece of work, counting from the moment the order to charge was given, was performed in three-quarters of an hour, with the loss to our troops of only seven men. The conduct of the Imperial Light Horse was superb, and Major Edwards was the first man in the embrasure. The following is an account of the destruction of the guns given by the war correspondent of the *Standard*:—

"In order to give the rest of the force time to complete its work, Major Edwards, who was the first man to set foot on the summit, led his men of the Imperial Light Horse to the far side of the hill, and poured volleys in the direction of the Boer retreat. Some of their vedettes could be seen hovering about, but they were evidently too demoralised to approach us closely.

"Meanwhile, the Volunteers and Sappers were making a hurried search for the big guns. For a moment the horrible thought seized us that there might be no guns at all—that the enemy, as has so often been the case of late, had somehow got wind of the projected attack, and had removed the cannon to a safe distance. But at last, to the delight of everybody, 'Long Tom' itself was discovered, snugly ensconced behind a parapet of sandbags no less than 31 feet thick. A 4.7-inch howitzer was found in an emplacement hardly less strong, with a Maxim gun between the two—posted there, apparently, for the purpose of repelling any such assault as the one we had actually delivered.

"Lieutenant Turner, with a party of two sappers and six artillerymen, at once took charge of 'Long Tom,' and, getting to work with crowbars and hammers, smashed the breach and elevating gear. Two charges of gun-cotton were then placed in the breech and muzzle and connected with fuses. While

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'Long Tom' was thus being provided for, similar attentions were bestowed on the howitzer by Captain Fowke and the other sappers and gunners.

"The preparations being complete, General Hunter ordered the men to make their way back down the hill, and the fuses were set light to with the burning ends of the officers' cigars. Everybody fell back, with the exception of Captain Fowke, who remained midway between the big guns, and, after a couple of minutes' suspense, a loud report showed that our object had been accomplished. Captain Fowke hastened to examine the *débris*, and found that the 6-inch gun had two gaping holes in its muzzle, which was badly bulged, and that the breech and rifling had been destroyed beyond all chance of repair. The howitzer was in an even worse plight, the explosion having wrecked the carriage as well as the gun."

The force under General Hunter was composed of a hundred men selected from three squadrons of the Imperial Light Horse: Squadron B, Captain Mullens; Squadron E, Captain Codrington; Squadron F, Captain Fowler; Commanding Officer, Colonel A. H. M. Edwards, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, with Major "Karri" Davis, and Captain Fitzgerald, Adjutant of the Regiment. The second hundred men were chosen from the Natal Volunteers, and were led by Major Addison. The flanking parties, under Colonel Royston, were composed of Natal Mounted Rifles, under Major Evans; Border Mounted Rifles, under Major Rethman; Carabineers, under Colonel Greene; and Natal Mounted Police, under Inspector Clarke; Colonel Royston in command. Major Henderson was in charge of the Guides. Our casualties were nine wounded, one mortally.

A little later in the day a smart skirmish commenced between Colonel Knox with one squadron of the 19th Hussars and the Boers on Pepworth Hill. The enemy thinking that all the troops had been engaged, to their discomfiture, near Lombard's Kop, arranged that they would seize the opportunity to approach the town. Again they were somewhat surprised to find Colonel Knox and his party in readiness for them. Some brisk fighting ensued, but all was over by six o'clock, and the net result of the morning's work was considered highly satisfactory. The voice of "Long Tom" was completely silenced, and Ladysmith had got a Maxim to the good. The Boer telegraph lines were cut and their kraals burnt. On the whole, the troops were well pleased with themselves, and returned to receive an enthusiastic reception from those within the town. The only regret was that Major Henderson, D.A.A.G., 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, should have been wounded in two places.

Probably this was the first time in the history of British arms that guns have been stormed by Mounted Infantry, and the complete success of the movement reflected the utmost credit, not only on the troops themselves, but on Major-General Hunter, who so magnificently led the assault. After the men returned to camp, General

Surprises at Ladysmith

White had the Volunteers, Light Horsemen, and other portions of the force paraded, and addressed them as follows :—

“Colonel Royston, officers and men of the Natal Mounted Volunteers, officers and men of the Imperial Light Horse, and officers and men of the Imperial Forces,—I have heard the details of last night’s work from Major-General Hunter, who so ably planned the undertaking and carried it out. He has asked me to express to you his appreciation—and deep appreciation—of the admirable manner in which you supported him in it throughout. It is a great pleasure to me that I am here, not only to acknowledge the fine work you did last night and your valuable services, but also as I was longing for an opportunity of acknowledging the value of your services since this campaign commenced. I am glad to think that the very important service rendered last night was got through with so few casualties. It will be a great pleasure to me to report to General Sir Redvers Buller, whom we all hope to see in a few days, the good behaviour and great help we have had from the Natal Volunteers, who, I may say without any inflated or exaggerated language, are a credit, not only to their own Colony, but to the Empire. We I daresay, have a lot of severe fighting before us, and it is a great gratification to me to know I have the help of such men as I see before me. I know you had a bad night last night and are needing rest, but I thought you would not, perhaps, mind my turning you out to tell you how all the officers of this force appreciate your behaviour, and I hope you will keep it up to the end. Colonel Royston, I won’t keep the parade any longer.”

Hearty cheers were given for General White, Major-General Hunter, and the Queen.

General White also addressed the Royal Engineers and Artillery, stating that all praise was due to the officer in charge for the able manner in which he had performed his duty, and to the men for the steadiness with which they had assisted individually.

General White visited the I.L.H. camp, inspecting the corps on parade, and expressed himself in similar terms to those used to the Volunteers.

Doubtless the success of the last midnight sortie roused a spirit of emulation in the breast of the gallant besieged, for another daring manœuvre was secretly planned. It was decided that an effort should now be made to destroy an inconveniently active 4.7-inch howitzer which was posted on a height appropriately termed Surprise Hill. When the shades of night began to fall, five companies of the Rifle Brigade, with an Engineer detachment in charge of Lieutenant Digby Jones, R.E., started off from King’s Post on their dangerous mission. The moon, however, shone clear and white, throwing undesirable magnesian light over their progress. It was a night for Hero and Leander, not for deeds dark and deadly. For this reason they halted at the base of Observation Hill until such time as it was possible to proceed in safety. Presently the moon sank behind clouds and they moved on. At half-past one they crossed

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the railway lines and commenced, stealthy as cats, to ascend the hill. One company and a half was left on the right, and one company and a half on the left flank. A half company was posted in a nullah near the railway. The remainder of the force, led by Colonel Metcalfe, deployed into line and ascended with steady, cautious step. The Boer picket was evidently dozing, as the party was never challenged till the British had almost reached the top of the hill. Then, with a sudden surprised "Who goes there?" and a leap to arms, the enemy fired several shots. Directly afterwards, the order to "Fix bayonets" was given. This was followed by the click of steel and the rush of our men wildly cheering—cheering till the midnight echoes rang with weird reverberations. The crest of the hill was carried! The Boers, after firing a few shots, had vanished into space.

After some moments of anxious search the gun—the object of the British operations—was found. It was promptly surrounded, and the breech-block and muzzle were destroyed with gun-cotton by Lieutenant Digby Jones, R.E. The fuse unluckily declined at first to ignite, causing the delay of some twenty minutes, during which interval the Boers, reinforced, had swept back round the kopje and sandwiched themselves between the attacking force as they retired downhill and the reserves. The confusion that ensued was lamentable, as the fighting line were forced to cut their way through with the bayonet, but this with extreme caution, as in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish between friend and foe. The Boers cunningly enhanced the difficulty of the position by passing themselves off as British, and repeating our cries and orders, and calling "Is that the Rifle Brigade?" &c. On receiving an answer they promptly fired, our reserve being unable to make return owing to a fear of injuring our own force. The Boers' losses were great. Our own were: Lieutenant Fergusson, 2nd Rifle Brigade, and ten rank and file killed; Captain Paley, Second Lieutenant Davenport, Second Lieutenant Bond, and forty rank and file wounded. Six men of the Rifle Brigade who remained in charge of the wounded were taken prisoners.

Sir George White now continually used his balloon for purposes of observation. He was also in communication with Frere Camp, where an electric searchlight was in operation, and with Umkolanda, near Weenen, where Captain Cayzer of the Dragoons worked the heliograph.

The garrison still remained cheerful although the Boer bombardment grew heavier. Threatening sounds of firing in the neighbourhood of Colenso caused them to sustain hope, though the pinch of siege life, suspense, sickness, and shell-fire were beginning to be felt. However, owing to the admirable forethought of Colonel Ward, Army Service Corps, the food supply was still equal to the drain upon it.



FROM FRERE TO CHIEVELEY—DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.

Drawing by R. Caton Woodville.

Frere Camp

FRERE CAMP

General Sir F. C. Clery arrived at Frere on the 2nd of December, and assumed command of the Second Division. He took up his quarters at the shattered house of the stationmaster. Preparations were set on foot to repair Frere bridge, which had been entirely wrecked, and a mounted force under Lord Dundonald was actively engaged in chasing large parties of Boers on their return to Colenso. Great interest was caused by the arrival in camp of another of the inventions of Captain Scott of the *Terrible*. It consisted of a search-light apparatus for signalling to Ladysmith, with engine and dynamo, entirely armoured. Communication with Ladysmith by heliograph was soon successfully established, much to the consternation of the Boers at Colenso, who tried their best to interfere with messages. The camp was daily increasing in size, and reinforcements, with their baggage, horses, waggons, and guns, began to pour in from Maritzburg, while the Durban Light Infantry and a battery of Natal Field Artillery were posted to protect Estcourt, Willow Grange, and Mooi River from raiders and attacks on lines and telegraph wires.

The arrival of Generals Buller and Clery and the increasing concentration of troops now began to presage an important and, it was hoped, decisive movement. Visual communication was being held nightly with General White, and a combined action seemed quite possible. It was recognised, however, that the Boer position at Colenso could not be taken by direct frontal attack, and that some arrangement to turn the left of the enemy must simultaneously accompany a demonstration in front. Mounted troops had now joined the British forces, and there was every hope that the Dutchmen, once routed, could be pursued and kept on the run. But so far the Boers were unconcerned; they seemed to be in fine fettle, and even indulged in humour at the expense of the British garrison. When the heliographers questioned the enemy, "Are you Boers?" they replied, "Yes." They were then asked, "Where are you going?" and bounced back, "To Maritzburg." "God help you," said we. "We think He will," they devoutly replied. They also indulged in compliments of a less righteous description, finishing up with the crude and scarcely eloquent expression, "Go to h—ll." But, as a mild diversion, Boer humour was accepted, for, in the routine of the soldier's existence, the smallest mercies in the form of distraction were thankfully received. Life just then, even for the officers, was not roseate—the messes had a ubiquitous menu of bully beef and bread, and the mess-tents were made of the tarpaulins of the big mule-waggons. Repose was a beautiful name. The torture of sleeping on a valise on the ground for weeks at a

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stretch was—so an officer declared—much the same as that produced by some beds in Irish inns—after lying down for some hours, you have to get up and take a rest!

Meanwhile, Provost-Marshall Major Chichester, at Frere Camp, distinguished himself. On the 7th of December he started off with thirty men of the Natal Carabineers and a few Mounted Police for the purpose of arresting three colonists suspected of aiding the enemy. They left camp for the Gourton district at about 5 A.M., and marched through the country beneath the snow-capped Drakensberg Mountains some fifty miles. There the landscape is picturesque and beautiful as any in Natal; but their object was not to admire scenery, but to pursue traitors. At a small farm they came upon the objects of their search. The miscreants were promptly seized, together with their loot, some 150 head of cattle. With these the party started to return, but were fired on by six Boers from a neighbouring donga or ditch. Major Chichester then ordered forward part of his troop with the prisoners in charge, while he and the rest of his men held the enemy at bay. A brisk fusillade ensued, in which five of the enemy's ponies were killed, and several of the Boers were shot. The party returned to camp safely, after having accomplished the object of their expedition in the space of twenty-three hours.

The trestle bridge at Frere was now completed, and trains began to run over it. Frere Bridge, on the Natal Government Railway, some twenty miles from Ladysmith, was, it may be remembered, the first to be blown up by the Boers on their retreat from Estcourt to Colenso.

The following is a rough list of the force, under General Sir Redvers Buller, Major-General Sir C. F. Clery, Major-General Hildyard, and Major-General Barton, which was now advancing towards Ladysmith from Durban by way of Pietermaritzburg, Mooi River, Estcourt, and Colenso :—

1st Border Regiment, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 2nd West Yorkshire, 2nd East Surrey, 2nd West Surrey, 2nd Devonshire, 1st Welsh Fusiliers, 2nd Scottish Rifles, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1st Royal Dragoons, 1st Durham Light Infantry, 13th Hussars, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Gordon Highlanders, 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, 3rd King's Royal Rifles, B Squadron 6th Dragoon Guards, one Squadron Imperial Light Horse, Durban Light Infantry, various Local Rifle Associations, Naval Detachments, Volunteer Cavalry and Infantry, Uitlander Corps under Major Thorneycroft, 7th, 14th, 64th, 66th, 73rd Field Batteries, several Companies Royal Engineers, several Companies R.A.M.C., Field Hospitals.

Besides the arrival of incoming regiments, camp life at Frere was enlivened by many minor episodes. Provost-Marshall Major Chichester paid more surprise visits to Dutch farms whose owners were

Frere Camp

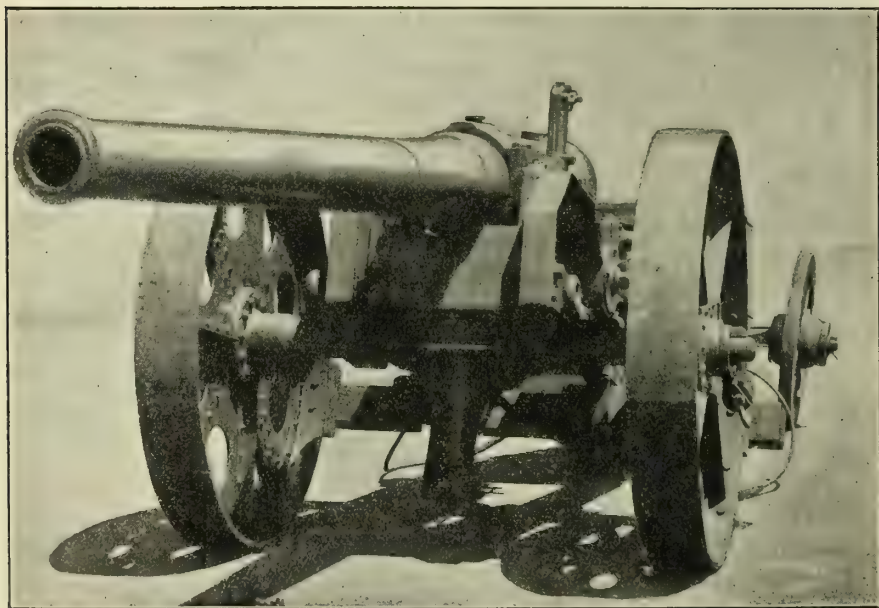
suspected of aiding the enemy. Though looting was strictly forbidden, some of the raiding parties returned with interesting souvenirs of their expeditions—sometimes in the form of corpulent turkey, squeaking sucking-pig, or other dainty with which to vary the monotony of camp fare. Good-nature prevailed among the troops, and the health of the men testified to the excellence of their feeding. Fair beef, occasional mutton, and beer were available, and with these at hand and the enemy in front, and shortly to be interviewed by heavy guns plus the bayonet, "Tommy" was well content. Meanwhile, reinforcements continued to come up from Maritzburg in all haste. The march from thence to Balgowan made the first twenty-five miles. On to Nottingham Road made another ten. After a halt they took another twelve miles stretch to Mooi River. To Estcourt was twenty-four miles over fresh and verdurous country, and to Frere Camp was another fifteen. The troops, as a rule, were on the move about three in the morning, for it was now the Cape summer, and as much toil as possible was accomplished before the sun was up. Striking tents, loading waggons, feeding and watering horses, swallowing breakfast, took place in twilight, and then they proceeded to saddle up and march. Arrived at their destination, the troops off-saddled, attended to the horses, pitched tents, and performed other camp duties. Rations consisted of bread, tea, coffee, sometimes meat and potatoes. Water was a luxury, and so little was wasted for external application that several troopers offered to play the part of Othello without any make up. The war kit of the men was somewhat of the Christmas-tree order. On them were haversacks containing food, horse-brush, currycomb, and towel, water-bottle, bandolier with fifty cartridges, waistbelt and gun weighing ten pounds. Often as not they turned in to rest, if not exactly thus equipped, at least booted and spurred, ready to be up and doing at a moment's notice!

On the morning of the 14th of December the troops advanced from Frere to Chieveley. Reveille was sounded at 3 A.M., and soon the camp was one buzz of active life. In the warm glow of camp-fires tents were struck, kits packed, horses fed and watered, and the men breakfasted. Four regiments of infantry "fell in" and moved out from the camp, followed at intervals by other arms. The procession measured some eight miles long, and was composed of variegated objects, such as ambulance waggons dragged by innumerable oxen, mule and donkey carts, the teams and guns of six field-batteries, cavalry and infantry, and hale and hearty Jack Tars, looking very ship-shape, square and determined, and joking as though they were off to a ball. All were equally jovial, all confident that the big move was begun, and a big and glorious ending was in store.

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The entire force encamped three miles from the Tugela River to north-west of Chieveley Station; the Infantry Brigades being on the extreme front, while the Cavalry, Mounted Infantry, and Artillery were nearer to Chieveley. Soon after this the Naval guns set to work to search the intrenchments and positions of the enemy north of Colenso. These guns, consisting of two 4.7-inch and four 12-pounders, were posted some 3000 yards south of the Tugela, about three miles from Colenso village, and facing what was afterwards discovered to be the Boers' position. Their bark resounded over the kopjes for miles, throwing up gigantic volcanic eruptions, which resembled mammoth mushrooms suddenly springing to life. But beyond filling the hearts of hearers with awe, they produced no result. The Boers were silent, so silent indeed that some imagined that they had vacated their positions and that the passage of the Tugela would after all be quite a frolicsome picnic, with perchance a few crackers thrown in. All were deceived—even those well acquainted with Boer tricks and duplicity—and all imagined that the enemy had fallen back, possibly for the closer protection of Ladysmith.

But before going further, it is necessary to keep in touch with other brave defenders of the Empire.



TYPES OF ARMS—4.7 NAVAL GUN ON CARRIAGE IMPROVISED BY CAPT. PERCY SCOTT OF H.M.S. *Terrible*. PHOTO BY E. KENNARD, MARKET HARBOUROUGH

CHAPTER V

ACTIVITY AT THE CAPE

BOER annexations continued with insolent persistency, and the High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, telegraphed thus to Mr. Chamberlain :—

“*16th November*—Having been informed that Orange Free State have issued Proclamations annexing Griqualand West and portions of the Aliwal North, Albert, and Colesberg districts, I issued counter-Proclamation on 10th November and 15th November of a similar kind to that in my telegram of 28th October, and have declared latter districts to be under martial law.”

At this time the British reinforcements arriving in Cape Colony were :—

3rd Battalion Staffordshire, 1st Highland Light Infantry and Mounted Infantry, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, 2nd Northampton Regiment, 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders, part of 2nd East Surrey, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 2nd Battalion Devonshires, 12th Lancers, Engineers, R.A.M.C., Field Hospitals, Post-Office Corps, Seamen and Marines, and 2nd Royal Irish Rifles—about 10,900.

It must here be noted that among the many prominent persons who had placed themselves at the disposal of their country and were leaving for the front were Sir W. MacCormac and Mr. Makins, whose surgical skill was offered to relieve the suffering. Mr. Treves, the eminent surgeon, had also volunteered his services. The following regiments arrived at Cape Town on the 20th of November, and went on to reinforce the advance columns or to preserve the lines of communication under the command of Lieut.-General Sir W. E. F. Forestier-Walker :—

12th Lancers, one squadron 14th Hussars, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, four companies 2nd Berkshire, 2nd Royal Highlanders, 1st Highland Light Infantry, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 1st Welsh Regiment, several Corps of Engineers, including Balloon Sections, Batteries, Field Hospitals, Seamen and Marines, Post-Office Corps, Railway Engineers, Corps of Light Horse (in course of formation), New Zealand contingent :—a total of about 8000 men.

The South African Light Horse, a corps formed of the Uitlanders, was being rapidly organised, and great enthusiasm prevailed among the Colonists. All were anxious to be first in the field and to display their loyalty to the Sovereign. Indeed, there was not a little

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jealousy lest other Colonists might debar those at the Cape from proving their devotion to the full. The new regiment started on the 30th of November for the north amid enthusiastic cheers.

Quantities of reports having been circulated and a great deal of misapprehension caused as to the policy and intention of the Government, Sir Alfred Milner issued a proclamation addressed to the people of Cape Colony. In it he said :—

“ Misleading manifestoes from beyond the borders represent the Imperial Government as desiring to oppress the Dutch, and the idea has been spread abroad that the Dutch are to be deprived of constitutional rights.

“ There is absolutely no truth in such allegations. The Imperial Government desires the greatest freedom of self-government for Dutch and British alike, and the extension, not the curtailment, of the above. The Constitution can solely be endangered by rebellion.

“ The Imperial Government adheres firmly to the principles of equal freedom for all loyal Colonists.

“ Her Majesty the Queen during her long reign has given innumerable proofs that she does not favour one race at the expense of another. All allegations to the contrary are made either in ignorance or with the deliberate intention of shaking the loyalty of a section of the community, including many connected by close ties of kinship with a people with which we are now at war.

“ An attempt is being made to inflame their minds, and to convert feelings of sympathy with kinsmen into a spirit of rebellion, by representing the Imperial Government as hostile to the Dutch, and by otherwise distorting its acts and objects.

“ I gladly recognise that the majority, nevertheless, maintain a law-abiding attitude, and I am proud of their worthiness of the confidence reposed in them. But the statements which continue to be spread abroad are producing a deplorable effect in some quarters, and I therefore most earnestly warn all against being misled into defection from their allegiance, and thereby exposing themselves to grave consequences.

“ I call upon all the Queen's subjects, of whatever race, to stand together in support of the Crown and its authority.”

But, for the treachery of some of Her Majesty's subjects, the devotion and fealty of others made glorious atonement. There are loyal people in the Cape, who, if they live to be as old as Methuselah, will never forget the opening of December. The streets of Cape Town were literally panting with enthusiasm, every hole and corner being alive with animated crowds to welcome the New Zealanders, Australians, and Canadians, gallant fellows, who, from sheer pride in being associated with the defence of the mother country, came trooping to do battle in her cause. Each successive arrival of the Colonists was the cue for fresh demonstrations and for the display of flags and banners bearing mottoes, “ For Queen and Empire,” “ Welcome, Brother Colonists,” and the like ; and by the time the Canadians had landed patriotic feeling had reached its climax. Then public enthusiasm literally

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seemed to burst all bounds. The streets, windows, verandahs, roofs, were packed with an excited, surging, shouting, cheering throng, and the air was thick with hats, and flags, and handkerchiefs, waving a hearty welcome to our British brethren from across the seas. The Canadians, about 1000 strong, were "a sicht for sair e'en," as the Scots would say, a hale, well-grown, muscular set of men, who evidently appreciated the magnificent reception that was accorded them, and who as evidently meant to earn laurels in the service of the great Queen Mother. Indeed, all the Colonial troops were remarkable for their excellent appearance, and the sight of them arriving from every corner of the earth to support the honour and prestige of the Empire was vastly inspiring. One may safely assert that such an exhibition of patriotic solidarity and power was without precedent in the world's history.

There never was such a show of fine men, said all who saw them; but—. There was a great But. We were deficient still in other ways. We had the men, but in the matter of guns we were still lamentably weak; we could not compete with our enemies. Those in power seemed to have been ignorant of, or apathetic to, the fact that the expenditure of the Transvaal Government for artillery during the previous four years had been enormous. The marvel was that our Intelligence Department should have taken no cognisance of these gigantic preparations, or that if it had, the Cabinet had not acted on its information. In 1894 £100,000 was handed over to Krupp of Germany, and the same amount to an Austrian firm. Two of the finest guns in the world were imported in 1895. These were 48 feet long, 120 tons in weight, throwing a shell weighing 2300 lbs., and requiring 904 lbs. of powder for each discharge. Both were amply provided with ammunition, which, in addition to the great steel and iron shells, consisted of shrapnel holding 3000 balls, weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces each. One of these treasures was pointed at Ladysmith, and the other was used to defend the fortifications of Pretoria.

This was not all. In 1895 Krupp received another £100,000, and field-guns of long range, which we now know too well, were forwarded, and also certain mountain and bush guns suited to high ground and hot climate. In 1896 further developments took place. Six Creusot guns were introduced, to be followed later on by eighteen more. In 1897, '98, and '99 further additions to the Boer artillery were made, and the frontier kopjes fortified, and distances marked and measured. Then were bought forty-eight rapid-fire Schneider-Canet $14\frac{1}{2}$ pounders, that throw a shrapnel containing 234 bullets, to be fired 200 times per minute, with a range of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Maxims in plenty were invested in, as those in Mafeking and Ladysmith knew to their cost, and the Boers also secured four batteries of 12-lb.

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quick-firing Vickers Maxim guns, with a range extending up to 5000 yards. Four guns with a range of 1200 yards were distributed between hills guarding the Drakensberg passes, Ladysmith, and Pretoria.

With this array of guns only our Naval guns could compete. As regards horses, we were also deficient. The sea-voyage played terrible havoc with the poor beasts. Ill-luck seemed to pursue us, for on the 4th of December grievous news arrived that the *Esmore* with the 10th Hussars and a battalion of infantry on board had gone ashore at St. Helena, some 180 miles from Cape Town. Fortunately the men were rescued from the transport, but their chargers were all lost. This was a terrible blow, for at the time cavalry was almost a nullity, and operations were somewhat suspended, if not entirely crippled, owing to the lack of that arm. Indeed, Lord Methuen's brilliant operations on the Orange River had all been heavily handicapped owing to the impossibility of pushing his victories home, and at this time the one cry of the commandants in chorus was, "Oh for a Cavalry Brigade!" There was General French, a born cavalry commander, minus mounted troops; General Gatacre with his division distributed in fragments everywhere; Lord Methuen hampered as before described, all because the nation had allowed itself to slumber and drift, and put its hand to the helm too late!

As there were continual changes in the military situation, it may be as well to make a rough computation of the troops engaged in the various campaigns. In Ladysmith, Sir George White had some 9500 men, while at Colenso, Weenen, and Natal, Generals Buller and Clery had between them some 23,000. Advancing from Queenstown to attack Stormberg was General Gatacre with 6000 men, while a probable 3000—cavalry and infantry—were with General French at Naauport. In the west, advancing from the Modder River to the relief of Kimberley, Lord Methuen had less than 8000 men, and on the line of communications at Graspan, Orange River, and De Aar were some 8000 more. At Kimberley there were about 2000 troops, while with Colonel Baden-Powell at Mafeking and Colonel Plumer in Rhodesia were about 1000 men respectively. The newly-arrived Canadian contingent, numbering some 1000 men, were sent to the front to act in concert with the Black Watch and Seaforth Highlanders. Quantities of soldiers and volunteers were daily arriving, all of them in high spirits at a chance of seeing service. Among the many passengers who landed on the 11th of December was one whose zealous determination to serve his country caused not a little emotion in those who heard his story. He was a reservist belonging to the Seaforth Highlanders, who was absent when called up. He had been in France, and only arrived in England twenty-four hours after the troopship which brought out his regiment started. He therefore

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proceeded to Southampton, paid his passage to Cape Town, and went on to the front at his own expense.

Of course, this is a solitary example of devotion to duty, but there are thousands which might be recorded. Millionaires rushed from their palaces, from the lap of nineteenth-century luxury into sober kharki, with all its accompaniment of bully beef and muddy water; bridegrooms tore themselves from winning brides, and scurried from the altar-rails to sacrifice their lives—at that moment more precious than at any other time—for the honour of the Empire. Not only “Dukes’ sons,” but a Duke indeed joined in the magnificent mob who clamoured to fight for the great cause. This impetuosity of gallantry had even its comic side, for deserters came from hiding ready to face shot and shell rather than be out of it; small boys tried spurious dodges to bring themselves to “regulation” height; and many fibbed right royally as to their ages! Some even, when rejected, were found stowed away after the transports had put to sea! “Trifles these,” some prosaic readers will remark. Possibly, but to others such trifles made confirmation “strong as holy writ” that the martial majesty of our mighty nation was never more grandly evident than in the declining years of Victoria’s reign!

The glorious work done by Cape Colony in aid of the Empire may be appreciated in viewing the following figures, which show that nearly 6000 South African volunteers were called out for service during the month of December:—

Prince Alfred’s Own Artillery, Cape Town, 120; Cape Garrison Artillery, Cape Town, 450; Duke of Edinburgh’s Own Rifles, Cape Town, 1000; Cape Town Highlanders, Cape Town, 500; Prince Alfred’s Guard, Port Elizabeth, 600; Uitenhage Rifles, Uitenhage, 200; Kaffrarian Rifles, East London, 400; 1st City Volunteers, Grahamstown, 500; Queenstown Rifle Volunteers, Queenstown, 300; Kimberley Regiment, Kimberley, 650; Diamond Fields Artillery, Kimberley, 120; Frontier Mounted Rifles, Cathcart, 200; Komgha Mounted Rifles, Komgha, 100; Transkei Mounted Rifles, Butterworth, 125; Xalanga Border Mounted Rifle Club, 72; Tembuland Mounted Rifle Club, 52; Engcobo Mounted Rifle Club, 47; Cape Medical Staff Corps, 200:—total, 5636.

This number only included volunteers, and did not take in the paid irregular regiments, Mounted Police, and other bodies, of which there were several thousand more. In fact, it was estimated that the Colonial levies in Cape Colony alone numbered, at the end of 1899, about 12,000 men.

The troops in South Africa early in December, apart from the force under Sir George White, were approximately the following:—

CAVALRY DIVISION (Lieut.-General French).—1st Brigade (Major-General Babington)—R Battery R.H.A., 6th Dragoon Guards, 10th Hussars, Mounted Infantry, Ammunition Column, No. 9 Field Hospital. 2nd Brigade (Major-General Brabazon)—O Battery R.H.A., 1st Royal Dragoons, 6th Dragoons, 2nd Dragoons, Ammunition Column, No. 12 Company R.A.M.C.

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KIMBERLEY RELIEF COLUMN (Lord Methuen's Command).—Major-General Sir H. E. Colville's Brigade—1st Scots Guards, 1st Coldstream Guards, 2nd Coldstream Guards, 3rd Grenadier Guards. Major-General Pole-Carew's Brigade—1st Northumberland Fusiliers, 2nd Northamptonshire Regiment, 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, 2nd Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (half-battalion). Major-General Wauchope's Brigade—1st Highland Light Infantry, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 2nd Royal Highlanders, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, No. 8 Field Hospital. Naval Brigade, G and P Batteries R.H.A., 18th, 37th (howitzer), 62nd, and 75th Royal Field Artillery, 9th and 12th Lancers, 7th Field Company Royal Engineers, Ammunition Column, No. 19 Field Hospital.

COLONIAL FORCES (in support of Lord Methuen).—Canadian Contingent, New South Wales Lancers, New Zealand, South and West Australian, Tasmanian, and Victorian Contingents.

TROOPS IN SOUTH NATAL (Lieut.-General Sir C. F. Clery's Command).—Major-General Hildyard's Brigade—2nd Royal West Surrey, 2nd West Yorkshire, 2nd East Surrey, 2nd Devonshire. Major-General Lyttleton's Brigade—2nd Scottish Rifles, 1st Durham Light Infantry, 1st Rifle Brigade, 3rd King's Royal Rifles, No. 14 Field Hospital. Major-General Barton's Brigade—1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, Field Hospital. Major-General Fitzroy Hart's Brigade—1st Connaught Rangers, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, No. 10 Field Hospital Company, No. 16 Bearer Company, 2nd Somerset Light Infantry, 1st Borderers, 2nd King's Royal Rifles, 1st Gordon Highlanders, 7th, 14th, 64th, 66th, and 73rd Batteries R.F.A., 12th Field Company R.E., Ammunition Column, No. 3 Field Hospital.

IN CAPE COLONY (Lieut.-General Gatacre's Command).—1st Welsh Regiment, 1st Royal Scots, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Berkshire, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, 1st Rifle Brigade, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry, 74th, 77th, and 79th Batteries R.F.A., Two Station Hospitals.

CORPS TROOPS.—4th, 38th, 61st, 65th, and 78th Batteries R.F.A., 4th Mountain Battery, 13th Hussars, 1st Telegraph Division R.E., 10th Railway Company R.E., 26th Field Company R.E., 1st Field Park R.E., Pontoon Troop R.E., Balloon Section R.E., No. 5 Field Hospital.

UNATTACHED.—1st Suffolks, 1st Essex.

WITH GENERAL GATACRE

By the end of November two British forces were advancing from East London by way of Queenstown to the Stormberg and Colcsberg districts in the north of Cape Colony. With General French's advance we must deal anon: that of Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre calls for immediate attention. The General had under his command what was by courtesy termed the 3rd Division, namely, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, four companies of the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment, a troop of the New South Wales Lancers, some companies of Army Medical Corps, Field Hospital, and Volunteer Mounted Infantry. The total was about 5000 men.

On the 28th of November he was reinforced by the 2nd Northum-



STORMBERG PASS THE SCENE OF GENERAL GATACRE'S OPERATIONS.

Drawing by J. C. S. Wright.

With General Gatacre

berland Fusiliers. His force, as we see, was none too large, for he was proceeding through country where it may be said that every hand was either openly or stealthily turned against him. For strategical reasons, and for the purpose of reassuring the British population, however, General Gatacre had decided that some sort of advance must be made. He reconnoitred in and around Molteno, and visited the outposts of regulars, irregulars, and police, and ascertained to an almost pitiful degree the slenderness of his resources should any strain occur.

On the 26th November the Boers occupied Stormberg, and on the 28th General Gatacre moved to Bushman's Hoek with a battalion of infantry and some mounted infantry, the main body being at Putter's Kraal. On the 29th he accomplished a smart piece of work, though any really decisive action could not be attempted till more troops arrived from the Cape. The General concentrated a force at Molteno, commandeered five trains, and secured 1000 bags of flour which were in danger of being captured by the Boers.

On the 5th December the headquarters of the 3rd Division were still at Putter's Kraal, and here reinforcements were arriving daily. Manifestations of disloyalty grew more and more prevalent throughout Cape Colony, and the spread of the spirit of rebellion around Stormberg pointed to the fact that there were deliberate designs to assist in the overthrow of British supremacy.

On the 9th of December it was decided that a forward movement must at last be made. The plan was for the column to start by train to Molteno, and from thence march to the Boer laager at Stormberg. A dash was to be attempted in the darkness preceding dawn, and the position was to be carried at the point of the bayonet.

The project was fraught with extreme risk, but General Gatacre, though fully aware that he was without the necessary reinforcements to make good a continuous advance, resolved to accept the hazard for the sake of the chance of success, and for the sake of the moral effect such success might make in a district weevilled with disaffection. The game of war is one where reputation, armies, and empires are the stakes, and needs to be played not only with science, but with bluff, and no committee of generals, not even one composed of Napoleon, the Archduke Charles, and Wellington, could have laid down any fixed theory on the art of war as practised in the Transvaal at that moment. So our officers had to watch which way the wind blew and trim their sails accordingly; and Sir William Gatacre judged that it would be perilous to delay an attack on Stormberg until circumstances seemed to be absolutely propitious. The Colonial Boers were daily joining the enemy in considerable numbers, British subjects were imploring aid to save their property

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from destruction, and it was imperative to make some strong move which, if successful, would immediately arrest the threatened tide of rebellion. The worst of it was that everything depended on the strength of the move, and it was exactly this strength that was wanting. The Third Division was broken up and distributed in various parts of the country, and General Gatacre was forced to make a hazardous venture with only such forces as he could muster. On all sides the same unfortunate tale of weakness could be told. Our force was so divided up that each general was crippled with the consciousness that he had no hope of getting reinforcements for some time to come. Lord Methuen, now on the extreme west, while struggling for the relief of Kimberley, had kept the Free Staters at bay with great loss to himself, and was suffering from the weakness consequent on violent strain to his resources. General French, his eye fixed on Colesberg, with a diminutive and totally inadequate force, had dodged about from town to town, keeping the enemy ever on the alert and allowing him no time to snore behind his intrenchments, and no opportunity to proceed farther in his invasion of the Colony; while General Gatacre was now about to do his best in the midst of a swarming enemy to capture Stormberg. Thus we see that at one and the same time four different battles, in the most trying circumstances, were taking place in the Transvaal, and that the flower of our army was being exposed on all sides to the murderous shells of an overwhelming foe powerfully posted in places of his own choosing—at Modder River, at Arundel, at Stormberg, at Colenso—in each of these regions the continuous thunder of guns, the gallant advance of heroes, the stubborn and courageous defence of a preponderating enemy. It is some satisfaction to think that, though from the first the British suffered from inferiority in numbers, though they were out-fought by sheer weight of the Boer commandoes and guns, still they displayed an undismayed front, and those superb fighting qualities which tradition has taught us to look for in the British race, and which the enemy, misled or self-deceived, had chosen to under-estimate. It was also a matter for congratulation that the foe, with all the natural advantages of the situation, his knowledge of every inch of the ground, his great mobility and advanced preparations, merely succeeded in repelling the British attack, and never took the initiative in attempting one single forward movement in the face of the British army. But it must be allowed our own forward moves were so stubbornly resisted, that General Sir William Gatacre, while attempting to advance, recognised that in some bold and well-conceived plan of action lay his only chance of success. Such a plan he attempted to carry out, but with deplorable results, as we shall see.

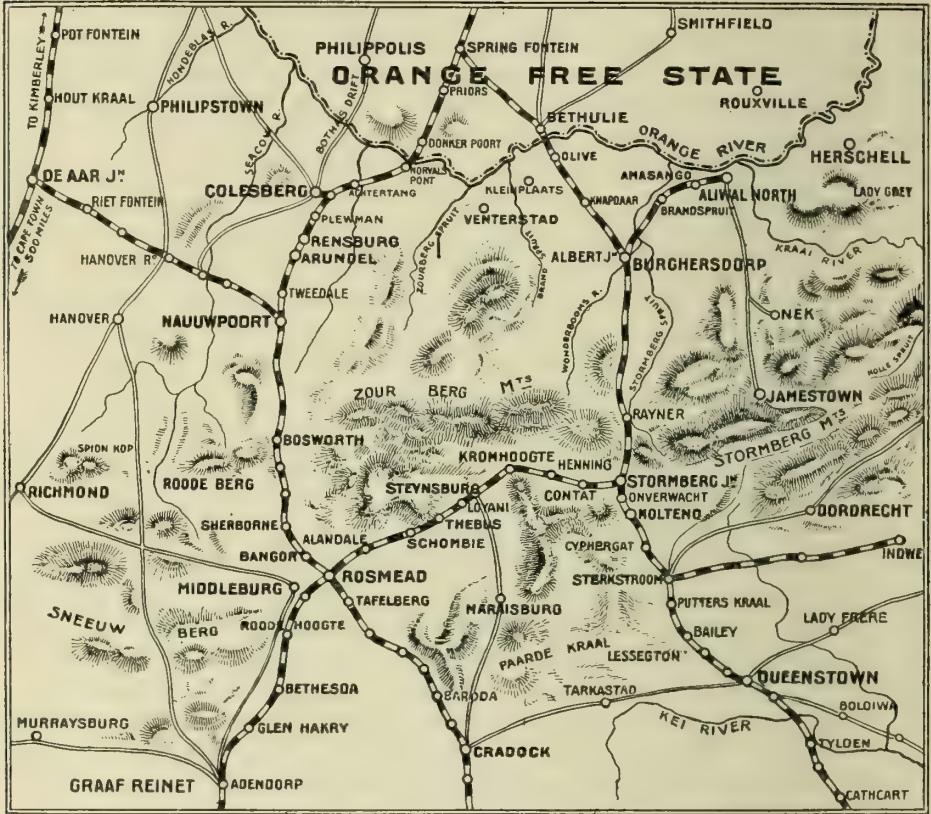
The Reverse at Stormberg

THE REVERSE AT STORMBERG

General Gatacre left Putter's Kraal and concentrated at Molteno the 2nd Northumberland, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, and Nos. 74 and 77 Batteries of Field Artillery, with Mounted Infantry, Cape Mounted Rifles, the 12th Company of Engineers, and details—in all about 2500 men. At 9 P.M. on December 9th, began the march that was destined to be so ill-fated. The night was black, the ground was rocky, and the guide, a local policeman, from ignorance, underestimated the distance and led the troops by a circuitous route absolutely into the teeth of the enemy. Instead of going north-east for nine miles, the men were led north-west, a detour of twenty miles. A terrible night-march this, which none who undertook it can ever forget. Tramp, tramp, through the long midnight hours, over hills and down nullahs, through rivers and stumbling over stony kopjes with bayonets fixed, in grim silence, with scarce a whisper allowed, and with never a pipe as consolation lest the scent should betray the stealthy advance. For seven long hours the force, like a phantom procession, trudged and stumbled until they came to a small V-shaped plateau surrounded by kopjes, which, unknown to them, was fronting the enemy's position. This was on a high unscalable eminence called Rooi Kop, that jutted black against the clear grey of early morning. From here the Boers, chuckling doubtless at their own cunning, were slyly watching the approach of the party; for it was now dawn. On nearing the plateau below this eminence, the Irish Rifles, with General Gatacre and his staff at the head of the column, were greeted, to their astonishment, by a fierce tornado which was suddenly opened by the enemy on the right. Though the column was marching in fours and utterly unsuspecting of the position of the enemy, they gathered themselves together with marvellous rapidity. Following the Rifles were over a hundred of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and in the rear the artillery. In a very short space of time General Gatacre got his column into line for action, and a hot fight ensued, in which the Rifles—all honour to them!—distinguished themselves in distressing circumstances. It was not possible to recover easily from the surprise, and it was evident that the General and his men were totally unprepared to meet, and unequal to crushing, a powerful enemy in an intrenched position. Naturally the casualties were many. However, the artillery were soon climbing a small kopje on the left, while the Rifles and Northumberland Fusiliers, in skirmishing order, mounted the hill held by the Republicans. Footsore and weary with their long midnight march, they toiled up the steeps amidst a cruel hail-storm from the enemy's fire, which came pouring at the same time

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from three separate quarters in flank and rear. One of the almost impregnable hill-tops was gained at the point of the bayonet, but so furious became the storm of bullets that the British, now outnumbered at the rate of seven to one, were forced to retire. Meanwhile the artillery were drawing the fire of the enemy's guns and launching their shrieking shells into the fort that the Boers had constructed at the corner of the kopje. But the position was unassail-



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATIONS ON THE SOUTH OF THE ORANGE RIVER

able. The Boers had expected the attack, and by an elaborate system they had measured and marked off distances from their batteries—a system which could not be upset in a moment. The Dutchmen swarmed in hundreds behind excellent cover and were not to be routed. Our men, who, many of them, had been occupied the whole previous day in fatigue-work, were numb from exhaustion, dropping here and there, fainting or asleep, in the very face of death.

The infantry, with the Maxim detachment, were then ordered to retire towards Molteno, while the artillery remained to cover the

The Reverse at Stormberg

retreat. But the retirement was not so easy. The triumphant Boers now brought their guns to the tops of the kopjes, and sent shell after shell to catch the troops as they slowly wound along the valley. Many of the shells burst with terrific force, ploughing up the roadway around our men, and shooting clouds of blinding dust into eyes and ears and throats, but fortunately doing little damage. The Boers also brought their rifles to bear on the little force, and our worn-out troops suffered the horrible experience of being hunted like hares along roads through which they had so laboriously, so hopefully, toiled the night before, tramping the weary ten miles to Molteno with the enemy taking long shots at them from innumerable points of vantage. Their progress was necessarily slow, for sometimes they had to hide in cornfields, to crouch among boulders, and occasionally to fall prone to earth when shells came screaming and bursting along their line of route. Afterwards they would rise again, still holding their life in their hands, and plod on in the expectation that every step would be their last. For eight long miles this exciting form of torture was experienced, numbers of the poor fellows dropping all along the road from wounds, exhaustion, and from the effects of the now fiercely blazing sun. Terrible was their plight both during the attack and after it, for the Boers, as usual, paid no heed to the sacred demand of the wounded or of the white flag, and no sooner saw a party of stretcher-bearers approach to pick up a man than they made the event the signal for a volley. All, therefore, that could be done for those stricken down was to wait patiently till they could crawl a short distance out of the line of fire and swoop down on them and bear them hastily away. The unfortunates who were too severely wounded to so crawl, and those who were killed, had to be left where they fell. Nor did those who were successfully removed in the ambulance waggon fare much better, for this was fired on continually, but luckily, owing to the shells not bursting, caused more horror than harm.

They reached Molteno at last in safety, but with numbers woefully thinned. When they formed up for the roll-call, the ominous silence that followed the call of name after name was more than tragic. Dismay blanched every face. Where were the 366 splendid fellows of the Northumberland Regiment who had started out in rude health only the night before? They were missing, perhaps dead! Where, too, were the roistering, cheery boys of the Royal Irish Rifles—some 294 of them—none of whom, when his name was spoken, was there to give back the word? They too were missing, perhaps dead! In this hour of mute regret those who were left could only thank God that they had come safely through the terrible ordeal, and think with awe on the strange workings of fate that had caused some to be taken and others left.

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Naturally enough after a disaster so great, all had something to say of the mistakes which brought it about. Reuter's correspondent declared that "the primary and greatest mistake made on the 10th inst. was that what was to have been at the utmost a four hours' night-march lengthened out to over seven hours, and landed us right into the enemy's position in broad daylight. Of course, the guides went wrong, took the force a roundabout way, and are accordingly blamed. But how is it that our leaders, knowing that four hours should suffice to take them to their objective, should have wandered on for seven without suspecting that something was radically wrong? Then, also, at the end of that time our troops walked, in daylight, in a column four deep, right under the enemy's nose. No scouts or skirmishers were out, and it was here that we lost so heavily, the Boers from covered positions firing volley after volley right into the mass of men below. Again, the men, most of whom had been on duty since 4 A.M. the previous (Saturday) morning, were tired and hungry, and yet were asked to storm the position without rest immediately after a long and tiring night-march."

The *Times* correspondent attributed some of the misfortune to the fact that "the Berkshire Regiment, by whom the redoubts now occupied by the Boers at Stormberg had been built, and to whom every inch of the ground was familiar, were left at Queenstown, instead of being employed to recapture the works which they had so unwillingly evacuated about a month previously. The consequence of no one knowing where he was going or what he had to attack or when proximity to the enemy had been reached, was that the infantry, marching in fours, were suddenly fired into at a point where, after ascending but a few feet, their further advance against the enemy was precluded by an unclimbable precipice. The moment that the first shots were fired companies doubled straight at the points whence the firing seemed to have proceeded, and commenced to scale the hill. Soon, however, they came upon a perpendicular wall of rock, from the summit of which the Boers were plying their rifles at half-a-dozen yards' distance. Here fell Lieutenant-Colonel Eager, and close to him Major Seton of the Royal Irish Rifles. Colonel Eager was the man who reached the highest point attained by any of the attackers, and was then shot down, where many another British officer has fallen before now, at the head of his battalion, gallantly leading them as in the days of old, when long-range weapons had not been invented."

Others hinted that it was the habit of the General to overwork his troops—a habit so well known that it had earned for him in Egypt the title of "General Backacher." Further comments were made by those who always find the art of criticism so much easier

The Reverse at Stormberg

than the art of performance, but to repeat them at a time when the principal actors in the sorry affair are unable to defend themselves would be unjust and ungenerous. Our Generals, besides treachery, had from the first unusual ignorance to deal with. One of our misfortunes has been the necessity to rely for information on friendly Kaffirs, or those who affected to be friendly. Now, as all know, the Kaffirs, even when honest, are scarcely reliable. Their notions of size, for instance, are on a par with those of the man who described the dimensions of a bump by saying it was about the size of a piece of chalk. To the Kaffir an impi is an army, whether small or large, and it is almost impossible to bring home to him the value of exactness. In fact, in the matter of ambiguity the Kaffir has the makings of a politician, and therefore it was no wonder that so many of the well-organised military schemes in this unlucky war came to grief. But in the case at Stormberg there were other difficulties to contend with. The map of the ground was utterly unreliable. The configuration of the hills was incorrectly presented and the distances badly judged. The general knowledge of the direction was so imperfect that none was sufficiently well informed to put a check upon the movements of the guide, nor had the position been reconnoitered by any of those engaged against it. In this way the winding and circuitous route more than doubled the march, knocked up the troops, and ruined the effect of the night assault; for it was full daybreak before the British approached the point of attack. One of the sufferers from the disaster declared that the British were so worn out that after the engagement they threw themselves down and did not mind whether they were taken prisoners or not. He himself crawled to within three miles of the base camp, and then lay down on the veldt and fell asleep. How long he remained asleep he did not know. Most of the prisoners, he believed, were taken by the Boers while the men were asleep.

A report was circulated that General Gatacre had shot with his own hands the guide who led him astray, but this statement was entirely incorrect. The military authorities thoroughly sifted the case of the sergeant of the Cape Police who acted as guide on the occasion, and it was allowed that he erred genuinely in mistaking the enemy's position.

The following officers were wounded in the engagement at Stormberg:—

2nd Royal Irish Rifles—Lieutenant-Colonel Eager (since dead), Major Seton, Captain Bell, Captain Kelly, Lieutenant Stephens, Lieutenant Barnardstone. Suffolk Regiment—Second Lieutenant Maynard. Missing: Captain Weir, Lieutenant Christie, Second Lieutenant Rodney. 74th Field Battery—Lieutenant Lewis. 77th Field Battery—Major Percival. 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers—Missing: Major Stevens, Captain Fletcher, Captain Morley,

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Second Lieutenant Wake, Second Lieutenant Coulson, Lieutenant Radcliffe. Dorset Regiment—Three hundred and six non-commissioned officers and men were also missing.

The scene of General Gatacre's disaster was on the junction of the eastern line of railway in Cape Colony running from East London through Queenstown, Molteno, and Burgersdorp to Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State. There were many strategical reasons for wishing to seize upon it. First, it was desirable to engage the enemy in the centre, and so save the Boer commandoes from falling in too great strength on Lord Methuen's line of communications. Secondly, from the situation of the place it was possible also to effect a junction by rail with General French. Thirdly, a victory gained in the centre of the disaffected districts would have been a feather in the cap of the General, for it must have drawn to him such waverers whose vacillating loyalty was daily growing dangerous. The melancholy reverse was, therefore, from many points of view to be regretted. Perhaps, however, it achieved one object. It forced those at home to realise the necessity for sending more than sprinklings of troops to meet a strong, courageous, and well-equipped foe.

The General, in giving an explanation of the reverse, declared that the operation which proved so wretched a failure was started under the promise of complete success. By himself and the local guide, however, the distance was under-estimated. He did not consider that the guide was guilty of treachery, merely of unintentional error. However this may have been, it is certain that the British plans were entirely well known, and that the Boers had had ample time to prepare for the coming of the force. It was evident that the gallant General did not take a leaf out of the book of Metellus, the Spanish commander, who, when asked how he should proceed the next day, said, "If my shirt knew I would put it in the fire." Possibly, being a great theorist, as was poor Sir George Colley, he may have agreed with the opinion held by Marshal Bugeaud, that military affairs were too often wrapped in mysterious silence. Certainly there was no secrecy about the strategy of the advance on Stormberg, and the guileless manner in which the General trusted to the guidance of a local policeman was commented on none too generously by the distressed public, whose disappointment was too great to allow them to look coolly at the ups and downs of warfare and the fallibility of human designs. General Gatacre, after the reverse, held Bushman's Hoek and Cyphergat, two positions to the south of Molteno, where he could await the reinforcements which would shortly reach him from the Cape.

At Modder River

AT MODDER RIVER

At dawn on the day following the battle the guns opened fire, with a view to effecting the clearance of the enemy, but it was soon discovered that the Boers had made themselves scarce, preferring to march through the long midnight hours to remaining where a chance of the bayonet might be awaiting them. Their artillery they at first left, but discovering that the British had not crossed the river, they returned and removed it to Spyfontein, where the next encounter was expected to take place. Had only the troops been less worn out—they were so expended that they could scarcely move one leg before the other—these guns might have been captured and victory assured. But fatigue must overcome the finest warriors, and ours had done prodigious work in circumstances of the most trying and varied kind. The next morning Lord Methuen's forces quietly occupied the town, and spent the day in the melancholy duty of burying the dead.

Owing to the carcasses of beasts and the corpses of dead men in the stream, the troops had soon to bivouac some three miles farther up. There they could enjoy the rare luxury of a bath and drink their fill in safety. No "wee drappie" ever cheered the heart of Scotsman as did the quarts of Modder that went down the throats of thirsty Highlanders who had been toasted inside and out during the long hours of the battle. As one appropriately, if not elegantly, described it:—

"When it comes to slaughter
You'll do your work on water,
And lick the bloomin' boots of him that's got it."

But the water everywhere was bad, and for safety boiling was imperative. For some days the men had been bathing in and drinking from the polluted stream, and it was quite wonderful that enteric had not seized upon the troops. A Dutch lady stated that she had seen four dead Boers with stones round their necks thrown into the river by their comrades, but when the bed of the stream came to be investigated, at least seventeen corpses were hauled out. The enemy's loss was estimated at 500, and doubtless those of the slain who were not lying under an inch layer of sand were disposed of in the river. The air, too, was far from salubrious. The winds of evening were reminiscent of the dead horses and mules that remained half-buried on the banks. Fortunately the vultures and ants, and other useful agents, soon reduced the pestiferous masses to harmless skeletons.

Meanwhile the rest of the Highland Brigade was on its way up

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to join Lord Methuen at headquarters. Some went by train and others marched, as the line—a single one—was frightfully congested with traffic. Stores and ammunition and baggage of all kinds were being sent up, while the wounded, in “emptied” trains, were being sent down. The march was a trying one, even for hardy men who could well have managed twenty-five to thirty miles a day on their native heath. Now, they were supposed to carry 35 lbs. each, without counting clothes, and twelve miles a day in the broiling heat of a South African midsummer was counted remarkably good going. What with rifle, 100 rounds of ammunition, a big coat, a two-quart water-bottle, field-glasses, and haversack, officers and men were nearly as heavily weighted as itinerant peddlers. They carried their warlike pack over sandy roads that threw off clouds of dust which caked hair and skin, and made the whole outer man a complete study in kharki. What failed to go down their throats went into their eyes, blinding or worrying, while overhead a merciless sun blazed and tortured. There was no shade; there was little water. The night was cold as the day was hot. In the small hours the men were thankful for the single blanket which was allowed each of them, and which was carried in mule and bullock waggons for their use. Luxuries for the toilet were no longer in vogue. A sponge, a shirt, a pair of socks—these made the sum total of the Highland officers’ wardrobe. Some still stuck to their razors, and others had succumbed to necessity and wore nature’s hirsute decorations, plus a peppering of ochreous dust. But they were in the best of tempers, and looked forward to some reviving dips in the Modder on their arrival there.

Lord Methuen resumed command of the troops on the 6th of December, and all were glad to find that the injury to their gallant commander had been slight. It was now clear that the Boers intended to make a stand at Spyfontein, for they were preparing for themselves fortified positions such as their souls delighted in—deep, and long, and rocky. They had time at their disposal, for a long halt at Modder River was imperative for the purpose of replenishing the ammunition of the artillery batteries and for bringing up relays of stores and food. Our expenditure of ammunition in the fight on the 28th was said to have been 200 rounds per gun, and consequently an extra supply was necessary before pursuing aggressive operations.

Having deserted the river, the Boers were now planted in front of and on the British right flank, so close indeed that daily passages at arms took place between our patrols and those of the enemy. Several of Rimington’s Scouts were wounded, and wild rumours of approaching attack were afloat. During the night of the 6th and the morning of the 7th the communications by rail and telegraph at Enslin were cut.

At Modder River

On this occasion the 2nd Northamptonshire Regiment had a narrow escape. They had been left by Lord Methuen to guard the line of communications at Enslin, and there they were attacked by a Boer force 1000 strong. Fortunately the General, hearing the news, despatched in hot haste to the assistance of the regiment the 12th Lancers and the Seaforth Highlanders, who had just arrived at the camp, under Brigadier-General Wauchope, together with the 62nd Field Battery. The attack commenced at 4.30, and continued till eleven, at which time the Lancers and Seaforths appeared. The Boers thereupon retired with all speed, the Lancers following closely in pursuit. The British loss was one killed and six wounded. On the same day the first train ran over the temporary bridge which had been rapidly constructed by the Engineers, whose smart workmanship elicited general admiration.

An interesting affair took place on the 9th of December. At night one of the Naval 4.7-inch guns, which had been fitted with a field-carriage and dignified with the name of "Joe Chamberlain," was hauled by a team of thirty-two oxen to a ridge on the north side of the town. At an early hour in the morning the Naval detachment manned the gun and opened fire on a Boer position that had been previously located by Colonel Rhodes. More than a dozen shells were scattered among the enemy, causing frightful consternation. The Boers at the time were busily engaged in constructing an emplacement for one of their 40-pounders, but when "Joe Chamberlain" made himself not only heard but felt, there was a stampede. The lyddite ploughed up the hills with terrific uproar, and the surrounding atmosphere appeared as though a sirocco of red sand had swept over the district.

The force now massing on the Orange River, with Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen in command, consisted of:—

2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, 2nd Northamptonshire, 1st Loyal North Lancashire (Mounted Infantry), 1st Loyal North Lancashire, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, 3rd Grenadier Guards, 1st Coldstream Guards, 2nd Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards, 9th Lancers, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 1st Highland Light Infantry, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Part of 2nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), several Companies of Royal Engineers, 18th, 62nd, and 65th Field Batteries, one or two Horse-Artillery Batteries, part of Kimberley Light Horse, part of Diamond Fields Horse, Naval Brigade, Contingents from Australia, several Companies of Army Medical Corps, Field Hospitals, Colonial Mounted Irregulars, Rimington's Scouts, South African Reserve.

The total was about 14,000 men.

The number of Boers prepared to meet the British advance was supposed to be between 15,000 and 18,000, but, in spite of this, it was decided that some onward move must soon be made. The

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week's delay for the arrival of reinforcements and other preparations was now over, and Spyfontein was ahead. There the Boers held, if possible, a stronger position than any that had yet been attacked. Towards the east they were congregating from the direction of Jacobsdal, and the extent occupied by them was already enormous. Lord Methuen, if he meant to get to Kimberley at all, was forced to attempt to do so by frontal attack, as the area occupied by the Boers was so great that no other means of tackling them was feasible. Still the troops were in excellent spirits, the prospect of shortly relieving a besieged multitude giving them courage to compensate for their fatigue.

On the morning of the 10th there was a voluntary Church Parade. According to a wag who reported from the camp, a Saturday-night's order was given, which stated briefly that Presbyterians must go washed, Church of England might go unwashed! The question of ablutions did not affect the devotions of Tommy, who heartily joined in the singing of hymns, which he said reminded him more than anything else of home.

THE BATTLE OF MAJESFONTEIN

On Sunday, the 10th of December, Lord Methuen, having completed his plans, moved forward from his position for the momentous fight, which was not only to decide the fate of Kimberley, but determine the attitude of the waverers among the Dutch, of which there were now very many. The Boers occupied a wide crescent-shaped front, extending some six miles from the hills on the west of the railway at Spyfontein to the kopjes on the east of the Kimberley road at Majesfontein.

The northern portion of the position consisted of a kopje about three miles long, and the southern end terminated in a high hill which was looked upon as the key to the position. Towards these rugged kopjes the veldt sloped gently upwards from the river a distance of five miles, and though from afar this plain seemed to face the ridge of hills spreading from east to west, it in reality penetrated wedgewise into the boulder-strewn area. Some one described the great Boer position as the end of a pocket, a veritable *cul de sac*, doubtless lined with Boer guns and Boer trenches—the jaws of a dragon, in fact.

Orders were given that this stronghold was to be bombarded, and from 4.50 P.M. to 6.30 P.M. the guns, including the Naval 4.7-inch, played over kopjes and trenches with accuracy, and, it was thought, with deadly effect. The operation was carried on with precision and perseverance as long as a gleam of daylight lasted, but no response was elicited from the enemy, who carefully con-



THE MODDER RIVER.

Photo by Miss R. C. Briggs.

The Battle of Majesfontein

ceased their very existence. At night a tremendous downpour of rain descended and saturated the troops, who were bivouacking where they were, some 4000 yards in front of the Majesfontein position, thus rendering their already uncomfortable situation more uncomfortable still. But this was merely an item in the misfortunes they were shortly destined to endure.

The general plan was for the Highland Brigade, supported by guns, to assault the southern end of the kopje, their right and rear being protected by the Guards Brigade. According to Lord Methuen's despatch, it seems that before moving off Major-General Wauchope explained all that was to be done, and the particular part each battalion was to play in the scheme: namely, that they were to march direct on the south-west spur of the kopje, and on arrival near the objective before daybreak the Black Watch were to move to the east of the kopje, where he believed the enemy to be posted under shelter, while the Seaforth Highlanders were to march straight to the south-east point of the kopje, with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders prolonging the line to the left; the Highland Light Infantry to be in reserve until the action was developed. The brigade was to march in mass of quarter columns, the four battalions keeping touch, and, if necessary, ropes were to be used for the left guides. The three battalions were to extend just before daybreak, two companies in firing line, two companies in support, and four companies in reserve, all at five paces interval between them.

Soon after midnight the march began. The distance was only two and a half miles, and daybreak was due about 3.25 A.M. But the gruesome night rendered the progress of the troops unusually slow. Rain came down in torrents, thunder growled, lightning played over the hill, glinted on rifles, and disorganised the compasses by which Major Benson was steering his course. Towards dawn the gloom of Erebus seemed to deepen rather than lift, and in the obscurity they must have been quite unaware of the exceedingly close proximity of the enemy, for the Highland Brigade—in the following order, Black Watch, Seaforths, Argyll and Sutherland, and Highland Light Infantry—continued to approach in quarter column though within some two hundred yards of the Boer entrenchments. It was imagined that the Dutchmen were in force on a kopje on the other side of the veldt, and not a soul suspected the existence of the formidable line of intrenchments on which our soldiers were gaily advancing. Before they could discover their mistake they were greeted by the Dutchmen—who had allowed the brigade to approach without showing any signs of life—with a raking fire on their flanks. The whole hill seemed on the instant to become alive with the roar of musketry. Fire vomited as from a live

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volcano at their very feet. A moment before they had seen only a dark barrier of bush and shrub, and then, flash! the earth yawned, crackled, and emitted the flame of hell.

So seemed to them the sudden conflagration in that first, awful moment. They started back—a confused, congested mass, with death in their midst. Their Colonel then ordered the Seaforths to fix bayonets and charge. The officers commanding other battalions followed suit. At this moment, darkness still reigning, some one called "Retire." There was a rush, many hurrying and hustling off to obey one order, while others were still charging forwards to obey the other. The confusion was intense, dead men dropping



BATTLE OF MAJESFONTEIN

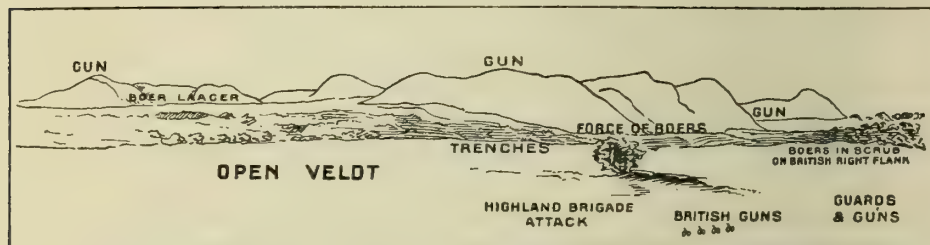
thick as autumn leaves, bullets whirring, shouts, orders—conflicting orders—ringing out on every side. For some seconds the rout of the gallant Highlanders seemed to be imminent. Their retirement, however, was due mainly to sudden panic, the consternation and amazement at the murderous outburst, blazing as it did in the dim deceitful dusk, from the unsuspected trenches. These, it must be owned, were most skilfully concealed at the foot of a series of kopjes. They were screened from sight by a tangle of brushwood and scrub, while round the glacis of the trenches was crinkled a triple line of barbed wire. When, therefore, a deadly furnace broke from this tangle, the troops were aghast.

The Battle of Majesfontein

For the first moment the superb crowd, unduly huddled together and helpless, threatened to become disorganised, but it was only for a moment. The Highlanders retired some 200 yards, and then they instantly formed up, such as were left of them, for out of two companies of the Black Watch only fifty men escaped. A more tragic scene than that at the onset of the battle cannot be conceived. From all directions came an avalanche of lead, sweeping south and east and west in the gloaming, and flecking the whole visible universe with red. Cries and groans and curses and shouts intermingled with orders innumerable. "Advance," shouted some one; "Retire," called another; "Fix bayonets," cried a third; "Charge," roared a fourth. Meanwhile Seaforths and Black Watch, scrambling and tripping over the bodies of fallen comrades, were pressing on through the high wire entanglements, tearing their already excoriated legs, and struggling for the enemy's trenches. Here fell their gallant leader, dauntless Wauchope—fell never to rise again. But dying he cheered on the men of the Black Watch by his side. "Good-bye, men," he called to them with his last breath; "fight for yourselves—it is man to man now." And they did fight, struggling over and over again to make their way to the trenches in spite of the menace of almost certain death. Valiantly they held their ground, availing themselves of such cover as there was, bushes and scrub that were dotted here and there, and returning to the deadly greetings of the Mausers no mean reply. At this time the avalanche of buzzing, whirring, death-dealing lead was enough to make the stoutest heart quail, but the officers were seen marching boldly forward, and where they led—veritably into the jaws of death—there their loyal Highlanders followed. Meanwhile, so soon as it was light enough to see, the artillery had come to the rescue, and so remarkable were its performances that even the enemy confessed that on this day they had suffered greater loss than at any other time during the war. The howitzer battery was placed directly in front of the position, and poured forth a terrible fire over the whole face of the hill. Lyddite shells sped snorting into the trenches, and, with a terrific detonation, shot up the earth in clouds. One destroyed a laager on the kopje, others did fearful execution, striking the hard rocks and boulders, and spreading devastation far and wide. But still the enemy failed to budge from their strong entrenchments. The 62nd and 18th Field Batteries, under Majors Grant and Scott respectively, took up a position behind the Highlanders, sending shell after shell into the enemy's position with such amazing accuracy that the Boer numbers were considerably thinned. During this feat they were assailed with a scourging storm of lead from the whole line of intrenchments. The Boers displayed more than their ordinary courage, standing

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upright in their trenches, and sometimes advancing, the better to aim at the aggressive "men-women," as they called the kilted warriors, though at other times they completely hid themselves and fired wildly, in consequence of holding their guns above the level of their heads. The Brigade, nevertheless, advanced to within 300 yards of the enemy, where they pluckily held their position in the teeth of galling fire for some hours. Both their tenacity and their dash were astounding, for the volleys of the enemy were accurate and persistent, and sufficiently deadly to demoralise the most veteran troops in the world. The Boers, having been reinforced during the engagement, their number had now mounted to some 18,000 men. Eye-witnesses have described this, his fourth fight, as quite the stiffest on Lord Methuen's record, and have declared that the obstinate resistance of the Highland Brigade, and the magnificent coolness and daring of its officers, quite equalled the most splendid deeds of British history. The Brigade about noon was reinforced



SKETCH MAP OF POSITIONS AT MAJESFONTEIN

by the Gordons, and these, as they advanced towards the wire-girded trenches, were exposed to a terrific cross-fire from the enemy, their route having taken them past a Boer trench from which the concealed foe promptly assailed them, and they found themselves literally battered by volleys in front, flank, and rear.

The Guards Brigade meanwhile were taking a heavy share of the work. They occupied the centre and right, moving due north over a level plain which was shelled by the Boers from the ridges. The extreme right rested on the river, where the Yorkshire Light Infantry, under a tremendous fire, held the drift. These clung tenaciously to their position throughout the day, even after all their ammunition was exhausted. They fired in all some 7000 rounds, inflicting terrible damage and losing only ten wounded.

About two o'clock, after the enemy had been reinforced, the firing, which had temporarily slackened, began again with stertorous uproar. The air was thick with projectiles dealing death and mutilation on every side. Then it was that the real disaster of the day occurred. The portions of the shattered Highland



MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW G. WAUCHOPE, C.B.

Photo by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

The Battle of Majesfontein

Brigade, which, in spite of the shock to its numbers, had stuck manfully to its terrific duty, suddenly became disorganised. As a matter of fact, though it was not at the moment recognised, nearly all its officers had fallen. A few minutes later and they retired, by whose order none knows. The order was given. No shouting of counter-orders could rally them; and indeed how could it, since the revered familiar voices of their commanders were silent, some of them perhaps never to be heard again! Major Ewart, Brigade-Major of the Highlanders, rode up with an order—almost an entreaty, some say—from the commanding officer to the effect that all he asked of the Brigade was to hold the position till dark. But the officer in this desperate situation could actually find no other to help him to repeat the command to the scattered remnant, and he was thankful for the assistance of Colonel Dawney, who, as a civilian, was surveying the battle from Horse Artillery Hill. Eventually a rally was effected, and the brigade, stiffened and supported by the Scots Guards, got back to the guns; but their nerve was shattered by the terrific experiences of the morning, by the losses they had sustained, and by the disappointment of being unable to fulfil the glorious expectations which the renowned Highland Brigade has ever encouraged and ever nobly fulfilled.

It will serve no purpose to dwell further on the miserable details of mighty effort wasted, splendid lives sacrificed, and gallant hearts crushed by mischance. There are moments when, like the Oriental, one can but lift helpless hands to the Unseen and cry “Kismet!”

While the engagement was going forward, Major-General Pole-Carew sent an armoured train, under cover of a Naval gun, within 2500 yards of the Boer position. This gun during the whole day, whenever occasion required, made itself prominent by its magnificent practice, firing lyddite shells behind the main ridge, and searching kopjes, trenches, and laager with amazing accuracy. For instance, at one moment a train of bullocks drawing guns was seen by the Naval Brigade—in the next the whole affair had ceased to exist! In the same summary way the Guards dealt with the foe. They came on a picket of some forty Boers, who had been left for purposes of observation, and in shorter time than it would take to tell the tale the whole party were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The troops held their own in front of the enemy, entirely clearing them out of the upper intrenchments until darkness put a stop to the operations. This was another of the day's misfortunes, for at the very hour of dusk the Boers were deciding to evacuate their position. Then our troops intrenched themselves in face of the Boer position. But finally, on the following day, they had to retire to Modder River on account of the scarcity of water.

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Nearly all the loss was borne by the Highland Brigade, who lost fifty-three officers either killed, wounded, or missing, and a total of 650 of all ranks. Our line was three and a half miles long, while that of the Boers was almost double. The loss of the enemy in mounted infantry was enormous, and their Scandinavian commando of eighty strong, which, under Baron Faderswold, had been removed from Mafeking, was entirely destroyed, every man being killed or wounded except seven, who were taken prisoners.

There seems to be little doubt that Lord Methuen's ill-success was largely due to treachery, for in the course of the battle an officer detected a Cape Dutchman on the left rear in the act of exchanging signals with the Boers. In fact, much of the information supplied both to General Gatacre and General Methuen was found to be deliberately false, and it was known that the districts through which they had to pass were seething with disaffection. For this reason most probably this glorious and desperate fight proved a drawn battle, but there were, of course, other possible causes to be considered. Lord Methuen had advanced from De Aar with a brilliant army which had already acquitted itself nobly, though with great loss, in three battles, against an enemy entrenched in stony hills. With his thinned force of some 8000 men he now hurled himself against troops which not only had been greatly reinforced, but were situated behind complicated earthworks miles in length, built on the most approved system of modern tactics.

In regard to strategy, there was no doubt that the Boers had scored. They had been lying in wait fully aware of our plans, and had the approach of the troops signalled to them by means of a lantern fixed high on the hills. The Highlanders were fairly at their mercy. By the time the shouts and orders and counter-orders had rung out, those who had uttered them were dead or dying, and many who were left were rushing—rushing and dropping—to get out of the fiery furnace into which they had been led. It must be remembered that on that day there was no artillery preparation; the heights had not been searched, and the enemy was master of the field. The artillery operated later in the morning; but after the first momentary retirement the Brigade of its own accord formed up, consigned itself again to the hell of flame and death, and there stuck as targets for the enemy till midday.

In the official despatch occurs the line, "I attach no blame to this splendid brigade." Fortunately there is none among the great multitude to whom the story of the tragic affair is known who would dream of associating the word blame with the glorious band who so grievously have suffered. Where the blame rests it is not for the civilian to say. Indeed the exact facts of the matter can never be known, as the two dead heroes most concerned cannot speak, and

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those who live can never argue with certainty of facts occurring in the turmoil of battle. In reference to the Brigade Lord Methuen said :—

“ I have made use of Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes Hallett’s report (the acting Brigadier) for the description of the part the Highland Brigade took in this action. Major-General Wauchope told me, when I asked him the question, on the evening of the 10th, that he quite understood his orders, and made no further remark. He died at the head of the brigade, in which his name will always remain honoured and respected. His high military reputation and attainments disarm all criticism. Every soldier in my division deplores the loss of a fine soldier and a true comrade. The attack failed; the inclement weather was against success; the men in the Highland Brigade were ready enough to rally, but the paucity of officers and non-commissioned officers rendered this no easy matter. I attach no blame to this splendid brigade.”

Examples of individual daring and individual self-abnegation during this glorious though ineffectual fight were too numerous to be quoted. The Medical Staff, for instance, exposed themselves with a persistence that was truly marvellous, succouring the injured and carrying them off to shelter, till in some instances they themselves were shot. Very tragic was the state of the gallant wounded, the bravest of the brave, who had dared to advance too near the trenches, for these in the wretched plight could not even enjoy the medical attention lavished on the others, as no sooner were the doctors seen to be approaching them than a storm of fire was immediately sent in their direction. The patience of the sufferers was at times more than heroic. Notwithstanding their agonies and the horrible pangs of thirst that are the inevitable result of wounds, some, knowing that water was too scarce to go round, would not consent to do more than moisten their lips from the water-bottle offered them, while others hid the fact of their being wounded, so as not to absorb attention from those more in need of it than themselves.

The Marquis of Winchester was one of those who fell nobly. For the most part of the day he seemed to have a charmed life, and though bullets whizzed through his helmet and round his ears, he moved fearlessly among his men instructing each as to the direction in which he should fire. At last, however, came the fatal shot which pierced his spine and laid him low.

The gallant colonel of the Gordons, Colonel Downman, was seen shouting on his men till a bullet dealt him a mortal wound. Another Scottish hero, a private, was heard wildly remonstrating as the stretcher-bearers tried to remove him from the field. His ankle was smashed, but he still roared that he had been wounded for twelve hours, and had been fighting all the while, and was still as fit as any man in the army!

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He was not alone in his valour, for instances of remarkable gallantry occurred on every side. Sergeant Gash (Rimington's Horse) singly assisted a wounded man, sticking to him under a heavy fire till the poor fellow was placed out of harm's way, and Lieutenant Riley (Yorkshire Light Infantry) bore on his back a man of the Mounted Infantry while covered by Sergeant Cassen and Privates Bennett and Mawhood. The reason why so many officers fell may be attributed to the fact that the Boers employed sharpshooters who walked coolly about lifting their field-glasses and picking off such persons as appeared in any way conspicuous. The prominence of the officers, however, was not due to peculiarity in their uniforms, they having discarded swords, revolvers, and belts, and adopted kharki aprons over their kilts. One of the Seaforth Highlanders wrote pathetically of the awful day's work. He said :—

“We were in quarter-column of companies in line—that is, we were offering a front of, say, 50 yards—and immediately behind, following in double ranks, were company after company of the Highland Brigade, of, say, 3500 men. Suddenly the whole hillside was one mass of flame, and the Seaforths, leading, received a discharge of rifle-fire from over 16,000 Boers. It was awful. Talk about ‘hell’—the hillside was one continuous line of fire. We immediately scattered and spread one in lines right and left. . . . Monday's work was a huge blunder, and who is to blame I do not know; but there is no doubt the Highland Brigade were led like lambs to the slaughter. We were led more as if we were on a Volunteer review at Hyde Park. We had a sorrowful job on Tuesday night. We had fifty-three dead brought in and buried. You could hear nothing but the wailing of the pibrochs as the Highlanders were buried.”

A colour-sergeant of the 2nd Black Watch writing from hospital thus described the moments when the unlucky Brigade which had stood gloriously against the terrific shock first became disorganised :—

“The brigade was moving in mass of quarter-column, with a few mounted scouts in front and our battalion leading the Brigade. We had to file through a narrow part and form up as we got through, and when my company got to its place I could see the dim outline of the hill in front, and thought we were in a very dangerous place if the enemy, as I thought, occupied it, for it was the extreme left of their position, and therefore they were bound to strongly hold the flank. However, the brigade formed up nicely on the open ground, and a lamp that was shining on the left on a prominent spur was put out. Simultaneously the whole of the hillside was lit up with the most damnable discharge of rifles, &c., that any one can possibly imagine. They seemed to be formed up in tiers all up the hillside, and were pouring magazine fire into us at a terrific rate. Then came all sorts of shouts—‘Lie down,’ ‘Charge,’ ‘Extend,’ &c., and of the whole brigade there was only the front rank of A Company of ours that could have used their rifles, as everybody else was straight in rear of them. Well, two companies in front did charge, but were stopped by barbed wire fences and entanglements fifteen yards from the trenches and mostly shot down. Others broke to right and left or retired, and after waiting

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about a minute for a bullet to hit me, as it appeared impossible to escape one, and as it did not arrive, I thought perhaps it was advisable to go with the remainder. I walked away to the right, still expecting one, but they were all going too high, and it was not yet light. I got clear away and discovered a mob of excited soldiers of all regiments, and with Captain Cameron we tried to get them together, but they had lost their head, and several Boers who had moved out of the trenches to get round our flank happening to fire in this direction, they became disorganised. It was then daylight before sunrise. The Boers, moving smartly, then showered us with bullets, and many were bowled over. I walked along quite casually, shouting to one and another to take cover and keep cool, and I was once followed about 200 yards by quite an accompaniment of bullets, I should say about twelve keeping it up; but as they were evidently aiming at me, none hit me. Slowly getting back with any amount dropping, I lost sight eventually of these persevering gentlemen, when another alarm came from a fresh direction. Thinking possibly it was some of our own troops, I lay down behind an ant-heap facing the direction, loaded my rifle, and waited to be certain before firing. I did not fire, however, as at that moment somebody hit me on the back of the neck with a bar of iron weighing two tons and a half, for so it seemed to me; it quite numbed me for a few seconds, and a chap who had lain down beside me shouted he was shot and began to howl, upon which I politely asked him to shut up and get it bandaged, and I then moved away to find out where they were forming up. After half an hour my equipment became too heavy for me, and meeting a stretcher-bearer he took it off and bandaged me up. The bullet had entered the left side of my neck, and, taking a downward course, passed through the neck and out at the back of the right shoulder. I was then conducted to the ambulance and away to hospital, and on my way down saw the Gordons marching up from the baggage to take a part in it, but the artillery had been working away for two or three hours then."

Could any troops, officerless, unhinged, riddled through and through, instantly gather themselves together with sufficient force to hold out against a foe flushed with triumph and intoxicated with success? Impossible! Students of Napier may recall the description of the panic to the Light Division in the middle of the night, when no enemy was near, and may understand how the bravest and most warlike troops, when exposed to unexpected and unknown danger, have shrunk back in dismay. On the occasion referred to some one called out "A mine!" and such was the force of the shock to the imagination that "the troops who had not been stopped by the strong barrier, the deep ditch, the high walls, and the deadly fire of the enemy, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising." If this result can have been effected by a chimera, how then could anything else be expected by a real shock, a tangible shock, such as the gallant Brigade suffered in that dark hour of horror and despair? It is difficult for the outsider within the protecting walls of home to realise the awful moments, each long as a lifetime, through which these noble fellows passed—moments full of heroism as they were full of pathos! For instance, when the clamour of

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battle was at its loudest, when no voice of officer could be heard, and the stricken Highlanders were groaning in heaps upon the blistering veldt, Corporal M'Kay, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, standing in the midst of the cyclone of lead, struck up "The Campbells are coming" in order to rally the unfortunate men. These, jaded and broken as they were, drew taut their aching limbs, and, reviving with the heartening strains, once more dragged themselves towards the whirlwind of lead, determining once more either to do or to die.

The desperate situation in which the Highlanders were placed may also be pictured from descriptions given by two more of their ill-starred number.

The first wrote :—

"At twelve o'clock we started to advance. Well, we got to within 500 yards of the position, and if ever a man was led into a death-trap my regiment was. We led the brigade. Our general must have been under the impression that the Boers had left the hill, for he had us up in mass of quarter column. When we got within 500 yards they opened fire at us. My God, I shall never forget it in my life. It was terrible, fearful; we were shot down like dogs, without a chance to return their fire. The groans of those hit sound in my ears yet, and will do for many years to come. Well, as soon as they opened fire we fell flat, and got the order to fix bayonets and charge. We did so. The Black Watch only got into their trenches, and I am happy to tell you my bayonet has still got on it the stain of a Boer's blood. Not having any support from any other regiment, we got the order to retire to 400 yards, and I can tell you there were not many who got into the trenches who ever left them. There is hardly any man in the regiment that has any part of his equipment left whole. I have three holes in my kilt."

The second corroborated the above statement :—

"The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge the position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, the enemy blazing at us all the way and dropping our fellows like skittles from their splendid positions. There was nothing for it but to lie down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about 5.30 A.M. till I suppose 6 P.M., the sun pouring down on me all the time, and not a drink of water all day, and dare not stir hand or foot, and expecting every instant to be my last. I could hear nothing but the cries, moans, and prayers of the wounded all round me, but I daren't so much as look up to see who they were. Shots and shells were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and plenty of them striking within a yard of me—I mean bullets, not shells—and yet they never hit me. I believe some of the fellows went off their heads and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped them. One youngster lying close to me said he would make a dart for it about 3 P.M. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds after I could hear them pitting at him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet. About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot, and I began to feel it in the legs, which are now very painful and swollen, besides was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark, I managed to wriggle my body through

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the shrub farther back, and after I had been at it some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another intrenchment of the enemy. They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a bit, it getting darker, I got up and walked back, and there was nothing but dead Highlanders all over the place."

Can anything be more pathetic than these rough outlines of the tragic scene where so many valiant souls sacrificed their lives without a chance to win for themselves even the shroud of glory? Truly in this surprisingly-fought yet disastrous battle—

"A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of gallant actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished lie."

Dim, as the dawn of that dire December morning, is our knowledge of the real agony of those appalling moments, the absolute magnificence of these human souls who were ordered to march to the grave as surely as was the Light Brigade at Balaclava. For though Balaclava was a scene of triumph and Majesfontein was one of misery, both brigades started gloriously forth, and both were martyrs to a mistake. If ever monument should be erected to the brave Scottish dead who were sacrificed at Majesfontein, these four words should be carved thereon, that all who hereafter may read of their high failure may remember also, that this failure was entirely due to the tragic fact that "Some one had blundered."

The picture of disaster given by the *Daily News* was heart-breaking:—

"General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets; yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together. The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward—onward to death or disaster. The accursed wires caught them round the legs until they floundered, like trapped wolves, and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. Then they fell back, broken and beaten, leaving nearly 1300 dead and wounded."

Yes; dead and wounded—for many of the latter even remained there till morning. Among these was poor young Wauchope, the soul of gallantry. He was hit in four places, and lay for hours in the bitterly cold night glued to the ground in his own gore. He was not picked up till dawn. But gruesome as was his position, he was in the company of heroes. Round and about were the most splendid fellows that had ever worn kilt; Colonel Coode, and brave brilliant MacFarlan, the Adjutant of the Black Watch, who, times and again, rallied not only his men, but any stragglers who could be

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got to follow his dauntless lead. And beyond all these, close in the teeth of the enemy, was the glorious General, the intrepid warrior, who, after distinguishing himself in many battlefields, in the shambles of Majesfontein "foremost fighting fell."

No word, no lament, can sufficiently express the mourning of the nation. Of him only can we say, as was said of Sir John Moore at Coruna, "If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!" Neither for such a man is there any death! Though his dust may mingle with the dust of the veldt, his actions must stand out for all time, and remind his countrymen that of such glorious, immemorial dust the British Empire has been built!

General Wauchope was born in 1846, and entered the army in 1865; was Lieutenant in 1867, Captain in 1878, Major in 1884, Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel the same year, Colonel in 1888, and Major-General in 1898. He served in the Ashanti War in 1873, was slightly wounded in the advance-guard engagement of Jarbinbah, and severely wounded at the battle of Ordashu. He was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the medal and clasp.

In the Egyptian War of 1882 he served with the Black Watch, and took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, receiving medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star. Two years later he was in the Soudan Expedition under Sir Gerald Graham as D.A.A.G., and was severely wounded at El Teb, receiving the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and two clasps for his bravery. In the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 Colonel Wauchope was attached to Major-General Earle's river column, and in the engagement of Kerbekan was again wounded—this time very severely. At the conclusion of the campaign he was awarded two clasps. In 1898 he took part in the Soudan Expedition under Lord Kitchener, and led the first British brigade into action at the battle of Omdurman. For his services he was made Major-General, was awarded the medal and the Khedive's medal with clasps, and received the thanks of Parliament. When the present war in South Africa began, he was appointed to command the Highland Brigade of Lord Methuen's column.

In the political sphere Major-General Wauchope distinguished himself also, though he never entered Parliament. He was, however, Mr. Gladstone's opponent in the re-election for Midlothian in 1892. It was a fight which excited the keenest interest all over Great Britain, and was conducted by Colonel Wauchope with untiring energy. The result was that he reduced the Radical majority from the 4631 of the previous election (of 1885) to 690. He would probably have been returned in 1895, but he was then once more on the active list of the army. In June 1898 he contested South Edinburgh, but lost by a Liberal majority of 831. The news of

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his death caused a feeling of great distress in the Scottish capital, and the sorrow among his tenantry in Midlothian was intense.

The following is the list of officers killed and wounded :—

Highland Brigade (Staff)—Killed: Major-General Wauchope. Seriously wounded: Lieutenant Macleod (West Riding Regiment). Wounded: Lieutenant Wauchope (2nd Royal Highlanders), Lieutenant Vaughan (1st York and Lancaster Regiment), slightly. 2nd Royal Highlanders—Killed: Lieut.-Colonel Coode,¹ Captain Elton, Lieutenant Edmonds, Captain Hon. Cumming Bruce, Captain MacFarlan, Lieutenant Ramsay. Wounded: Major Cuthbertson, Captain Cameron, Lieutenant St. J. Harvey, Lieutenant Berthon, Lieutenant Tait, Second Lieutenant Bullock, Second Lieutenant Drummond, Second Lieutenant Innes. Slightly wounded: Major Duff, Major Berkeley, Lieutenant J. Harvey. 2nd Seaforth Highlanders—Killed: Captain J. R. Clark, Lieutenant Cox, Second Lieutenant Cowie, Captain Brodie. Missing: Major K. R. Mackenzie. Wounded: Captain Featherstonhaugh, Lieutenant Chamley, Second Lieutenant Waterhouse (dangerously), Second Lieutenant Hall, Second Lieutenant Wilson, Second Lieutenant Clive, Second Lieutenant Baillie. 1st Highland Light Infantry—Killed: Captain Cowan, Captain Lambton. Wounded: Lieut.-Colonel Kelham (slightly), Captain Noyes (severely), Captain Wolfe Murray (slightly), Captain Richardson, Second Lieutenant A. J. Martin, Second Lieutenant Knight, Second Lieutenant Fraser. 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—Killed: Lieut.-Colonel Goff.² Wounded: Major Robinson (since died), Lieutenant Graham, Second Lieutenant King, Second Lieutenant Scott (seriously), Captain Campbell (slightly). 1st Gordon Highlanders—Died of wounds: Captain Wingate. Dangerously wounded: Lieut.-Colonel Downman,³ Captain W. E. Gordon, Second Lieutenant Campbell. Seriously

¹ Lieutenant-Colonel John Henry Collier Coode, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), entered the army in 1875, obtained his company in 1882, was major in 1890, and lieutenant-colonel in June 1898. From 1884 to 1889 he was an adjutant of the Auxiliary Forces, but until the present campaign had seen no active service.

² Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald Lionel Joseph Goff, of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Joseph Goff, of Burton Grange, Herts. by his marriage with Lady Adelaide Henrietta Louise Hortense, a daughter of the second Earl of Ranfurly. He was born on March 8, 1855, and entered the army on March 10, 1875, from the Militia, being posted as a lieutenant to the 91st Foot (now the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders). He obtained his company on July 1, 1884, and was adjutant of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the North Staffordshire Regiment from January 2, 1888, to January 1, 1893. He reached the rank of major on September 21, 1892, and that of lieutenant-colonel on July 23, 1898. This was not his first service in South Africa, he having taken part with the 91st Highlanders in the Zulu war of 1879, when he was present at the action of Gingindhlovo and the relief of Ekowe, for which he had the medal with clasp. He was a magistrate for Hants and Wilts, and resided at Hale Park, Salisbury. He married in 1894 Ellen, the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, of Arncliffe, Midlothian, who survives him.

³ Lieutenant-Colonel George Thomas Frederick Downman, of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, who subsequently died of wounds received in this battle, joined the army twenty-three years ago, became captain in 1883, and major in 1891. In 1896 he was appointed second in command of his regiment, and received a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in May 1898. He first saw service in the Soudan campaign of 1884, and was present at El Teb and Tamai, receiving the medal with clasp and the Khedive's star. In the Nile Expedition which followed he was with the River Column under Major-General Earle, and was awarded a clasp. In 1895 he was with his regiment in Chitral under Sir Robert Low, and took part in the storming of the Malakand Pass, being mentioned in despatches and receiving the medal with clasp. Then in 1897-98 he went with his battalion to the North-West Frontier under Sir William Lockhart and was present in the engagement at Dargai

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wounded: Captain Macnab. Guards Brigade.—1st Coldstream Guards—Wounded: Lieut.-Colonel Codrington, Major Hon. W. Lambton, Captain J. Sterling, Second Lieutenant W. Beckwith, Second Lieutenant G. Follett. 2nd Coldstream Guards—Killed: Major the Marquis of Winchester.¹ Cavalry Brigade (Staff)—Wounded: Captain Briggs (1st Dragoon Guards), Brigade-Major. Mounted Infantry—Killed: Major Milton, Major Ray (1st Northumberland Fusiliers). Wounded: Lieut.-Colonel Bigron (Australian Artillery) (attached), and Lieutenant Cowie. Royal Horse Artillery—Wounded: Lieutenant Tudor (G Battery) and Major Maberley. Royal Army Medical Corps—Wounded: Lieutenant Douglas. Taken prisoner: Major C. H. Burtchaell.

and at the subsequent storming of the Dargai heights, being mentioned again in despatches. He was present also at the capture of the Sampagha and Arhanga Passes, and went through the succeeding operations in the Maidan, Waran, and Bara Valleys. His name was mentioned also in these despatches, and his services secured for him, besides his brevet of lieutenant-colonel, two clasps. He was forty-four years of age, and was gazetted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment in July 1899.

¹ Augustus John Henry Beaumont Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, Premier Marquis of England and the fifteenth bearer of the title, was born in 1858, and succeeded his father in 1887. Educated at Eton, he entered the Coldstream Guards in 1879, was lieutenant in 1881, captain in 1890, and received his majority in April 1897. He served in the expedition to the Soudan in 1885 as aide-de-camp to Sir John M'Neill, and was present in the engagements at Hasheen and the Tofreck Zereba, and at the destruction of Tamai, receiving the medal with two clasps and Khedive's star. He went out to the Cape with his regiment in the *Gascon*, arriving there just a month ago. It was only on the previous Saturday that his appointment as second in command of the regiment was notified, the vacancy having been caused by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Stopford at the battle of Belmont. Lord Winchester was the hereditary bearer of the Cap of Maintenance—a cap of dignity carried before the Sovereigns of England at their coronation. He was a D.L. for the county of Southampton, was unmarried, and is succeeded by his brother, Lord Henry William Montagu Paulet, formerly a lieutenant of the 3rd Battalion Hampshire Regiment, who has just attained his 37th year.

CHAPTER VI

CHIEVELEY CAMP

DEELY to be deplored, yet generally recognised, was the fact that so far, no decisive defeat had been inflicted on the Boers. We had fought gloriously, sometimes successfully; great men and brave had written their names in blood on the roll of heroes and had passed away, but nothing decisive had been done. It was true that the enemy had been routed time after time, but he had got away without chastisement, and in most cases with his guns. The main reason for his safe flight was our lack of cavalry, and also the fact that such horses as we had were not of the same nimble build as those—inferior, yet smart—which were possessed by the Boers. These, thoroughly acclimatised and also educated to the curious nature of the boulder-strewn country, were able to career into space before our heavier chargers could get even with them.

Lord Methuen had fought three glorious battles successfully, and a fourth, equally glorious though productive of no result, inasmuch as the distance of his troops from Kimberley remained the same, while their numbers were very materially attenuated. It was reasonably to be supposed that a general who had come victoriously through three engagements—all accomplished within a week—should, in a measure, have exhausted some of his fighting material, and that such unequalled feats of arms as had been displayed must be paid for. The morale and stamina of the troops had been tried in every way. They had faced shot and shell at Belmont, at Enslin, and at Modder River. They had marched many miles under a torrid sun and slept many nights exposed to contrasting cold. Yet, at Majesfontein they had risen to the occasion, and flung themselves into the hurlyburly of battle as though a hint of fatigue were unknown. And their ill-success, it was discovered, was mainly due to treachery, against which it was almost impossible to be entirely guarded.

The one compliment that can be paid to a Boer is to call him “slim” or sly, and this slimness in warfare has helped the foe to circumvent the broader and more open tactics of the Briton. There was, indeed, no knowing how far or how ingeniously the ramifications of “slimness” had extended, and, to be even with them at all, our warriors have needed to add to the courage of

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lions the astuteness of weasels! Some of the Cape Dutch had worked surreptitiously for the foe, others affected an attitude of neutrality, more dangerous than open antagonism; while Kaffirs, either from fear of being made biltong of, or for bribes, had lent themselves to delude and trick the British on more than one occasion. However, notwithstanding impediments, every one waited anxiously to hear a decisive note in the war news, and continued to hope for the best. Lord Methuen having done his part, all eyes were now turned towards the Natal force and Sir Redvers Buller, in expectation of relief. In England the tension was becoming painful; in the Cape it was causing colourless loyalty to become tinged with doubt; in the besieged towns it was bringing patience to the snapping-point. In effect, the whole nation was standing with bated breath for the great, the important stroke, and the entire world looked to Colenso, that hitherto unknown spot in the Empire, for one of the biggest battles of the campaign.

THE BATTLE OF COLENZO

On Friday the 15th December the Ladysmith relief column under Sir Redvers Buller attacked the enemy in full force. The Dutchmen held very strong positions north of Colenso, their camps and laagers being linked with those surrounding the southern side of Ladysmith, while to the south of the river they also held a formidable and commanding post. About three miles in front was an open plain, with hardly a vestige of cover in any direction. All around was a crescent-shaped constellation of high kopjes. The great hill of Hlangwane, on the left flank of the enemy, though it was not known at the onset, was strongly fortified, and *vis-à-vis* to the Hlangwane guns on the extreme right were posted more guns. Between these two eminences was the plain aforesaid, veined with dongas which reached to the terribly steep banks of the river, where were more intrenchments. From Fort Wylie, another of the fortified kopjes, the Boers commanded the little village of Colenso and the expanse of country through which Sir Redvers Buller proposed to advance to Ladysmith. The Tugela, wide and deep, ran between the foes, except on the left of the Boer position, where the Dutchmen held both banks of the river.

Upon their defensive works the Boers had spent a vast amount of labour. Besides rows of trenches cunningly concealed by grass and scrub upon the flats on both sides of the river, barbed wire entanglements complicated the situation both at the trenches and under the water at the river fords. The water of the river was also deepened by means of cleverly-made dams, in order that any troops



THE BATTLE OF COLENZO—QUEEN'S (ROYAL WEST SURREY) REGIMENT LEADING THE CENTRAL ATTACK.

Drawing by J. Finnemore, R.I.

The Battle of Colenso

which might endeavour to ford the current would find themselves carried off their feet.

But, of course, the intricacy of these ingenious arrangements was only discovered at the cost of bitter experience. Later on, a great deal of after-the-event wisdom was forthcoming, and the ignorance of all concerned regarding the nature of the position to be attacked was severely commented upon. It was said that no satisfactory reconnaissance of the enemy's position was made, and that accurate knowledge of the nature of the ground to be passed over was not forthcoming. It was also averred that neither subordinate officers nor men were informed of what was expected of them, and that the only maps supplied to regimental officers were small-scale maps of the whole of South Africa, forty miles to the inch. However, it is clear that General Buller fully believed in his ability to force the passage of the Tugela, and viewed the position, though formidable, as less formidable than it really was. From all accounts it was plain that all the generals believed the village of Colenso to be evacuated, and none of them seemed to foresee very powerful opposition from that quarter or to take into account the exceeding rapidity with which the Boers managed to return to positions temporarily vacated.

Selections from the general orders of the day will show the proposed plan of action, and help to an understanding of how much one side may propose and the other dispose in a modern campaign :—

GENERAL ORDERS.

“Orders of Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Clery, commanding the South Natal field forces.

“CHIEVELEY, *Dec. 14, 1899 (10 P.M.)*.

“1. The enemy is intrenched in the kopjes north of the Tugela; one large camp is reported to be near the Ladysmith road, about five miles north-west of Colenso. Another large camp is reported in the hills which lie off the Tugela in a northerly direction from Hlangwane Hill, a rough scrub-covered kopje.

“2. It is the intention of the General Officer Commanding to force a passage of the Tugela to-morrow.

“3. The 5th Brigade (Major-General Hart's) will move from its present camp at 4.30 A.M. and march towards Bridle Drift (a ford about four miles west of Colenso), immediately west of the junction of Doornkop Spruit and the Tugela. The brigade will cross at this point, and after crossing move along on the left bank of the river towards the kopjes north of the iron bridge.

“4. The 2nd Brigade (Major-General Hildyard's) will move from its present camping-ground at 4 A.M., and, passing south of the present camping-ground of No. 1 and No. 2 of the divisional troops, will march in the direction of the iron bridge at Colenso, and the brigade will cross at this point and gain possession of the kopjes north of the iron bridge.

“5. The 4th Brigade (Major-General the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton's) will

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advance at 4.30 A.M. to the point between Bridle Drift and the railway south, and can support either the 5th or the 2nd Brigade.

"6. The 6th Brigade (Major-General Barton's), less half a battalion as escort to the baggage, will move at 4 A.M. east of the railway in the direction of Hlangwane Hill to a position where it can protect the right flank of the 2nd Brigade, and, if necessary, support it or the mounted troops referred to later as moving towards Hlangwane Hill.

"7. The officer commanding the mounted brigade (the Earl of Dundonald) will move, at 4 A.M. with a force of 1000 men and one battery, No. 1 brigade division, in the direction of Hlangwane Hill. He will cover the right flank of the general movement, and will endeavour to take up a position on Hlangwane Hill, where he will enfilade the kopjes north of the iron bridge. The officer commanding the mounted troops will also detail two forces of 300 and 500 men, to cover the right and left flanks respectively and protect the baggage.

"8. The Second Brigade Division of the Royal Field Artillery will move, at 4.30 A.M., following the Fourth Brigade, and will take up a position whence it can enfilade the kopjes north of the iron bridge. The Sixth Brigade (Major-General Barton's) will act on any orders it receives from Major-General Hart. The six Naval guns, twelve-pounders, now in position north of the Fourth Brigade, will advance on the right of the Second Brigade Division Royal Field Artillery. No. 1 Division Royal Field Artillery, less one battery detached to the mounted brigade, will move at 3.30 A.M. east of the railway, and proceed, under cover of the Sixth Brigade, to a point from which it can prepare a crossing for the Second Brigade. The six Naval guns will accompany and act with the Brigade Division."

It must be remembered that the railway bridge had been blown up, but a footbridge still existed.

Before dawn Lord Dundonald with a mounted brigade and a battery of artillery moved to the east, while General Hart and his brigade started to try and cross Brindle Drift. The field-guns came next with cavalry—the 1st Royals and 13th Hussars—to protect either flank. Major-General Hildyard's brigade advanced to occupy the post of honour in the centre of the theatre of war. On the right were the West Surrey with the West Yorks in support. On the left marched the Devons with the East Surrey in rear. At 6 A.M. the Naval Contingent opened the proceedings. Their 12-pounders began to snort and to roar, and lyddite whizzed and shrieked over to Grobler's Hill and in the neighbourhood of Fort Wylie. But it whizzed and shrieked in vain. The Boers were "mum." They were "lying low," and had determined to keep their position masked as long as possible. They adopted the same tactics which had so confounded us at Majesfontein. The infantry now advanced, while Colonels Long and Hunt made haste—undue haste, as lamentable experience proved—to come into line with their field-batteries. At this moment, when all seemed to be going well, when Hart's, Hildyard's, and Barton's brigades were moving to their several positions, the sudden combined roar of Boer artillery and musketry was heard, coming not,

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as might have been supposed, from the distance, but *from the immediate front*, and apparently from all sides. A very cyclone of Mauser bullets swept all around, rattling and barking from the river bank from trenches north and south of the Tugela, from Fort Wylie, and from every available point of vantage. Flame in tongues and forks belched out as from a crackling bush. The advancing infantry—the Devons and the West Surrey—found themselves almost carried off their feet; leaden hail beat the dust around, digging deep into the earth and sending up spurts of blinding dust, or whistling a warning of death to the heart of many an honest lad and true. So deadly, so awful was this fusillade, that it seemed impossible to do aught but flee. Yet the gunners stood tight to their guns, and the infantry with set faces like masks of bronze, regardless of the companions that dropped thick and fast around and upon them, stared Death straight in the face—stared at and recognised and knew him, and still maintained their ground! More—they advanced; nearer and ever nearer to the invisible enemy they came, afterwards lying down and returning the fire with inte-

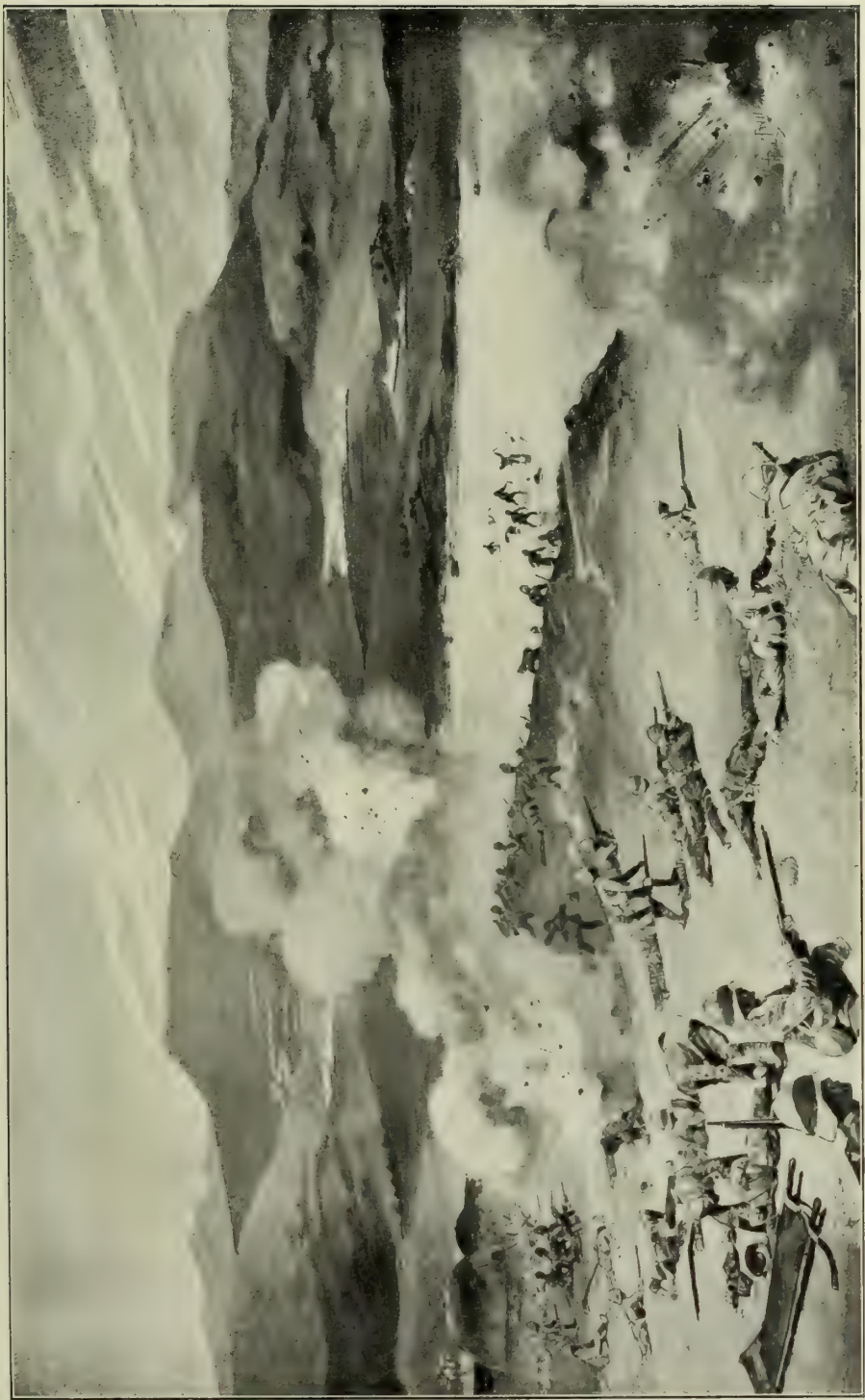


SKETCH PLAN OF BATTLE OF COLENSO, MADE ON THE SPOT BY A MILITARY DRAUGHTSMAN.

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rest, while the guns of Long's and Hunt's field-batteries boomed and bellowed and vomited fire like Inferno released. Fort Wylie and its neighbourhood were swept with shrapnel and almost silenced, but only for a moment. Disaster was in the air. The concealed sharpshooters of the enemy, who crowded the Boer lines, had applied themselves to making a concentrated attack on the guns, picking off horses and officers and men, and finally reducing the snorting weapons which had been galloped too quickly into action, and were within 700 yards of the enemy's trenches, to a condition of pitiable impotence. Only the third field-battery and the Naval battery could move, and these were quickly drawn off to a place of safety. Amidst this scene of tragedy and uproar the Devons and West Surrey were steadily pursuing their way with a heroism that absolutely defies description. The enemy was driven out of the platelayers' and surrounding houses, and Colenso village was cleared. What the guns failed to do the bayonet accomplished, and before the glint of the steel—the cold, stern steel they so much dread—the Boers had bolted. But all around them Krupps and Maxims and Hotchkiss guns were still working hard, spouting and shrieking, and tearing earth and men and horses, and throwing them together in one horrible, hideous heap.

Certainly the advance of Hildyard's men was a noble achievement. Their effort to capture the road bridge and hold the village of Colenso in face of a scene of carnage was an act of splendid courage and determination; but they were assailed with so deadly a storm of shot and shell that they had no choice but to retire. Though they had imagined the village to be evacuated, the place had been swarming with Boers, they evidently having expected to be attacked in this quarter. Not only were they strongly intrenched, but the guns on the surrounding hills commanded the position, and when the Boers were temporarily routed the guns still continued to sweep the whole place with such unerring accuracy and fierceness that the ground was thickly strewn with the bodies of the mangled. Until those guns could be silenced, efforts of the infantry were so much waste of valiant flesh and blood; but our power to silence them was at an end. The guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries were doomed. They had, as before said, been approached too close to the river, and thus been exposed to the unerring rifle-fire of the Boer mercenaries. The attack was immediately returned, but before long the whole party, officers, gunners, and horses, were simply mown down. As fast as more horses were brought up they were annihilated. In addition to this the gunners ran short of ammunition. To await the arrival of this, such survivors as there were doubled back to the shelter of a donga twenty yards in their rear. At that time there was no



THE BATTLE OF COLENZO—THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS ATTEMPT TO FORD THE TUGELA.

Drawing by René Bull and Enoch Ward, R.B.A.

The Battle of Colenso

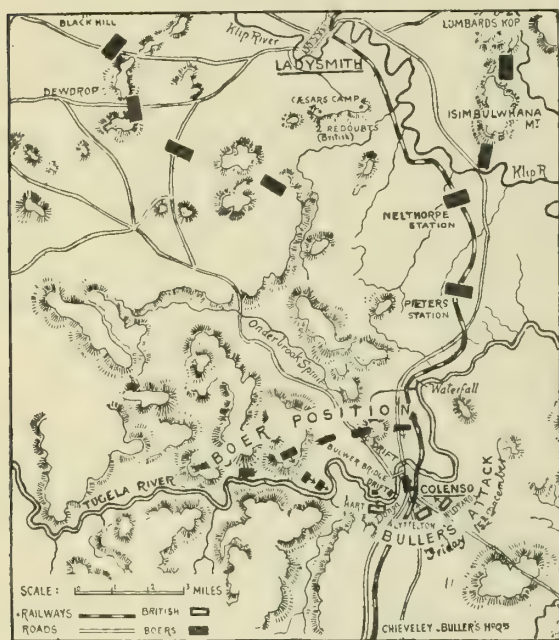
intention of abandoning the guns. Superb were the efforts made to save them. Three officers rushed forward into the open, and, with some heroic drivers and such horses as they could get, made their way very deliberately towards the two field-batteries and into the mouth of a flaming hell. These were Captain Schofield, R.A. (A.D.C. to General Buller), Captain the Hon. F. Roberts, 60th Rifles, and Captain Congreve, Rifle Brigade. This glorious bravery was almost an act of suicide, and in sheer amazement at the wondrous valour of these dauntless Britons, the Boer rifle-fire, for one instant, was suspended. In the next, shot and shell burst forth afresh and the scene became too harrowing for description. Roberts, the gallant and the beloved, dropped, wounded in five places, while his horse was blown to bits, and Congreve, his jacket riddled to ribbons, was hit several times. Schofield, by a miracle, came whole from the ordeal, and succeeded in the almost impossible task of hauling off the two guns, for which all three and many others had risked their lives. The rest of the guns were captured by the enemy, but of this anon.

Major-General Hart's Brigade, consisting of the Dublins, Inniskillings, Borderers, and Connaughts, fulfilled in a measure what was expected of them. Some of them actually crossed the Tugela, but, alas! to no purpose. The position near the other side was untenable. A dam had been thrown across the water to deepen it. Cascades of artillery shrapnel were so liberally poured upon them, there was no holding up a head in such a fusillade. Yet they pushed on to the river, and the enemy fell back before them or dropped under their steady determined fire. The Dutchmen were driven to the north bank of the Tugela, and the Irish Brigade gallantly plunged in, thinking the water was knee-deep or at least fordable, and it was only then that they discovered that the wire entanglements that had been spread around the trenches were also under water, and that the flood itself was unexpectedly deep, owing to the ingenious dam that had been constructed by the "slim" adversary. There were now ten feet of water instead of two, and sad was the plight of many a poor fellow of the Dublins and Connaughts, who, weighted with ammunition and accoutrements, found it impossible to swim to shore or even to return. They were drowned in the flood, while others dropped in heaps under the enemy's fire, and even under volleys of our own men, who, unluckily, mistook them for the foe. But the Irishmen's blood was up, and some, at any cost, determined to reach the other side to get one grip of the enemy, but what many of them thought to be the other bank was merely the bank of a winding spruit, which took them no farther towards the foe. The disappointment and rage was intense. Boom, boom, went the cannons roaring

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their dirge of death; bang, bang, bellowed the Naval battery in reply; rattling and raking came the bullets above the heads of the plunging Irishmen; splash, splash, sang the cold muddy water in their ears as they scrambled from rock to stone or swam for dear life. All that gallantry could do was done, but there was no appreciable advance with them, or indeed anywhere—ill-luck or bad management frustrated the best efforts on every hand. Men fell in heaps; horses with half their bodies blown away littered the veldt; the guns were stuck fast—useless lumber, too valuable to leave, too heavy to get away. Some say that had it not been for the action of the artillery commander in taking a whole brigade division—

three batteries—up at a gallop to within 700 yards of the enemy's trenches, the day might still have been ours. The valiant Irishmen would still have pursued their risky advance. Others declared that the want of proper scouting caused the whole fiasco, and that all the pluck of the Irish Brigade was so much heroism wasted. They had no information relative to the intrenchments of the place to be attacked by them, nor any conception of the strength of the opposition they were liable to meet. No scouts appear to have discovered the position of the ford by which they



MAP SHOWING THE ATTEMPTED PASSAGE OF THE RIVER BY GENERAL BULLER ON DECEMBER 15.

were ordered to cross, or the nearness of the enemy to that point, and consequently the brigade marched in quarter-column into the very jaws of death, only deploying when shells had already begun to burst in their midst. Like the guns of the Royal Artillery, they found themselves before they were prepared in the midst of a close and deadly fusillade—the more deadly and unnerving because on the clearest of days not a whiff of smoke betrayed the quarters from whence the murderous assaults were coming.

General Barton's brigade, like Hart's and Hildyard's, failed to effect its object. It was found impossible to obtain possession of Hlangwane Hill, which was much more strongly held than it was

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believed to be. The troops were assailed from thence by such galling shell and rifle fire that they were eventually forced to retire.

On the extreme right, the mounted troops, under Lord Dundonald, made a vigorous attack at the Hlangwane Hill, on which was posted the Boer pieces which had wrought such devastation among the British batteries. However, in advancing up the valley, they were outflanked by the Boers, and had eventually to retire under a storm of bullets. The irregulars, for their part, worked splendidly. The South African Horse advanced on the front under a heavy shell fire. Thorneycroft's Horse, the Natal Carabineers, the Imperial Light Horse, and the Mounted Infantry at the same time attempted the flanking attack; but the Boer lines, which ran along some high ground to the right of the flanking party, defeated their best efforts. Owing to the bad light, and to the fact that the Boers used smokeless powder, their fire failed to reveal their position, and the discomfort of the attacking party was considerable.

Meanwhile the 7th Battery, which was with Lord Dundonald, kept shelling Hlangwane and Fort Wylie in turns, the latter being done in order to assist the general advance. About noon Lord Dundonald was ordered to retire. This, however, was immediately impossible. So soon as the men began to move they became targets for the foe. Many of the men were reluctant to retire at all, and were pressing in their desire to still "have a go" at the enemy. The retirement at last, after a two hours' struggle, was accomplished without undue loss. The 7th Battery, under command of Major Henshaw, made splendid practice. During the engagement Lord Dundonald sent a team of gun and waggon horses, under Captain Reed, to assist the 14th and 66th Batteries to recover their guns. Captain Reed returned to the 7th Battery, and though he came back with a bullet in his leg, he insisted on remaining with it until he was ordered back to camp.

Generals Buller and Clery were ubiquitous, riding coolly about and directing where the hurricane of lead was thickest, and running risks which rendered all who saw them anxious for their safety. Indeed, as some one remarked, one would have thought they were lieutenants trying to make a name, and not generals with the responsibility of an army on their minds. The loss of either of these prominent officers would have been counted by the Boers as a sign of victory, and therefore, when one was hit in the side and another in the arm by glancing bullets, there was considerable alarm among those who were near enough to observe what had taken place. Captain Hughes, R.A.M.C., was killed, and others of the Staff were wounded. Lord Gerard twice had narrow escapes, his horse being twice wounded.

A squadron of the Imperial Horse had an exciting experience.

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The men, who had dismounted to move in extended order across level country, were beginning to cross a ploughed field. Suddenly a rifle volley was opened upon them, and they were forced to lie down for cover. But the enemy, though on a kopje not 500 yards distant at this time, was quite invisible; and on this clear, hot day, though the song of the Mauser went on persistently, there was no smoke to betray the enemy's position. The Imperial Horse lay quiet, and the enemy thinking they were perhaps annihilated ceased firing. Presently, however, when the troopers ventured out, the firing was renewed, and many were killed and wounded. It is invidious to mention special regiments when all fought so resolutely. The behaviour of the irregular forces, however, was the subject of general remark. They held their position under a heavy cross-fire, refusing to retire without their wounded. And when they did retire, the movement was executed without flurry, with precision and composure, as if the battlefield were one vast manœuvring ground. Meanwhile the Boers still struggled to outflank our right, and the 13th Hussars had a lively time, Colonel Blagrove having his charger shot under him; but there were few serious calamities, only two of the troopers being killed.

Many instances of heroism were recorded on the part of men and officers belonging to all the regiments engaged in the battle. Lieutenant Ponsonby, of Thorneycroft's Horse, while endeavouring to save a wounded man, was fired at, the shot striking his unhappy burden and mortally wounding him. The young officer was slightly wounded himself, but managed to escape after shooting his assailant dead at very close quarters. The conduct of the Dublins was the subject of universal praise. They lost heavily; some 216 out of 900 men. When ordered to retire, although the crossing of the Tugela Drift was a sufficiently fearful experience, they were intensely disgusted. "Let us only see the beggars!" they asked. "Give us a chance with the bayonet!" said these gallant fellows, who had already passed through a hurricane of shot and shell. The Scottish Fusiliers lost 75 out of 301, but they were still ready, still bent, if allowed, upon carrying the bridge at all costs. Their enterprise was badly rewarded. They got left in an untenable position and were surrounded.

Captain Herbert, Staff Officer to Colonel Long, had his horse killed under him, while the Colonel himself was severely wounded by a bullet from a shrapnel shell. Captain White-Thomas, while on his way back to the limbers to get blankets for the injured, received a nasty wound. Colonel Brook (Connaught Rangers) was shot, and while being carried off the field by some of his men, one of these was wounded. The Colonel insisted on being put down, but Pat also insisted that he was equal to carrying his burden to a place of

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safety, and did so, though a shot had pierced his neck and passed clean out on the other side.

So many valiant deeds were performed that space will not admit of all being recounted. The irregulars and regulars seemed determined to out-distance each other in feats of chivalry. Private Farmer, of the Carabineers, struggled to save a comrade at the risk of his own life. Colour-Sergeant Byrne, in a storm of bullets, gallantly saved three of his comrades who were drowning, though he and they were heavily weighted with ammunition and equipment. Major Gordon, wounded as he was, fiercely and nobly led on his men till he dropped from exhaustion. The conduct of some of the drivers was simply amazing, and their daring was repeated and reflected in the achievements of the infantry. Quite wonderful was the bearing of these men, mere private soldiers, in their magnificent nobility of sacrifice, their utter regardlessness of self. Each strove to set an example to the other of steadfast, almost reckless devotion to duty.

The circumstances attending the capture of the guns were deeply tragic. Late in the terrible afternoon, when the red sun was sending horizontal rays across the blood-dyed field, a strong party of Boers swam the river for the purpose of seizing the guns and forcing the wounded, who were huddled together in the donga, to surrender. It was a fearful moment. Our worn-out, fainting, and dying men were lying about drenched in their own gore, helpless, and none could move to save the precious guns from falling into alien hands. Some raged, some wept with mortification at their powerlessness to stay the inevitable. Three Boers approached them for the purpose of demanding their instant surrender, and were shot at from the donga. A larger body then arrived, and though Colonel Bullock doggedly refused to surrender, and was struck down by their leader, they eventually forced the party to submit. It is said—let us hope it was mere report—that they threatened to shoot the wounded if they did not! However, the fact was mentioned by Sir Redvers Buller, who doubtless had been well informed on the subject.

The following is the list of casualties in the engagement at Colenso :—

Royal Field Artillery—Killed: Captain A. H. Goldie, Lieutenant C. B. Schreiber. Royal Dublin Fusiliers—Killed: Captain A. H. Bacon, Lieutenant P. C. Henry. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—Killed: Captain Frank C. Loftus. Devon Regiment—Wounded: Captain M. J. Goodwyn (b), Captain J. F. Radcliffe (b), Captain P. U. W. Vigor (c), Lieutenant H. B. W. Gardiner (c), Second Lieutenant H. J. Storey (c). Rifle Brigade—Wounded: Second Lieutenant R. G. Graham (b), Captain W. N. Congreve (c). Fifth Brigade Staff—Wounded: Captain Hon. St. Leger Jervis (b). Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—Died of wounds: Major G. F. W. Charley. Wounded: Captain A. G.

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Hancocks (a), Captain W. F. Hessey (b), Captain E. J. Buckley (b), Lieutenant H. A. Leverson (b), Second Lieutenant T. W. Whiffen (b), Lieutenant A. D. Best (b), Lieutenant W. W. Weldon (c), Lieutenant J. G. Devenish (b). Border Regiment—Wounded: Major K. H. G. Heygate (b), Captain J. E. S. Probyn (c), Lieutenant G. T. Marsh (b). Connaught Rangers—Wounded: Colonel L. G. Brooke (a), Lieutenant G. F. Brooke (a). Royal Dublin Fusiliers.—Wounded: Major A. W. Gordon (b), Captain H. M. Stewan (b), Second Lieutenant M'Leod (b). Royal Irish Fusiliers—Wounded: Captain T. E. R. Brush (b). Royal Horse Artillery—Wounded: Colonel Long (a). Royal Field Artillery—Wounded: Lieut.-Colonel H. Hunt (c), Captain H. D. White-Thomson (c), Captain H. L. Reed (c), Captain F. A. G. Elton (b), Lieutenant Frank Goodson (c). Royal Army Medical Corps—Killed: Captain M. C. Hughes. Wounded: Major F. A. Bracington (? Brannigan) (c). Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry—Killed: Lieutenant C. M. Jenkins. Wounded: Lieutenant W. Otto (b), Lieutenant Ponsonby (c), Second Lieutenant Holford, 19th Hussars (attached) (a). Natal Carabiniers—Wounded: D. W. Mackay (b), Lieutenant R. W. Wilson (c). South African Light Horse—Wounded: Lieutenant B. Banhurst (b), Lieutenant J. W. Cock (c). King's Royal Rifles—Wounded: Lieutenant Hon. F. H. S. Roberts (since died). Field Artillery—Prisoners: Second Lieutenant R. W. St. L. Gethin, Major A. L. Bailward, Lieutenant A. C. Birch, Second Lieutenant C. D. Holford, Major W. Y. Foster. Devon Regiment—Prisoners: Lieut.-Colonel G. Bullock, J. M'N. Walter, Lieutenant S. N. F. Smyth-Osbourne. Essex Regiment—Prisoner: Lieutenant W. F. Bonham. Royal Scots Fusiliers—Prisoners: Captain D. H. A. Dick, Captain H. H. Northy, Lieutenant E. Christian, Lieutenant E. F. H. Rumbold, Lieutenant M. E. M'Conaghey, Second Lieutenant G. E. Briggs. Royal Artillery—Missing: Lieutenant S. T. Butler. Connaught Rangers—Missing: Captain G. H. Ford-Hutchison, Second Lieutenant E. V. Jones.

(a) dangerously wounded; (b) seriously; (c) slightly.

Our losses were 1167 all told. Killed, 5 officers and 160 men; wounded, 36 officers and 634 men; missing and prisoners, 26 officers and 311 men—a terrible list for one day's work.

Sad to state, our ambulances were designedly fired upon. Five shells fell in the neighbourhood of a waggon packed with wounded, and one party of ambulance men was forced twice to abandon their work of succour. The tents of the field-hospitals were no sooner erected than shells fell all round them, and the men were forced to desist from their labours. The heroic conduct of the civilian stretcher-bearers was generally the subject of remark. These men, though fired at by the enemy and injured, continued zealously to carry on their humane work, and assisted in saving many lives which might otherwise have been sacrificed. The force of the enemy opposed to us was estimated at 12,000 to 14,000. From a tactical standpoint the Boers had overwhelming advantages. Their numbers were immense, and the dangerous high-banked river, which they themselves had carefully dammed and filled with wire entanglements, made a formidable shield for the



THE BATTLE OF COLENZO—THE LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE GUNS OF THE 14th and 66th BATTERIES.

Drawing by Sidney Paget.

The Battle of Colenso

defensive party. In addition to this, they had constructed long, highly scientifically-arranged trenches, along which their Nordenfeldt gun could quickly travel, and thus defy any attempt of our gunners to get the range. Still the Naval guns were wonderfully worked, and wrought considerable havoc among the Boers in the overhanging kopjes. Though their loss could not be accurately estimated, it was declared to be about 2000. The trenches were said to be choked with dead Dutchmen.

On the 16th of December an armistice was agreed upon, to last from noon till midnight, to enable both sides to collect and bury their dead.

The following "recommendations to notice" illuminated the somewhat sad nature of the General's despatch:—

"From the General Commanding-in-Chief the Forces in South Africa
to the Secretary of State for War.

"CHIEVELEY CAMP, *Dec. 16, 1899.*

"SIR,—I have the honour to bring the following cases of Distinguished Service in the Field to your notice.

"At Colenso, on December 15, the detachments serving the guns of the 14th and 66th Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, had all been either killed, wounded, or driven from their guns by infantry fire at close range, and the guns were deserted.

"About 500 yards behind the guns was a donga, in which some of the few horses and drivers left alive were sheltered. The intervening space was swept with shell and rifle fire.

"Captain Congreve, Rifle Brigade, who was in the donga, assisted to hook a team into a limber, went out and assisted to limber up a gun; being wounded, he took shelter, but seeing Lieutenant Roberts fall badly wounded, he went out again and brought him in. Some idea of the nature of the fire may be gathered from the fact that Captain Congreve was shot through the leg, through the toe of his boot, grazed on the elbow and the shoulder, and his horse shot in three places.

"Lieutenant the Honourable F. Roberts, King's Royal Rifles, assisted Captain Congreve. He was wounded in three places.

"Corporal Nurse, Royal Field Artillery, 66th Battery, also assisted. I recommend the above three for the Victoria Cross.

"Drivers H. Taylor, Young, Petts, Rockall, Lucas, and Williams, all of the 66th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, rode the teams, each team brought in a gun. I recommend all six for the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field.

"Shortly afterwards Captain H. L. Reed, 7th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, who had heard of the difficulty, brought down three teams from his battery to see if he could be of any use. He was wounded, as were five of the thirteen men who rode with him; one was killed, his body was found on the field, and thirteen out of twenty-one horses were killed before he got half-way to the guns, and he was obliged to retire.

"I recommend Captain Reed for the Victoria Cross, and the following non-commissioned officers and men, 7th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, for the Medal for Distinguished Service in the Field:—

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"86,208 Corporal A. Clark, wounded; 87,652 Corporal R. J. Money; 82,210 Acting-Bombardier J. H. Reeve; 28,286 Driver C. J. Woodward; 22,054 Driver Wm. Robertson, wounded; 22,061 Driver Wm. Wright, wounded; 22,051 Driver A. C. Hawkins; 26,688 Driver John Patrick Lennox; 22,094 Driver Albert Nugent, killed; 23,294 Driver James Warden; 32,087 Driver Arthur Felton, wounded; 83,276 Driver Thomas Musgrove; 26,523 Trumpeter William W. Ayles, wounded.

"I have differentiated in my recommendations, because I thought that a recommendation for the Victoria Cross required proof of initiative, something more, in fact, than mere obedience to orders, and for this reason I have not recommended Captain Schofield, Royal Artillery, who was acting under orders, though I desire to record his conduct as most gallant.

"Several other gallant drivers tried, but were all killed, and I cannot get their names.—I have, &c.,
REDVERS BULLER, General."

Appended is an account of the battle given by Captain Walter Norris Congreve, one of the heroes of the day. It is deeply interesting, though it makes little reference to his own gallant action for which he gained the Victoria Cross:—

"Our big Naval guns shelled the enemy's position off and on all day, but could get no response. We could see very few Boers about, and it was a horrid position to attack. . . . I don't believe any troops could have taken it. However, we tried yesterday and failed. We bombarded every place that looked like holding Boers for two hours, without response and without a sign of a Boer. To see the shells bursting, you would have thought nothing could have been left alive in the vicinity. After this, infantry, which had already got into position, advanced line after line and extended widely. Instantly thousands of bullets began pattering about, and their guns pitched shells all over the place. Where they came from no one could see till the end. Sir Redvers Buller rode all along the line, and came in for a good deal of attention from bullets and shells.

"My first experience was my stick being knocked out of my hand by a bullet; then a horse beside me was killed by a shell. About 10 o'clock two batteries which had advanced far too close ran short of ammunition. Their waggons were about 800 yards behind, the horses and men sheltering in a deep narrow nullah. General Buller told them to take the waggons up to the battery, but instantly they emerged a stream of bullets and shells fell all round, and most of the men got into the nullah again. Generals Buller and Cleary stood out in it and said, 'Some of you go and help Schofield.' A.D.C. Roberts, myself, and two or three others went to the waggons, and we got two waggons horsed with the help of a corporal and six gunners. I have never seen even at field-firing the bullets fly thicker. All one could see were little tufts of dust all over the ground accompanied by a whistling noise, 'phut,' where they hit, and an increasing rattle of musketry somewhere in front.

"My first bullet went through my left sleeve and just made the point of my elbow bleed. Next a clod of earth caught me a smack on the other arm; then my horse got one; then my right leg one, and my horse another. That settled us, for he plunged, and I fell about 100 yards short of the guns we were going to. A little nullah was by, and into that I hobbled and sat down. I had not been in a minute before another bullet hit the toe of my boot, went into the welt, travelled up, and came out at the toe-cap, two inches from the end of the

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toe. It did not even scratch me, but I shifted my quarters pretty quickly to a better place, where I found Colonels Hunt and Long, R.A., and a dozen or so wounded gunners; a doctor, Colonel Bullock, and about fifteen men of his regiment—all that were left of the escort and two batteries.

“At about 11 o'clock the fire slackened, and I went out, finding poor Roberts badly wounded, and with help got him into the nullah. There we lay from 11 till 4.30: no water, not a breath of air, no particle of shade, and a sun which I have never felt hotter even in India. My jacket was taken to shade Robert's head, and what with blood and dirt I was a pretty object by the time I got out. At 4.30 the Boers rode up and asked us to surrender, or they would shoot us all. Colonel Bullock was the senior unwounded officer, and had, perhaps, twenty rifles all told. He refused, and they at once began a fusillade from fifty yards distant, and our people returned it. It was unpleasant, and only a question of minutes before they enfiladed our trenches and bagged the lot. Bullock's men knocked over two, and they then put up a white flag, parleyed, said we might remove our wounded, and the remainder either be taken prisoners or fight it out. However, while we were talking 100 or so crept round us. We found loaded rifles at every armed man's head, and we were forced to give in. One of our ambulances came up, and we were gradually collected at one spot, and a colour-sergeant of the Devon Regiment carried me upon his back.”

END OF VOLUME II.

Facsimile of MS. of MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S War Poem

"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR"

The Absent-minded Beggar

I.

When you're shouted "Rule Britannia" - when you're sung "God Save The Queen" -
When you're finished killing Kruger with your mouth -
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in Kharke ordered South?
He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great -
But we and Paul must take him as we find him -
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate -
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!
Ork's son - Cook's son - Son of a hundred kings -
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after his horse
things?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay - pay - pay!

II.

Here are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he died.
There is gas and coals and nittles and the housewife's falling due
And it's more than a letter lately. There's a kid
There are girls he walked with casual. They'll be sorry now he's gone,
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him.
But it ain't the time for seasons with the winter coming on -
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him!
Cook's son - Ork's son - Son of a belted Earl -
Son of a dambled publican - it's all the same to-day!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay - pay - pay!

"The Absent-Minded Beggar"

III.

There are families by thousands, too poor to beg or speak —
And they'll put their skulls and bedding up the spout,
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week
Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out
He's an absent minded beggar, but he heard his country call,
And his regiment didn't need to send to find him
He chucked his job and joined it — So the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!
Duke's job — Cook's job — gardener, baronet, groom —
News or palace or paper shop — there's some one gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake and — pay 'pay' pay!

IV

Let us manage so as later we can look 'em in the face,
And tell him — what his very much prefer —
That while he saved the Empire his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her
He's an absent minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his credit to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Punch
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him!
Cook's home — Duke's home — home of a millionaire.
(With Rose and horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what best you got to spare?)
Pass the hat for your credit's sake and — pay 'pay' pay!

Rudyard Kipling

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South Africa and the
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